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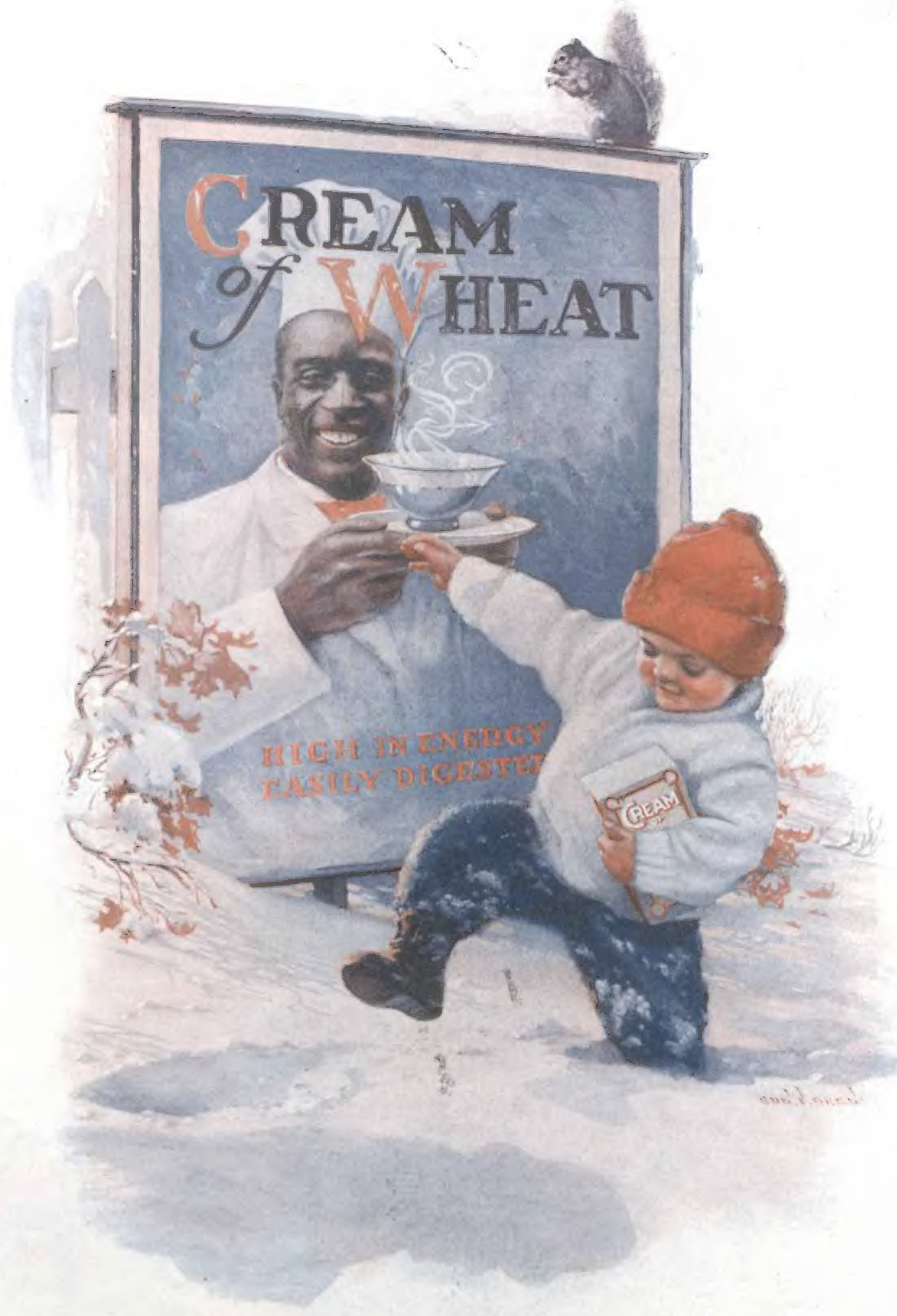

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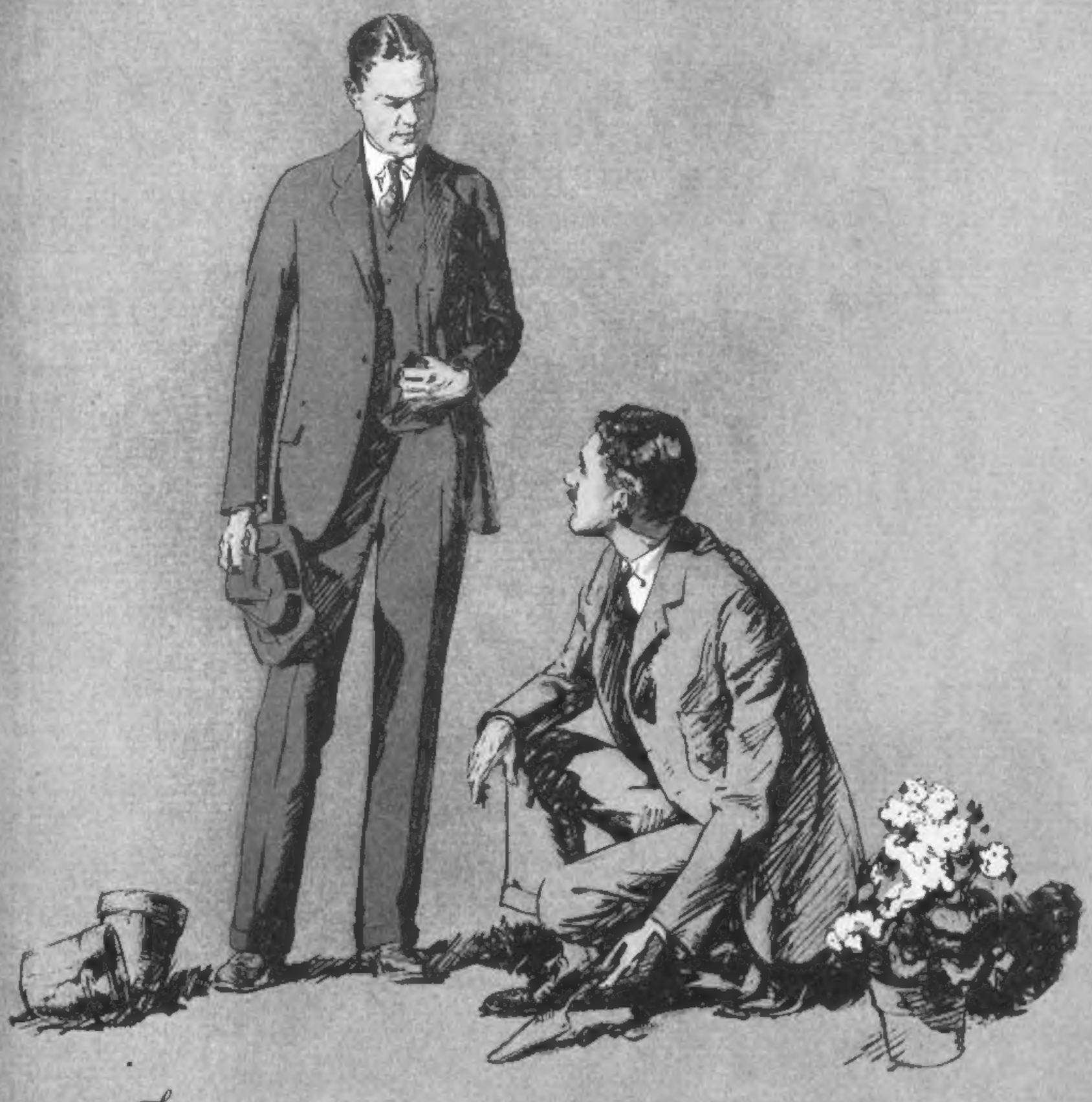
"IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS"

ADLER COLLEGIAN
CLOTHES
THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST



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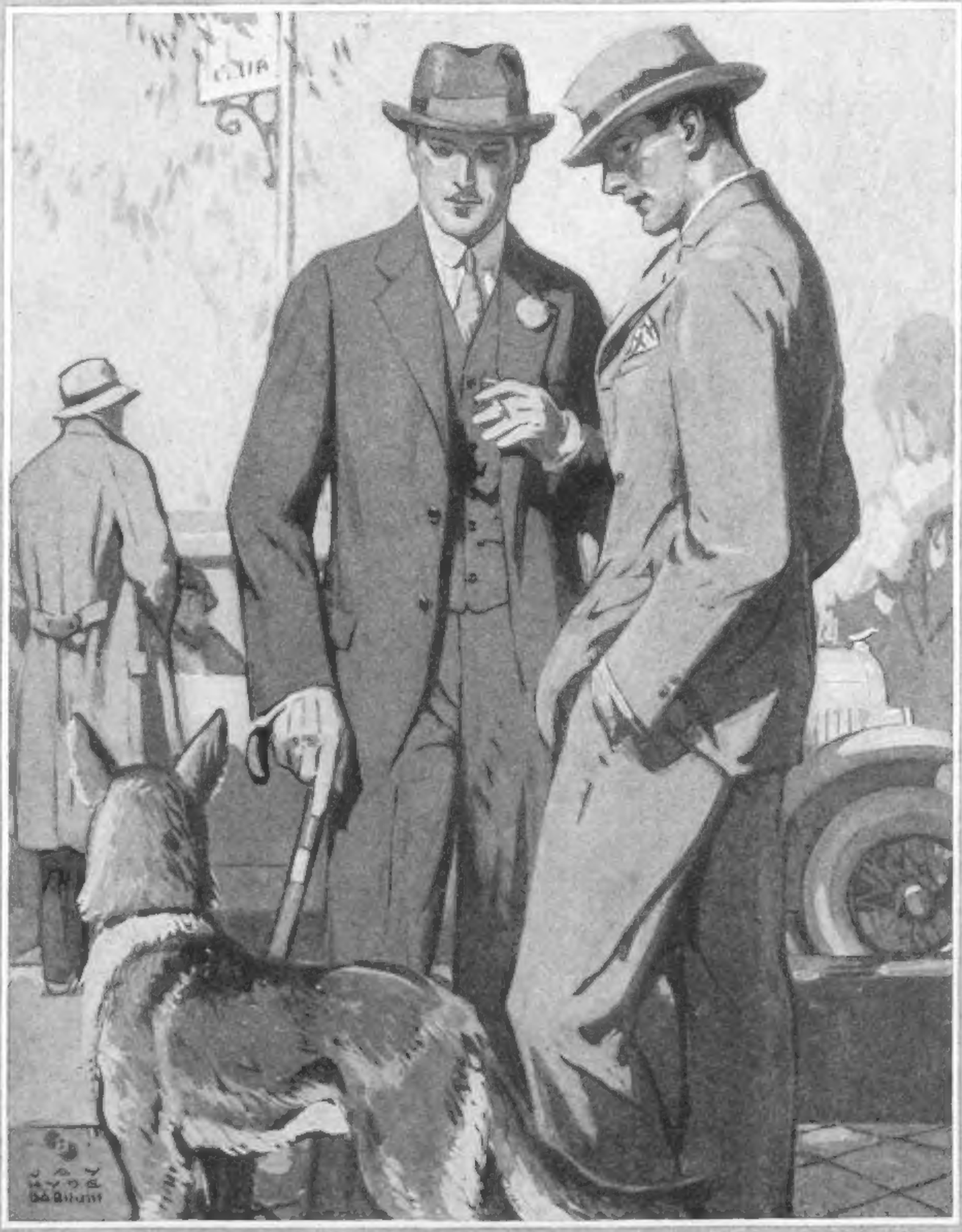

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

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A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"WE SYMPATHIZE with you," said the bank manager; "but that is how the situation stands." Vernon Winslowe fumbled for his cigarette case, got up and flicked his lower lip with a nervous forefinger.

"But I don't understand," he said. "The whole thing is so —— You don't mind if I smoke? Thanks. Won't you? No? You see Sullivan told me distinctly he only wanted me to back the bill for a month or two until he had sold out some American railroad stock. There was never any suggestion that he wouldn't be able to meet it himself.

"It was just a friendly transaction. . . . Now I haven't a match."

The bank manager produced a box of wax vestas, struck one and offered it ceremonially. In ordinary circumstances he did not encourage smoking in his private office, but the case justified the small concession. From the bank's point of view, Vernon Winslowe had been an ideal depositor—of the type which leaves large sums of money lying idle in a current account to the profit of the firm.

"Thanks. . . . Why, he never even sent me a line; this is the first I've heard of it."

"Did you know Mr. Sullivan well?"

"Casually. We met, you know, from time to time. Hunted a bit together. He was a member of one or two of my clubs."

Mr. Woodward shook his head.

"Rather a scanty acquaintanceship to warrant backing his signature for [illegible] thousand pounds."

"I trusted the fellar."

Mr. Woodward became grave.

"It has been my unhappy experience to find that persons who are in difficulties are all too ready to shift their liabilities onto the shoulders of their friends. I fear Mr. Sullivan has proved himself a traitor to friendship. In the circumstances we have no choice but to pay up with what grace we may."

"And how shall I stand then?"

Mr. Woodward consulted some figures on a slip of paper at his side.

"Your credit is five thousand one hundred and seventy-two pounds eight shillings. We shall, of course, be pleased to meet your checks up to a certain margin until such a time as you have concluded the sale of any property or shares you may think necessary."

Vernon Winslowe threw up his head and laughed.

"Shares or property—you're joking. Beyond an old barn of a house in Cornwall and a few bits of furniture, I haven't a bean until my old uncle pegs out."

"Mr. Winslowe, you are not serious."

"I soon shall be."

"But the money you inherited from your father ——"

Vernon waved a hand in the air. Mr. Woodward pushed his chair back.

"Impossible!"

"On the contrary, all too possible." His face became suddenly grim. "It comes home to me rather forcibly that I've acted like every kind of a fool."

"But seventy thousand pounds in a little over three years!"

"Seventy-five, to be exact," said Vernon; "and barring a few bright patches, precious little good it's done me." He threw his cigarette into the spotless grate. "When must we meet that bill?"

"At once."

"You can't wait until I've seen Sullivan?"

Mr. Woodward looked up in surprise.

"Seen him?" he repeated. "But he left England quietly three days ago—evaded his creditors and ——"

"Bolted?"

"Exactly! My informant tells me a woman accompanied him."

"A woman! He married her?"

"I believe not."

Vernon flushed.

"I say, look out—be careful, rather—I mean—who was she?"

"I cannot say."

Vernon's breath escaped between shut teeth.

"We won't inquire," he said then. "Comes to this: I've been swindled." A sudden surge of anger reddened his forehead. "My Lord, Woodward, I'm beginning to wonder where I haven't been swindled these last three years! Well, it's no good raising a wail—one learns by experience. Thanks. Good day."

As he turned the handle of the door the bank manager's voice recalled him.

"In the circumstances, Mr. Winslowe, I fear I shall have to retract my words about a temporary accommodation. My directors ——"

Vernon Winslowe cut him short.

"Oh, naturally," said Vernon; "naturally."

Then he went out. On the pavement he stopped and lit another cigarette. "So much for my African farm!" he said. "What's left to do? A hundred or two, and

"V. W. is the Soul of Chivalry," said Lola, "and He Did Marvels in the War, My Dear. Didn't You Get a V. C. or Something?"

then ——" His fists clenched. "If Sullivan were here now! Damned twister! Lord, what a fool I've been!"

A panorama of other little incidents crowded up in his brain. There was an odd similarity between them—the result in nearly every case had been the same. Men he had believed in—trusted implicitly—who —— Why, only the night before those Congo shares—a thing given him as absolutely sound—had gone to nothing. Naturally the man who advised him to buy couldn't have known, or even guessed at, the true state of affairs; but —— No, hang it, he must take it as a sportsman! Perish the thought that every one of his acquaintances was concerned in a conspiracy to do him harm. But it was a difficult thought to escape from in view of his experiences, since from a poor but rather distinguished naval officer he had become a man of leisure with money to burn. How many fellows who had borrowed from him had ever attempted to repay? How many racing tips followed in all good faith had brought him a winner? The same with investments. Everything he had touched, governed by other men's advice, had gone wrong—everything.

Then there were those hard-luck stories whose tellers had ever found in Vernon Winslowe a sympathetic and a generous listener. He had stepped from the navy a white and woolly lamb, and tuft by tuft the wool had been shorn from his hide. It was he who paid the fares for other men's travel—the invited guest who met his host's bills as well as his own.

With sudden resentment he saw himself the victim of organized conspiracy, wherein no single method had been neglected to separate him from his coin. From the society of clean, honest companions, bound together by indissoluble ties of common hardship and common danger—the everyday fare of war conditions—he had declined into a coterie of clever ones who, under the ensign of heartiness and good-fellowship, worked to despoil the very men whose whisky they drank and whose hands they clasped in friendship. Blind, credulous fool to have given his trust into such keeping. Criminal fool not to have cleared out before they stripped him clean.

For months misgivings had pricked him that not to chance alone was due the steady ebbing of his fortunes. But he had waited for the tide to turn—had shirked taking the firm decision and making the clean cut. His energies had been dulled by the possession of money which he had not earned.

Life was too simple, too easy. It was pleasant to keep a few hunters, take a moor, follow the seasons abroad, play a bit of polo, knock about with merry companions. These things were much too good to jettison at a first symptom of bad luck. The habit of work had been overlaid by the habit of idleness and he hesitated to slam the door of his chambers in Duke Street and start life on an African farm with his sleeves rolled up.

The possession of riches had been so amusing. It was fun to be the rich man of the party and to share one's riches with a service generously among the less fortunate. It stood to his credit that to no one had he refused aid and from no one had he asked credit for the aid so willingly given. Even those who sponged most freely admitted him to be the prince of givers, the most trusting fellow alive. Some of the more adventurous declared that he was almost too easy prey.

And now he was to pay the penalty of his own free-handedness.

At the top of St. James's Street he stopped and looked at his watch. It was a quarter to one—too early for lunch. He considered whether or no he should drop in anywhere for a short drink, and decided against it. While he hesitated a man named Dillon came up and touched him on the sleeve.

"Hello, V. W.!" exclaimed the newcomer. "The very chap I wanted to see. I'm taking a girl out to lunch at the Carlton and was stepping across to the club to cash a check. You can save me five minutes by lending me a tenner. I'm late as it is."

"When are you meeting her?"

"One o'clock, old man."

"Then you've heaps of time to get to the club and back."

Dillon looked hurt.

"If you'd rather not," said he, and pursued his way with a shrug.

When He Had Finished, Vernon Winslowe Sat Back in His Chair and Shivered

Vernon hauled him back with the crook of his stick. He knew nothing against Dillon and it was a pity to sacrifice a generous reputation for the sake of a ten-pound note.

"Take it, you ass," he said, pulling a couple of fivers from his case; "but let me have it back soon. I'm rather broke."

Dillon was all smiles again.

"I'll send my man along with it tonight. You must meet this girl; she's a darling. G'-by." With a wave of the hand he was gone.

Vernon Winslowe walked slowly down St. James's Street towards the Mall. It was a clear, sunny day and he intended to sit under the trees for a while and think. He was just entering the gates when an unworthy thought attacked him. He tried to banish it, but without success. It reasserted itself in his mind.

"Go and find out," said the thought; "no harm in making sure."

Turning about, he strode off in the direction of the Carlton. The commissionaire touched his hat; a smiling cloakroom attendant took his coat and stick with a word of welcome. He entered the Palm Court and ordered a cocktail. Dillon was nowhere to be seen. The head waiter approached him and he put a question.

"Monsieur Dillon? But no, I have reserved no table for Monsieur Dillon."

"Ah," said Vernon, "perhaps he's lunching downstairs."

He swallowed his drink and went down to the grillroom.

The frock-coated gentleman in charge shook his head politely.

"He has not been here for many days."

"Thank you," said Vernon. "I'll wait in the lounge till he turns up."

He lit a cigarette and waited. A small clock struck the quarter. Vernon's anger was growing very cold.

"The liar!" he muttered. "The liar!"

Once again he returned to the Palm Court and hung about for twenty minutes, but neither Dillon nor his darling made an appearance. It was as well, perhaps, for the meeting could hardly have been a pleasant one. Wave upon wave of resentment was breaking against the battlements of Vernon Winslowe's humor and forbearance. Indignation was storing itself up within him. It increased his blood pressure, troubled the clear workings of his brain and lungs. The foundations of his generosity and good nature were beginning to sink. The edifice of life that he had built for himself was slowly but surely tilting off the straight. It was an odd feeling, an alarming feeling. Under the novelty of it sweat started from his forehead in hot beads. Angry he had been often enough before—violent, even; but resentment and malice were qualities with which he was a stranger. Also, they were qualities which he had despised most in other men. Yet ——

"Why, if it isn't V. W.!" said a girl's voice. "Doris, you know Vernon Winslowe?"

He came to his feet and found himself being introduced by one sunshiny maiden to another. With the first he was acquainted, in a haphazard kind of way. The second he only knew by sight—a privilege to be shared by anyone who had twelve and six wherewith to buy a theater stall and who possessed a memory for the faces of the ladies of the chorus.

"We were waiting for Bobby Tile," said Lola, "but the wretch has rung up to say he can't come. Be a dear, V. W., and give us lunch."

"We're much too well dressed to go to an A. B. C.," fluted Doris, with a twenty-two-carat smile, "and it simply won't run to anything more 'spensive."

"Of course, if you're expecting someone ——" began Lola.

Vernon shook his head.

"I was only expecting my luck to hold," he replied. "Isn't there a saying it never rains but it pours?"

"You've had a lucky day?"

"You wouldn't believe if I told you."

"Then of course you'd love to give us lunch?"

What could he say? He said nothing and made a gesture that might have meant anything.

"V. W. is the soul of chivalry," said Lola, "and he did marvels in the war, my dear. Didn't you get a V. C. or something?"

Vernon smiled. It was evident his guests intended to pay for the lunch with flattery and endearment. He hated himself for recognizing the fact. It was pitiable to say good-by to a long-established credulity. Lola and Doris belonged to a type for which he had little use; but hitherto he had been simple enough to accept their honeyed addresses with mild appreciation. It was only now he read trickery in every word and inflection. Subconsciously, he added another black mark to the already lengthening list of resentments.

This circumstance notwithstanding, he conducted himself as host in a manner that defied criticism. He was charming; he was lavish. He looked to it that the wine was not too dry and that the fruits were out of season. His guests were delighted—nay more, ecstatic. They talked all the while and looked as pretty as they possibly could. Perhaps it is a euphemism to say they talked—"prattled" is the word. They prattled about shows they had seen; things they simply adored, or were too impossible; the kind of men they liked, or couldn't stand. In this matter they were eloquent, and revealed predilections in favor of dark men with very smooth hair and straight brows; men, in short, with a marked likeness to Vernon. They prattled about taxis, face cream, a little hat in Bond Street—much too expensive to buy, "which of course is sure to have been snapped up by now, so it's no good talking of it"—about films which had been or were about to be released; about tiresome relations, late hours, the latest dance steps, getting married, being hard up, where to buy the best gloves and how to spend the afternoon.

Vernon's task was easy. He had leisure to lean back in his chair and reflect upon the damnable innocence of it all.

When the meal was over and the bill was paid the problem of what to do next was ventilated.

"You've given us a duck of a lunch, so you decide. Shall we go and see Douglas Fairbanks, or shall we stroll round and do a bit of shopping?"

It was clear which answer was expected, and for the first time in his life Vernon deliberately gave the wrong one. It marked an epoch in his downward career. The two sunshiny maidens, bravely endeavoring to satisfy themselves with such blessings as had already been bestowed, were conducted to the cinema. Moreover, they were conducted on foot along certain byways of the West End remarkable for an absence of attractive shop fronts. Of the three, none hated that walk so much as Vernon Winslowe. But, as has been said, it marked an epoch.

Very splendid and daring was the picture; but, had he been asked afterwards, Vernon would have been unable to recount a single incident that had occurred. His mind was occupied solely with the calculated ruin of his fortunes.

During the interval the lights were lowered and the result of the Grand National was projected on the screen, a race card showing all the runners, a giant hand ticking off the winners—one, two and three.

Vernon Winslowe leaned forward in his seat, then threw up his head and laughed.

Not even a place!

Without a word of explanation or farewell, he rose and walked out of the building.

Not even a place!

So much for Atwood's tip!

"A certainty," Atwood had said. "The surest thing in years. Put your shirt on it, my boy!"

But Vernon had been wise enough to keep his shirt against a rainy day—a shirt roughly valued at five thousand pounds—a shirt which, as events of the morning proved, had passed over his head for the last time and now covered the retreating form of Sullivan. He had, however,

backed Atwood's opinion to the extent of handing him two hundred and fifty pounds to invest on the course at the best price obtainable.

Not even a place!

"And I begin to wonder if the beggar put the money on at all." Vernon Winslowe delivered this remark in the astonished face of a passer-by, who hurriedly crossed the road at the imminent risk of being run down by a platoon of taxis.

II

HE WAS not very sure what happened after that. With mutinous thoughts for company, he wandered from street to street. In Trafalgar Square he got mixed up in a demonstration of the unemployed and found himself occupying the position of a buffer state beween the conflicting forces of order and disorder. The entertainment included a police-baton charge and a small hail of flints wrapped in newspapers. Also there were broken heads and a good deal of general scuffling. Being in the mood for something of the kind, Vernon indulged in a free-lance battle of his own, striking out with impartiality in both directions. He emerged from the fray brighter in spirit and poorer by the loss of a gold watch, which in defiance of regulations had been presented to him by the crew of a submarine on the occasion of his being awarded the D. S. O.

Fortunately, in view of his existing state of mind, he was unaware of the loss until later in the day. His appearance as a result of the fray giving rise to comment from passers-by, he determined to return to his chambers and change.

In St. James's Square his attention was attracted by a sprightly figure striding along before him with ringing steps. With a gasp of astonishment Vernon realized that he was in the presence of the last line of his defenses. True, there is nothing very astonishing in meeting a man who happens to be your uncle, a few steps away from his own club, and it was not on this account that Vernon gasped. His astonishment was induced by the evidence of health and physical fitness which radiated from the figure before him. When last they met, some three months before, the old gentleman was testy, infirm and preparing for the supreme adventure of dying. Yet here he was, swinging along like a boy and using his cane not for support but to rattle against the railings.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed in response to Vernon's "Uncle Fletcher!" "What in blazes have you been up to? Are ye drunk? Been in a fight? Look at your hat! And your tie's out!"

Vernon nodded towards Trafalgar Square.

"Those unemployed beggars," he explained.

"Like your father, like your father! Always in trouble—a typical Winslowe. The old pirate strain—eh-eh!" He supplemented his remarks with a dig in the ribs.

"You seem extraordinarily well," said Vernon gravely. "Never saw such a change in a man!"

Old Fletcher Winslowe threw back his head and laughed.

"Ah-ha-ha, you spot it, eh? My boy, I'm a youngster again—a youngster, my boy!" And to illustrate the truth of his words he performed a vigorous *pas seul* on the pavement.

"Want to know why? An elixir, my boy—twenty years of new life coursing through my veins. Thyroid, my lad, thyroid! 'Pon my soul, I'd guarantee to go five rounds with any man you like to name!"

He covered up, put in some clever footwork and handed the K. O. to an imaginary adversary with a vitality amazing for one of his years.

"Well done and good luck to you," said Vernon, and he meant it.

Whatever else he might be charged with, no one could have accused Vernon Winslowe of belonging to the type which marks time in a pair of socks in the expectation of filling a dead man's shoes. At the decease of his uncle, under the terms of his grandfather's will, twenty thousand pounds was to come to Vernon. It was of a piece with the general irony of the situation that this inheritance, from occupying a position in the immediate foreground, had melted into the distance.

"A capital boy," Uncle Fletcher said, bringing his hand down with a whack on Vernon's shoulder. "Most nephews would be kicking and cursing at a turn like this. Come in and have a pint of beer. Whisky's the devil, but beer's a drink for the gods. Haven't touched it for fifteen years and now I'm doing my two quarts a day."

But Vernon refused the invitation. In some oddly reflex way the fight and the meeting with the rejuvenated Fletcher Winslowe had done him good. He felt less out at elbows with the world and better prepared to meet adversity with good humor.

A batch of newly arrived bills waiting on his writing table and the discovery that his watch had been stolen were mainly responsible for the return of his angry gloom. His man was off duty that night. Vernon turned on a bath and while it was filling wandered from room to room of his little suite, leaving a collar in one place and a waistcoat in another and the shoes he had been wearing somewhere else. It was entirely alien to his ordinary habit to act thus. Life in the navy had made of Vernon one of the tidiest and most methodical men alive.

But a strange new restlessness was attacking him, a restlessness that begat a sudden dislike of order and squareness. The perfect symmetry of the mantelpiece, with its clock and candlesticks and photograph frames arranged with mathematical precision, offended and irritated him. He wanted to push things about, set the furniture crooked and tilt the pictures awry. Why should his rooms be allowed to behave as though nothing had happened to their owner? A room is, or should be, an expression of its owner's mind. The decks of a ship are not scrubbed when mutiny is aboard.

Vernon Winslowe, although he scarcely realized it, had declared a mutiny against his own traditions. His desire was toward disorder and the upsetting of established things, and in pursuing his desire he upset himself—stumbled over his kicked-off shoes and put his hand through the glass of a picture frame when he sought to steady himself. Normally he would have laughed at the misadventure; today he swore, sucked the cut in the heel of his hand and, acting on an impulse of senseless anger, tore the picture from the wall and was about to hurl it in the corner when its subject arrested the act.

It was an enlarged snapshot he had taken at a meet two years ago, a chaos of hounds and horsemen, grooms, loungers, motors, farm carts and bicycles. Prominent in the center of the picture was Sullivan, mounted on a tall, gray mare.

Beside him stood a girl in a riding habit. She was pulling on a glove and smiling into Sullivan's face. Extraordinarily alive and alert she looked. Her eyes were full of laughter and of fun. There was an amazing sweetness about her mouth—a sweetness and a determination strangely mingled. It was because of this girl Vernon had taken the photograph; it was because of her he had stayed in the neighborhood a week longer than he had intended. They had never spoken to each other, although once or twice they took a fence side by side. He had meant to get an introduction, and then he heard she was engaged—to Sullivan—to Sullivan!

Vernon Winslowe stood with the photograph in his hands—hands which shook violently. What was it the bank manager had said?

"Gone abroad with some woman." "Married?" "I believe not."

The picture crashed into the grate and simultaneously there was a loud knocking at the front door.

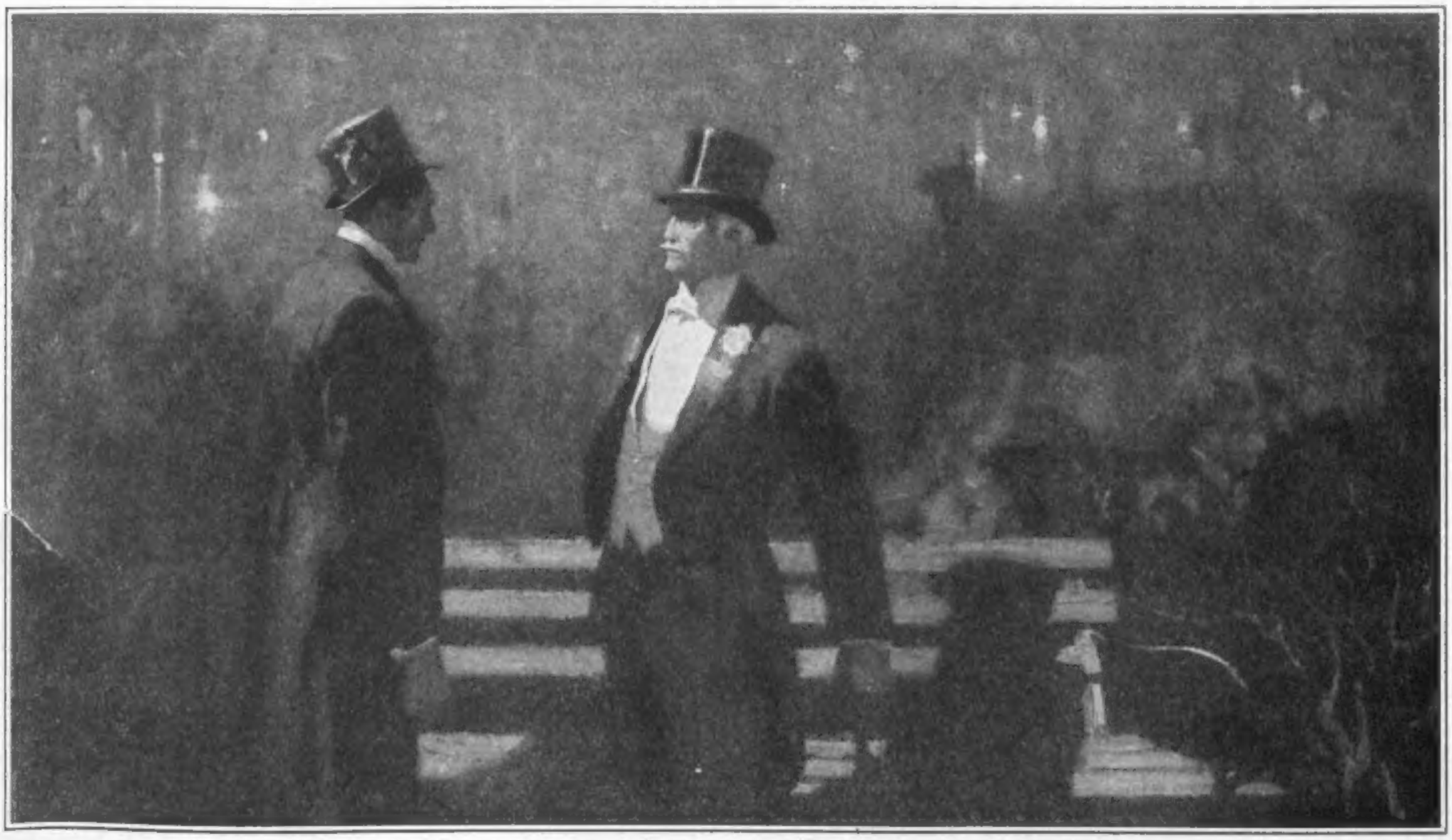
"Yes, what is it?" cried Vernon, flinging open the door. A young man in evening dress was on the landing.

"I fancy your bath is overflowing," he said. "There's a perfect Niagara coming through my ceiling, and as I'm giving a dinner party it's rather a nuisance."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Vernon truculently.

"Everything's come through except the soap," said the young man; and diving into the bathroom, which adjoined the front door, he quickly turned off the tap. "The overflow must be blocked up. So sorry to bother you, but the

(Continued on Page 64)



"Bless My Soul!" He Exclaimed in Response to Vernon's "Uncle Fletcher!" "What in Blazes Have You Been Up To? Are Ye Drunk?"

YOUR MONEY—By David Lawrence

An Interview With Representative John N. Garner, Author of the Democratic Tax Plan

ANYBODY who expected Congress to adopt without change the bill proposed by Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, to revise taxes was swiftly disillusioned. Congress in recent years has developed a streak of independence—the Executive may propose, but the Legislative disposes. And to make sure that the country will give the legislative branch of the Government credit for exercising its constitutional function of originating legislation the men on Capitol Hill usually see to it that no revenue measure which emanates from an executive department gets through Congress without being touched up in some respect.

Sometimes the amendments made are a distinct improvement upon the original proposal; sometimes they are inconsequential and represent the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, and sometimes they embrace a direct contradiction of what has been proposed. With all due respect to the motives of the members of Congress who take it upon themselves to disagree either with one another or with the executive branch of the Government, they always claim that amendments are offered "in the public interest," and it would take supernatural powers to penetrate the minds of some of our legislators and determine exactly where the partisan motive blended into the public welfare.

Legislation by Compromise

FORTUNATELY it is the effect and not the cause with which one deals in observing the maneuvers of political leaders and parties nowadays. Not infrequently has a political motive prompted an investigation which has turned out for the public good. It is an ill wind that blows no good. There are those in Congress, indeed, who will defend partisanship as one of the best checks in a democracy, the theory being that one group watches the other and does not fail to expose weaknesses or point out alternative policies of a constructive character.

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Representative W. R. Green, of Iowa, Chairman of House Ways and Means Committee

Secretary Mellon's plan was based primarily upon his theory of economics. But the mere fact that it proposed to reduce high surtaxes of persons with large incomes was enough to stir up political doubts, and even members of the Secretary of the Treasury's own party feared the consequences if they followed his program literally. These fears, of course, were strengthened by the moves of the Democrats, who began to point out that the Mellon plan was susceptible of attack on the stump because it favored the man best able to pay high taxes.

Legislation nowadays has become more than ever a matter of compromise. The two terms Democrat and Republican do not reflect accurately the prevalent differences on tax matters, nor are the names "conservative" and "radical" synonymous with low taxes and high taxes, so far as persons of larger income are concerned. A better designation of the two major groups in Congress would be extremists and middle-of-the-roaders.

There are extremists in both the Republican and the Democratic parties. Left to themselves they would run away with the tax bill and construct a measure that not only would be unproductive of revenue but would be uneconomic and would in all probability disturb confidence in the business and industrial future of the country. The middle-of-the-roaders are by far the more numerous in both the Republican and the Democratic parties. But coalition is not practicable; at least no one has yet devised a formula whereby a lasting combination can be made between Democrats and Republicans to accomplish something of major importance to the public welfare. Temporary combinations for parliamentary reasons are numerous enough, but usually they are the tactics of embarrassment and destruction rather than constructive effort.

PHOTO, BY EDMONSTON, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Representative John N. Garner, Ranking Democrat on House Ways and Means Committee

No sooner had the Republican program been presented to the country by the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Mellon, than the Democrats felt it incumbent upon themselves to offer an alternative. To the outcry that tax revision should be conducted along nonpartisan lines the Democrats answered that they had not been consulted by Mr. Mellon, and that he had not proposed as deep a cut in taxes as the condition of the Treasury could stand.

If the Democrats Had Agreed

FOR several days the Democrats conferred with one another, and finally approved the plan drawn up almost entirely by John Nance Garner, of Texas, the ranking Democratic member of the House Ways and Means Committee. Twenty-one consecutive years Mr. Garner has served in Congress. Only twice in that period has he had opposition in his district. He is a lawyer by profession, is interested in several banks, owns business property as well as several farms, and comes from a territory vitally interested in the cattle industry. John Garner professes at once, when you ask him about it, that he has a high respect for Andrew W. Mellon and that there are many good features in his plan, but that the veteran Secretary of the Treasury is by no means infallible, and that his economic theories are not necessarily the only ones the country can follow with assurance.

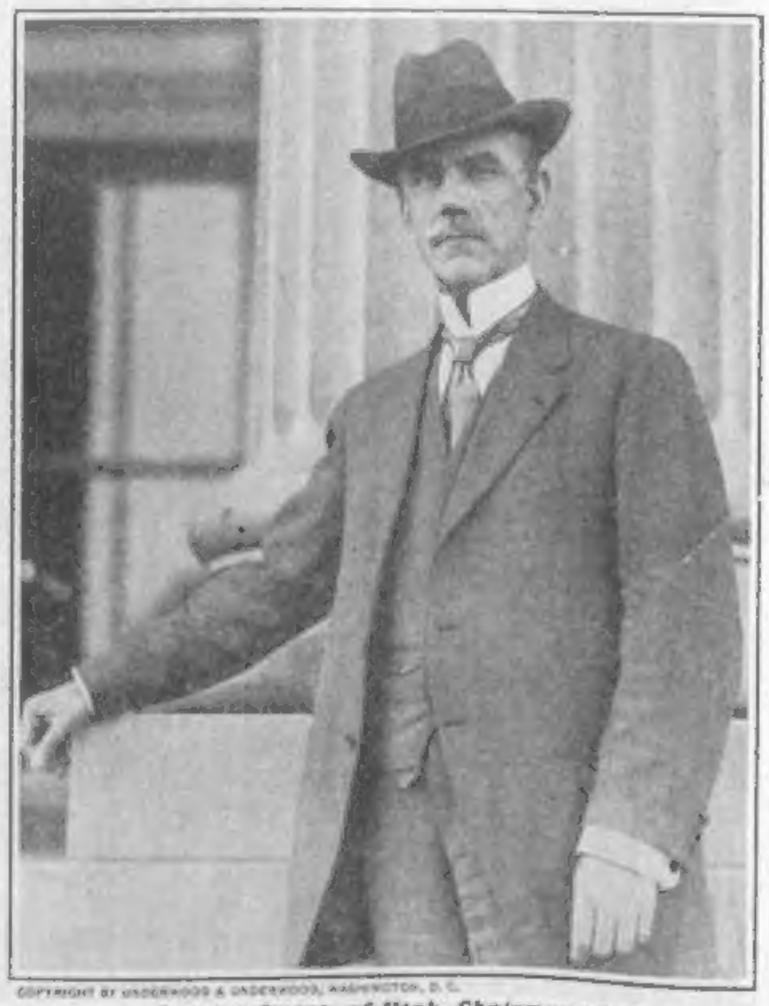
"The Democrats have really saved the situation for tax revision," said Mr. Garner as he settled down in his office to give me his views on the Democratic tax plan. "If we Democrats had said at the outset that we supported the Mellon plan and that we favored all that he had suggested, the extremists on the Republican side would have promptly seized the opportunity to form a group and draw extremists from our side and thus make it impossible to get any tax reduction, because they would have put up an impossible plan. As it is, Mr. Mellon has proposed a 25 per cent maximum for surtaxes, while the present law provides a 50 per cent maximum. We Democrats come along with a plan in between—namely, 44 per cent. There are certain good features in the Mellon plan, especially the administrative features, and I and my colleagues have voted for those parts of the bill in the Ways and Means Committee. But there are some vital differences between the Mellon plan and the Democratic plan, which I am anxious for the country to know and to study further.

"First of all I want to correct a popular fallacy that most of the revenue which the Government is not getting is going into the tax-exempt securities. That is a mistake. The truth is that in nine out of ten cases in which the Government is not getting the revenue today it is because of a failure to enforce the law or to stop up the loopholes through which the taxpayer evades payment of additional taxes. I hesitate to give details because I am not in possession of the records of the Treasury Department, but there are certain facts which are inescapable. In the years 1919, 1920 and 1921, the corporations of the United States earned $19,000,000,000, yet they distributed only $7,633,000,000. The men who owned those corporations paid taxes only on $7,633,000,000, but if individuals had received a total income in those years of $19,000,000,000, they would have paid taxes on all their earnings."

Undistributed Corporation Earnings

"I WOULD be perfectly willing to agree to something approximating Mr. Mellon's maximum surtax of 25 per cent if all the earnings of corporations were distributed to individuals, but when an individual pays only 25 per cent surtax on the small amount that is given him in the form of dividends by a corporation, then I disagree. Many a corporation is today declaring a small dividend, but retaining in its business a large surplus. It is difficult to say that this surplus shall not be retained as a measure of safety or as a practical business caution, but Congress has the right and the power to tax all earnings, whether distributed or not, and if Mr. Mellon had proposed some such scheme so as to enable us to apply the maximum surtaxes on all the earnings of a corporation his proposal would have met with a far different reception.

"What Mr. Mellon might have done was to say to the corporations, 'You either pay a tax on your undistributed profits or your stockholders will have to include in their income-tax returns the amount of your earnings to which they are entitled.' We now levy 12½ per cent on all profits of corporations, and we should have the same right to require that individual stockholders should be taxed on receipts which they have constructively received. But



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Senator Smoot, of Utah, Chairman of Senate Finance Committee

we Democrats are not running the Treasury Department and the responsibility for originating tax legislation is not upon us, but upon the majority party. We can only suggest changes; the Republicans must be responsible for their fulfillment.

"But the other point which Mr. Mellon has been making is that the reduction of surtaxes would release capital for development. Yet it must be said that there was more new capital invested in industry in 1923 than in any other peace year in the history of our country. It was, moreover, admitted by every witness before the House Ways and Means Committee, and it was attested in New Year's statements by members of President Coolidge's cabinet, and by statements of representatives of the Bankers' League, who testified before our committee that more capital is employed in industry and that wages are at a higher level with full employment than ever before in a peace year. Not a single witness said that labor was not fully employed. Building has had a tremendous boom. The Republicans have been boasting about the prosperous condition of the country. And all this has happened under the present surtax maximum of 50 per cent. Why cut it in half? We are in favor of some reduction. Originally it was 65 per cent. We cut it to 50 per cent in the 1921 law, and now we are willing to make a reduction to 44 per cent so as to be on the safe side. Why disturb the present prosperity of the country? Isn't it good enough?"

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Representative Nicholas Longworth, Republican Leader of the House

"The theory advanced by many people," I interrupted at this point, "is that while the country is prosperous nothing should be done to prevent it from growing more prosperous, if that is possible."

The Issue on Surtaxes

"WELL, the crux of the situation is that Mr. Mellon's plan is based upon anticipation but not proof of what his proposal will bring in the way of revenue. I am not willing to accept statements about the future which are purely guesses or estimates. I think we should always base our judgment in tax matters on the facts of the past. Using the year 1921 as a basis, the Democratic plan will get the needed revenue with which to run the Government. This much can be said under any and all conditions: The Democrats are going to take care of the Treasury and have no deficit; even if we have to shift some rates we are going to be on a cash basis.

"There is only one material difference really between the Democratic plan and the Mellon plan. It is all in the surtax rates, for I don't believe we would ever have any trouble in agreeing on how the taxes should be reduced with respect to the persons of smaller income. Mr. Mellon's plan starts with a very small percentage of reduction in the surtax rates running up to $53,000 incomes, and then he gives substantial reductions on what we call the higher brackets. Under my plan the reduction is very large in the low brackets but relatively small in the high brackets. In other words, if you put his table of rates alongside mine you will find that the two plans come together at about $53,000. Anyone with an income of that size would get about the same reduction under my plan as he would under the Mellon plan. Anyone with an income below $53,000 would pay a lower tax under the Democratic than he would under the Mellon plan. Anyone with an income above $53,000 would pay a higher tax under the Democratic plan than he would under the Mellon plan. That is the whole thing in a nutshell. There is nothing to tax revision but rates and brackets, and if you let me designate the brackets at which the rates will apply I will let anybody fix the rates.

"Now let us examine another phase of the matter—the productivity of a tax rate. Supposing a corporation makes $100,000 a year and declares a dividend of only $40,000, and keeps the remainder in the business. Mr. Mellon's surtax rate is 25 per cent, so that actually when the dividends are distributed the Government gets less than one-quarter of $40,000 or less than $10,000; which, after all, is approximately 10 per cent of the amount earned that year by a corporation. That is a 10 per cent surtax rate—not a 25 per cent rate. Another thing: We know that many persons of large income have been dividing their money into what is known as 'revocable trusts.' This has meant that a rich man can pass his money on to friends, all of whom would pay the low surtax rates. Then after the taxes were paid he could recover the sums he had given to his friends. We have inserted into the pending bill a splendid suggestion made by the Treasury Department—and they are entitled to the full credit for it—requiring the original grantor to pay the taxes wherever he makes a revocable trust.

"Now I am not going to say it would be a wise thing, economically speaking, to force corporations to distribute all their earnings. It may be well defended as a business proposition that a surplus should be kept. It is difficult also to say what is a reasonable surplus, because banks, for instance, can use an almost unlimited surplus. But my point is that as long as the earnings of corporations are not all distributed any more than they are today we ought not to reduce the present surtax rates very much.

"We are not trying to propose extreme things. There are extremists enough in Congress, but unless you go slow with legislation of this kind the radicals will sweep both parties off their feet. The Democratic Party has come in between the two extremes. There are Republicans in the House who really want no tax reduction. There are Democrats who reflect extreme views too. Our proposal is a compromise between the two positions."

"How do you reconcile," I asked, "the statements on the one hand to the effect that capital is being restrained and hampered under the high surtax rates with the idea that business conditions are bound to improve under the Democratic plan, which doesn't materially reduce the high surtax rates?"

Garner Theory Versus Mellon Theory

"WELL, my answer to that is: If I reduce the taxes of 6,000,000 people, will they not all have a greater purchasing power? Our plan reduces the taxes of 4,500,000 income taxpayers more than does Mr. Mellon's plan. We increase the purchasing power of the individual while Mr. Mellon increases the opportunity of investment of a few individuals. Which is the better? What economic writer can tell me that our plan is wrong? Which is better in the long run?"

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A. W. Gregg, the 24-Year-Old Tax Wizard, Who Holds the Position of Special Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury. His Duty is to Advise the Secretary With Regard to Tax Matters

"Then you simply offer an alternative theory of economics and believe your theory is as sound as any other?"

"Yes, that is it. I know Mr. Mellon's object undoubtedly was to improve the economic situation as he saw it, but I contend that our plan will reach that objective better than his plan, because we will improve the position of the average man.

"I have met bankers who have testified before our committee. I have said to them, 'You want retrenchment. You want tax reduction, but you know nothing about rates—you simply have confidence in Mr. Mellon. But Mr. Mellon may be wrong.

"'I don't think that his figures are conclusive. I don't think Mr. Mellon is infallible.'"

"Do you not think," I inquired, "that the present surplus of more than $323,000,000 is an

(Continued on Page 177)

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The House Ways and Means Committee Consisting of 15 Republicans and 11 Democrats

PIRATES

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Two of the Pirates Took the Boat Through the Mild Surf to the Shore and Superintended its Transportation Up the Beach to a Hollow in the Dunes

WHEN Captain Edgecomb, of the schooner William H. Albury, turned to run, Jimmy Truitt, pirate, shot him. In the narrow low-ceiled cabin the explosion of the pistol sounded like a thunderclap. One of the two men who sat behind the table, their hands spread, palms down, on the board before them, cried out. The other convulsively jerked his fingers away from the pile of money on the table top and started to rise.

Truitt's companions, who stood facing the pair, motioned ever so slightly with their weapons and the men at the table sat still, silent and, if possible, paler than they had been. Only their eyes moved, flickering from the pile of money to the faces of their captors, to the back of Jimmy Truitt, who still stared out upon the deck through the porthole.

Captain Edgecomb's body sprawled on the planking in the fierce white sunlight, lurching a little to and fro as the anchored schooner climbed over the blue surges of the Spanish Main. Rigging slatted against the masts and the booms complained mildly. An ashen-faced negro peered out of the forecastle and ducked back again like a ground hog when he saw Truitt's head and pistol-gripping hand framed in the brazen circle of the porthole.

That same animate portrait was the last living thing that Captain Edgecomb had looked upon.

The Tragedy on Cat Cay

TRUITT and his men had come aboard, ostensibly to trade. After lunch, they had entered the cabin with J. S. C. Carey and J. T. Malone, who, with the captain, were the only white members of the schooner's crew. Edgecomb had remained outside, pacing the deck. He had looked up, all at once, to see Truitt's face and his weapon in that porthole frame.

"Come inside," Jimmy Truitt, pirate, ordered; and when Captain Edgecomb disobeyed, the pistol spoke. The master of the William H. Albury plunged forward, slid, and lay still.

And then, for some unknown reason, the nerve of Jimmy Truitt broke. It had held firm and taut all that morning but it snapped in this moment of crisis.

Day had been kindling behind Cat Cay, which is south of Gun Cay, which is south of Bimini in the Bahamas, when the little craft in which Truitt and two companions voyaged came to the side of the William H. Albury and boarded her, wishing, they said, to trade. Another boat was already alongside on the same errand.

"First come, first served, boys," Edgecomb greeted them. "Go get your breakfast and then make yourselves at home while we load up this bird."

For long hours after breakfast Truitt and his mates loitered about the sun-drenched deck while the crew of the other craft bargained for a cargo, paid for it, stowed it, lunched and then cast off, heading west. Jimmy's courage had sustained him during that period of waiting. It had remained firm while he and his mates entered the cabin with Carey and Malone to pay for their cargo before it was put overside.

Blackbeard himself might have approved of the coolness and dispatch with which the three held up Carey and Malone, once inside the cabin, and forced them to turn over the money the earlier trader had paid.

But the shot that killed Edgecomb also slew Jimmy Truitt's courage. He turned away from the porthole, white and shaking, swept the money from the table, never halted to pick up those bills that slipped from his clutching fingers to the floor, and, gasping with panic, rushed out on deck, followed by his mates.

A few hundred yards away the ocean mumbled and foamed about the barren rocks of Cat Cay. In all other directions blue water ran, deserted, to meet the paler hue of the tropic sky; but the placid emptiness of the sea did not restore Truitt's shattered nerve. A negro who had crept from the forecastle to bend over the body of Edgecomb squawked in terror as the trio appeared, and ran for the rail. He dived down into the indigo water. As his head bobbed up Truitt fired at it. The ball kicked up a feather of spray and the negro ducked under again like a porpoise.

When aching lungs drove him to the surface once more the three pirates were in their own boat and were struggling to cast off. No one tried to halt them as they drove away along the bright path the sun had laid upon the waves. No one pursued them but their own hysterical fears.

The crew of the William H. Albury, having salved the self-jettisoned negro and carried the body of the captain into the cabin, got up anchor, made sail and turned the schooner, part of her liquor cargo still unsold, toward New Providence. On this island stands Nassau, capital of his Britannic majesty's Bahama Islands, once the chief city of the buccaneers, later the nest of the Civil War blockade runners and, until recently, metropolis of the bootlegging brotherhood.

The tale that the ship's company of the William H. Albury told, when the craft had slipped past Hog Island Light into the peacock-hued bay where liquor warehouses shoulder each other to get down to the water's edge and rum-running schooners fill the harbor, was worth only a line or two in the long, lurid epic of Nassau's existence.

There are several cantos to that epic, which can be found entire only in the book of the recording angel. Its plot, if man could retrieve it, would be a strange, recurring contrast of poverty and wealth; of spendthrift, careless violence and stark privation.

The Sieve

ISLANDS and cays, reefs and shoals, the Bahamas lie, innumerable crumbs of material brushed impatiently by the Creator from His work board, across the flows of tropic sea that run out from the Gulf between Florida and Cuba and between Cuba and Haiti.

From the coming of the white men a tide of sea traffic has strained through the irregular sieve of the Bahama group. It has grown with the years. The rich commerce of the Old and New Worlds sails past a thousand and one islands apparently designed solely to afford pirates concealment and places for ambush. Beneath the white Bahaman was an unwilling soil; above him a sky chary of rain and all about him a blue, inviting sea. He accepted the invitation.

Nassau grew rich three hundred years ago through the plunder brought to port by this brotherhood of the Spanish Main. Twice irate Spaniards sacked the town, but the buccaneers, their nest destroyed, merely put out to sea and captured building materials for another.

England, which first encouraged these privateers, later was compelled to intervene and discipline the brethren of the Main, who had so far lost respect for the proprieties that they were plundering British ships as well as Spanish, Dutch and French.

Thereafter Nassau lost the hectic flush and the high temperature that had been hers for a century, and, emerging from her delirium, lay respectable but feeble, plucking at the counterpane. For generations she remained a convalescent with no internal resources for a full recovery.

In the 1860's the departed glory and wealth returned temporarily, when the wharves that now bear their small mountains of liquor cases were laden with muskets and cannon, food and gray uniforms to be run past the blockade into the Confederacy.

When the Civil War ended, Nassau sobered up from her second debauch of prosperity and became once more the frugal capital of an unprofitable colony. So she remained until geography and legislation, working together, transformed her into the most convenient oasis for a perversely thirsty land. Immediately Nassau sat up in bed and announced that she felt much better.

Within a year after the United States went dry the dismal epoch of feebly rewarded agriculture and sponge grubbing, intervening between the blockade-running days and 1919, had been forgotten. Warehouses were filled with liquor and new ones were building. The harbor bristled with the masts of rum-running craft and along Bay Street

swaggered by the score the successors of the old blockade runners and the older buccaneers—the bootleggers, inheriting many of the characteristics of both ancestors.

The income of the Bahaman Government almost quadrupled. The wealth of individuals increased in a year ten and twenty fold. The bad but profitable old days had returned to the Bahamas, and in the waters surrounding them the lawlessness of the old Spanish Main woke once more, revived by liquor into a semblance of its old self.

In sloops, in schooners, in motorboats and steamers, rum poured out of Nassau and into the United States. Some of the craft sailed north to take their places in that line of floating liquor stores that runs from Montauk Point to Atlantic City, a dozen miles out at sea. Nassauvians speak of this as the fleet. Americans term it Rum Row.

Other craft ferried their cargoes across to Florida under cover of darkness.

Still others, more cautious, anchored in British waters by the side of some cay, far to the westward, and sold liquor across the deck to American motorboats, which then carried it ashore. Such a craft was the William H. Albury.

Loading for Rum Row

JIMMY TRUITT and his pals are hurrying away over the horizon toward Miami. Theirs is not a low black rakish craft, but a borrowed motorboat, the Falcon, with the lines of a bathtub. A following wind pushes them on. Waves of an amazing blue shoulder them here and there. Flying fish, little crosses of brilliant silver, rise, veer in the wind and volplane back to the water. Patches of orange seaweed float past. This is the Spanish Main, and Truitt and his mates, by the $2600 ship's plunder in their pockets and the murder in their souls, have qualified for membership in that old brotherhood of piracy, reincarnated in these and more valorous adventurers.

It may be that ghosts of old buccaneers watch Truitt and the others in their flight—L'Olonnois and Harry Morgan and Teach of the Black Beard, who once lorded it over all Nassau. If so, it is probable that they watch him scornfully. These fools had taken a ship and had fled because they had killed a man!

Worse than that, they had fled so hastily that they had left most of their booty behind not only the $300 or $400 that slipped from Truitt's clutching fingers but $40,000 more. The William H. Albury had been lying off Cat Cay for days. She had sold much liquor during that time. Truitt and his pals got the price of the last load Edgecomb had sold. The schooner bore the rest back to Nassau with the body of her dead captain. They took her and fled, leaving a fortune behind! Blood and wounds!

L'Olonnois and Teach and Morgan sneer as Jimmy and his fellow pirates sneak cautiously up a Miami wharf at midnight and vanish. Thus they drop out of this story and out of the knowledge of men.

Three others, unnamed and—despite the efforts of law officers—unknown, are better worth the attention of the ghosts of old buccaneers. These are worthier successors to the ancient plunderers of the Main. It is luck, not weakness of spirit, that thwarts them.

Great Bahama is a lizard-shaped island, with its nose some sixty miles from Palm Beach and its tail a hundred and forty. On the tip of the nose is West End, only a hut or two before the United States went dry; but, since Bimini's notoriety brought undue attention from revenue officers, equipped with a wharf of sorts, warehouses and other buildings to expedite the bootlegging trade.

Here liquor is loaded aboard the schooner clearing for Halifax, which is a bootleg euphemism for Rum Row, off New York, or is sold to motorboats for Savannah and Miami. One negro official represents the government of the Bahamas at this far-flung village. Most of the rest of the inhabitants are engaged in the liquor trade. At times West End is probably the richest community per capita in the world.

It was an off day at West End, sunny and calm and sabbathlike. A little offshore, a rum schooner, American-manned, lay waiting to take on cargo. On the rickety pier a large portion of the population sat in the shade of liquor cases and gabbled at one another in Bahama darky dialect. Their voices and the mutter of a gentle surf were all that broke the bright warm stillness until a battered old motorboat, swelled into ugly shape from the dot it had been on the violently blue sea, came puttering asthmatically up to the pier.

The Raid on West End

THREE men disembarked and strolled languidly up through West End's single, unpaved street. The town blinked at them apathetically, judged them to be members of the offshore schooner's crew, and dozed again, to the lullaby of the trade wind in the palm fronds.

Then, all at once, West End awoke from pleasant dreams to an actual nightmare. Down its single thoroughfare the strangers were marching, languid no longer. Each of them had a gun in his hand. One kept to the center of the street. The others entered the huts on either hand, drove the inhabitants out, paused to plunder and then emerged again.

Rod by rod the progress continued, the raiders hurrying along before them a continually augmented wave of darkies of whom even the blackest looked pale. The wind in the palm trees was drowned in a gathering moan of desolation.

West End was being robbed, systematically, from one end to the other. Nothing was sacred to these profane invaders. Even the office of his Britannic majesty's official was entered and the dignified occupant thereof chased out into the street at the gun's point.

Calmly and expeditiously the three shepherded their herd of black sheep down upon the pier, gathered up their plunder and dropped into the asthmatic motorboat, which waddled over the rollers out to sea. Aboard the American-manned schooner, graceless applause hailed the bandits as they passed. They waved joyously and continued on their deliberate way. *(Continued on Page 154)*

Toward the End of the Chase the Schooner Went Over on a Tack That Canted Up Her Rail and Hid Her Deck From the View of the Oncoming Cutter

HIS LAST HOUR

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY L. EVANS PARCELL

THE New York lawyer, sound asleep in his berth, was awakened suddenly. No doubt there had been some kind of shock or jar He pushed up the curtain. He could see a flare of torches reflected on a wall of night, snow covered. Drifting flakes.

It was not the snow which had stopped the train. Such a thin fall could not have stalled it. Millips, the attorney, lit a match. It was only ten o'clock. They were due at one at the great junction point where he was to be called from his short sleep so that he could make connection with the transcontinental express bound westward for the seaboard. Confound the luck! Even with the change from Mountain to Pacific time, he would be too late!

Somewhere in the aisle of the car he heard low voices—the depressed sour voices one hears in Pullmans at night. Finally the words came clearly enough.

"No use. The locomotive is out of business for good. She broke her ——"

He could not hear the rest. He did, however, hear the swish of someone passing between the Pullman curtains, and peeping out he saw the burly figure of the conductor passing with a lantern held in the crook of his arm, as conductors always hold them when there is trouble.

What really made Millips pull on his trousers was not the sudden biting cold which had taken possession of the car, but the eternal whistling of the locomotive. It was shrieking as if the arm or limb it had broken were giving it unspeakable pain. It shrieked and tooted and then it listened as if waiting for an answering sympathetic call from some far-away mate. Getting none, it began to shriek again. Now it certainly was talking of rear-end collisions and disaster. Millips heard excited voices pass outside below his closed window. He felt the sense of impending evil. No sleep for Millips!

More or less completely dressed, he found the wash room of the Pullman comparatively warm. The negro porter who had been sleeping there had evidently known the way to turn all the heat into this cubby. But there was not the assembly of discontented passengers there with whom Millips had planned to exchange outraged feelings, speculations, watch time and bad jokes. He had forgotten how few were the passengers. When he had gone to bed he had seen only one pair of feminine ankles under the curtains across the aisle, had heard only one old nervous masculine cough, and looked down the yawn of one young man who looked healthy, happy and of no importance. This young man was now sitting in the corner.

He said to Millips, "This is the devil, isn't it, sir?"

"Ugh," said the attorney, meaning to answer in a manner to shut off any chattiness.

"The worst of it is that the heating has gone. It's only five above zero and we'll all be brittle as bottlenecks before morning. When I was in France—during the war—in the Argonne sector ——"

"Do you smoke both day—and night?" inquired old Millips.

"It hasn't hurt me much," the other said. "I can expand my chest seven inches. I take setting-up exercises every morning. I don't want to get to be fifty and have a paunch."

Millips had that exact age and equipment. He felt himself worsted in his first encounter with this happy, healthy young man. He began to reflect that the world, after all, belonged to youth. Youth, youth, youth! His had gone, but he was no old fool. Youth must be served. Youth, eternal king! The idea gave him indescribable sadness and wistful longing, but the inevitable, such as one's own age, is convincing and sometimes generous, Millips thought. Therefore he beamed at the young man.

"I am Millips, from New York," he said. "The lawyer."

He Stared at the Dim Figures of the Sheriff and His Prisoner Walking Toward the House

"And I am Cochrane, from Ohio," the other replied. "You never heard of me, but I was wounded in the war."

Millips saw something of humor glimmering in the young man's eyes and he felt sheepish. He had been only half awake. He felt as if he had introduced himself with absurd awkwardness and insufferable egotism to a beautiful lady.

"There are not many passengers?" said he.

"Not many. But there was a girl who got on just before we crossed the state line. See her?"

"No."

Cochrane's eyes shone. "She was convincing," he said. He added immediately, "I don't mean to make comments on girls I don't know. I mean she was not only very pretty but she was convincing. She had the carriage and expression which talk about fine character."

Millips said, "Well, I know what you have in mind. We all go about, I suppose, unable not to look at women a little; and every now and then, if the truth is told, we cannot help looking at some woman and something in our inner being—not a base thing—says: 'Well, old man, what do you suppose she can mean to you?' Not often, but sometimes—perhaps rarely."

The young man nodded vigorously. He had a habit of wetting his lips when he was troubled about a form of expression. He was about to speak a matter of great importance when there was a violent interruption.

This interruption was not one of sound or feeling: it was one at first exclusively of sight. The curtain at the door of the wash room had been pushed back and a figure swayed about and came staggering toward them while the locomotive set up its shrieking again as if this strange figure were the sole cause of all the misery in the world. The shock of this apparition was not so much a shock to the outer senses; it was a shock which penetrated and reacted on the nerves at the stomach's pit.

The man was past middle age. One would have said that he was dying. This impression was immediately confirmed.

With the help of Millips and Cochrane he sat down on the leather seat usually reserved for smokers, and clutching at his throat with pallid fingers he announced it. He said, "I am dying."

"Good heavens, man!" exclaimed Millips. "What can we do? What's the matter?"

The answer came hoarsely "There is nothing to do. It is a valvular trouble with the heart. It came from the African fever. I got it in diamond mines of the Transvaal. The heart will stand six or eight attacks like this. This is my tenth. No strychnine—nothing! There is nothing to do. I may have one hour more. Maybe two. It all depends when this violent pulsing breaks off the fungous growth in the valve and sends it to the brain. Then"—the man made a gesture and concluded in Latin—"*est finitum.*"

Millips said, "Your accent, sir, is English."

"I am an Englishman," the other said, smiling with wan pride. "I am the younger son of Lord Scalesgone, of Gonefields. I came to America ——" Here an alarming fit of coughing interrupted him. "I came to America to find my youngest daughter."

He was staring ahead of him now, weaving his yellow thin fingers and appearing quite horrible—a kind of limp bag of skin and bones which once, but no longer, might have contained virile life, coursing blood and nervous energy. Now all that was left of it was a tightly closed jaw the last vestige of the struggle. His eyes were quite dull as they stared and stared.

Nevertheless, this stare was not without an immediate cause. The others, looking up, saw that a young girl had appeared at the wash-room door in the same position that he had appeared, but with a contrast to him which set against age, youth; against disease, health; against death, life and promise and vitality. Perhaps she was twenty. Her hair, without being bobbed, was tucked up under in such a manner as to give the appearance of bobbed hair. It added to her absurd look of youth, just as a little upturning at the end of her nose and the moist pinkness of her lips also added to the fresh girlishness of her presence. She had blue eyes, but they were not the pale and babyish blue eyes which Millips had learned from his marriage instead of keeping their promise are full of guile and self-centering. This girl's eyes were deep blue and observant. If the corners of her lips were frivolous, her eyes were tender and serious.

"It's too cold in the corridor," she said. "I have to come in. I heard what was said. I wish I could do something. It is terrible."

Scalesgone glanced up gratefully and then fell back into a kind of tremor.

"It is not about myself I care," he said grimly. "One in my position has discounted death long ago. It is about my will—my last will and testament I care. It is about my youngest daughter—my darling Violet."

Millips said, "Your daughter lives here in the States?"

"She lives in San Francisco," Scalesgone said, burying his withered white face in his hands. "I have come out to the States to see her. What coincidence! What destiny!"

He raised the window shade and stared out.

"We seem to be near a little town," he said, peering and wiping the frost off the plate glass with his closed fist. "I see the shadows of dark houses."

Young Cochrane tore his gaze away from the girl and said quickly, "Yes—a town. What of it?"

But Millips, the lawyer, had a mind which turned his attention on the will

"Have you made your will?" he asked

The Englishman nodded and smoothed the thin yellow-gray hair which clung to the parchment of his skull.

"In favor of your youngest daughter—whom you appear to love so much?"

"Yes."

"Very well," said Millips, as if this settled everything.

"No," said the other. "The fortune I would leave her is not mine yet. I have made and lost many fortunes, my friends. But all I have left now is a trust estate—the last of a trust estate of the Scalesgone family. The income goes to me for twenty-one years. If I am alive then, the principal becomes mine outright and my will is good. If I die before the twenty-one years is up my last testament is worthless because the money goes to my oldest daughter, Millicent, who is already rich. Then darling Violet is left without a penny!"

"Can that be possible!" exclaimed young Cochrane

Millips replied with a professional air, "It is quite possible. Nay, quite common in these complicated English trust estates, my boy." Then he turned to the dying man. "You appear, as I said before, to have a great affection for your youngest daughter."

"Baby Violet?" groaned the other. "It is my conscience too! May God forgive me, I have treated her in a most ghastly way! She would marry a poor man. I disapproved. I forgot the tenderness of that dear young heart of hers. I said to her, 'Go your way and I will go mine.' That was ten years ago. She has carried on a brave fight to save her husband from death by consumption. She has saved him, I hear. But she is in utter poverty my little Violet—my baby girl."

Millips was somewhat affected by this man's remorse for his hard treatment of little Violet.

He said, "You cannot face death, sir, because death comes before the twenty-one years is up. Do I understand correctly?"

"You do," said the miserable father. "I am powerless. The end of the twenty-one years comes by horrible coincidence as I am about to die."

"When?" gasped Cochrane. "When is twenty-one years at an end!"

"Yes, when?" the girl asked, leaning forward

"At midnight," exclaimed the Englishman. "At the beginning of the new day. An hour from now!"

The others looked at him, open-mouthed; they felt themselves in the presence of a magnificent trick of destiny.

"Somewhere there is a suffering, impoverished, young wife——" began young Cochrane, overcome by sentiment.

The girl hid her face in the pink palms of her competent hands

Millips, listening to the wailing of the locomotive, shivered

"Do you see why the stalling of this train has given me the shock which will be my last?" whispered Scalesgone.

Cochrane looked at him stupidly

"It is because I shall die during this last day of the twenty-one years," the Englishman said. "If the train had been moving westward we would in less than an hour have crossed the meridian. There we could set our clocks back. I should have gained a whole hour of life."

Millips exclaimed, he sputtered. He said, "Bless my soul! In all my years of practice I have never come across anything so strange, so tragic, so dramatic!"

The girl shook her head; she appeared deeply troubled.

"And the train stalled!" growled Cochrane as if protesting against a gross injustice in the dictates of destiny.

There was silence except for the howling of the bitter wind and a kind of sigh from the air brakes beneath the car floor as if these brakes had done all they intended to do for a long time. The whole Pullman car seemed to settle down on its springs as if it had become a fixture on the track—as if it cared nothing that a heartbroken man should die in its bosom, tortured by the thoughts of injustice, and by remorse which had come too late, and by a great parent love unfulfilled.

It was the girl who broke the silence. She said suddenly to Scalesgone, "Where did you get on this train?"

"Where you did. At the Falls. Just before we crossed the state line. I was travel weary. I stopped there one day to rest."

"Poor man!" she said in a tender voice. "You could not foresee."

"I thought by tomorrow or the next day—still living and able to give my child her just due—I would hold her again in these father's empty arms."

The girl shook her head from side to side. Millips consulted his watch.

"There is nothing we can do? Nothing to keep you alive?" he asked in a distressed query and plea.

The other shook his head

"My heart," he said. "It is in its last tantrum. Feel my pulse, Miss—Miss——"

"Miss Fleming," the girl supplied. "Miss Thrale Fleming." She was quite willing to feel his pulse. "How horrible!" she exclaimed, drawing back her slender fingers.

Cochrane came out of a deep musing. "There must be some way!" he exclaimed. "Some way! Can't we go! Go! Go westward! Go toward the new meridian—where we gain an hour! There must be some way!" He slammed one young strong closed fist into the cup of his other palm. "Westward!" he growled.

"I thought of that," the Englishman said eagerly. "I thought if we—oh! It's an absurd chance—I thought of an automobile."

"Can you drive a car?" Millips asked Cochrane.

The young man blushed. "No, sir. I'm ashamed to say——"

"You needn't be. It's to your credit!"

The girl spoke up. "I can," she announced. "I drove motor trucks when I was fifteen—during the war. I'm a mechanic. I can drive a car better than I can sew."

Millips said with a voice of profound sadness, "But where is the car?"

Cochrane repeated, "Yes, that's it."

The dying man writhed in the agony of impotence.

"Of course——" began Thrale Fleming as if she had turned up a treasure of an idea from the soil of her young mind, but she stopped as if it had slipped away from her

"I think of Violet," Scalesgone whimpered. "I who in another hour could do so much for her! Poor little Vi. So loyal, so true—and how I treated her!"

(Continued on Page 92)

"I Don't Think You Oughter Take a Dying Man Out Into This Night," He Said, Shivering

ONE BAD ORANG

By John Scarry

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

"Go Ahead an' Shoot!" He Taunted—"If Ye're Sure I Won't Come Back." He Could Read the Agony in the Half-Caste's Eyes, and Then the Gun Hand Fell

THE Rupert van Heemskerk, rusty old interisland packet, dropped anchor off Pasir Putih on the east coast of Borneo. Aft, leaning on the rail of the first-class promenade, Bill Saxton sullenly regarded the town. He saw a rickety bamboo pier, sprawling like a huge buff centipede across fifty yards of mud flats: he saw two galvanized-iron godowns, one small office building, vividly white, and some distance down the coast a brown blur of native shacks. Coconut palms, of course, in a feather-duster fringe along the beach; and beyond, golden-green to the purple heights, the miasmic jungle.

"A hell of a hole fer 'n American!"

As a matter of fact, Bill would have cursed no matter what the place had been like. For his part, if it lay in the Far East it called for profanity. He hated every country and city he had seen since leaving San Francisco. Japan, the China coast, Manila, Batavia—pah! Swarms of slant-eyed heathens—they all looked alike—and filth that would turn even a roughneck's stomach. Bill had contracted to drill oil wells for a Dutch producing company, and already he regretted his bargain. For two cents, he muttered disgustedly, he would chuck it all and light out for the States.

The man was rather worse than a roughneck. During all his thirty years he had cherished a nature actually poisonous. Long and lean and sandy, there was something sinister in his hard gray eyes, something cruel in the cast of his tobacco-stained lips. His viciousness had made Texas temporarily too hot for him, so the driller had embraced this foreign opportunity, confident that time would efface the memory of his home record.

Such was Bill Saxton's background. And now—twelve thousand miles removed from familiar scenes—virulence possessed him completely. His head ached, for he had drunk a lot of cheap Scotch whisky the night before. His spirit craved opposition—someone to hand him a line of back talk, that was all! He patted the wholly superfluous six-shooter at his hip, went down the ship's ladder to a cranky native *tambangan*.

There was no one on Pasir Putih landing, not even a coolie to carry Bill's bag. Not that Bill felt any pressing need of assistance in that respect; a Texan, he had often declared, could get along without no vallay. But he knew bag toting by a native to be a custom of the Far East. The circumstance of not having this attention offered him induced a veritable access of wrath as the American started to climb the runway from landing to pier.

Inside the landing, however—and more or less hidden under the runway—he noticed a motorboat. Along its bow was painted in black letters, Rotterdamsche Petroleum Maatschappy. His company! And it occurred to him on the instant that they might have come out in the boat to fetch him ashore. What did they think he was, a common laborer? Not knowing why, exactly, Bill dropped his bag and leaped from the landing to the bow of the motorboat.

Stooping then, he glanced back along the length of it and saw a man. The man was tensely reading a bright-covered booklet; his whole soul seemed to be in his eyes. Amidships, in the shade of the runway, he sat loose lipped and doubled over. He was younger than Bill, dark skinned. His black hair was tousled into his eyes. He wore dungarees unbelievably spotted with oil—and he did not move. The not inconsiderable shock of Bill's arrival on board passed apparently unnoticed. The fellow read and read.

He read until Bill snatched the booklet out of his hands, and the loss of it brought him to his feet with the hurt cry of a child deprived of a toy. But his protest changed halfway to an exclamation of alarm. For a second a pair of large brown eyes stared out to the packet, then turned in dismay upon Bill Saxton.

"*Donders!*" the man managed. "It is de American *mynheer!* Oh, please to forgive me, *'n'eer!*" he pleaded in genuine consternation. "De packet, *'n'eer;* I am waiting, en I do not hear it!"

The situation was immediately clear to Bill. Here, of course, was an understrapper who had been ordered to bring him ashore in befitting style in the company's motorboat.

Instead, the fool had lost himself in a silly book and allowed the packet to cross some three miles of open roadstead unobserved; and the defection had cost Bill money.

"Y'ain't blind, are ye?" the driller demanded hotly. "There ain't nothin' t' stop ye from lookin', is they?" And, like a snake striking, Bill left the print of four fingers on the numskull's cheek; then waited.

But not for one second was his heart gladdened by any sign of retaliation. The dark-skinned man shrank back against the gunwale. He bowed his head and covered his ears with his hands. His attitude was that of a cur that knows it is in for a beating; and when it was not forthcoming from the riled American, the culprit slowly raised a beseeching regard.

"Oh, whip me, *'n'eer!*" he implored; "but do not inform my superior. If you inform him I shall lose my position. I will pay for your boatman, *'n'eer;* I will pay. En please to whip me!"

"Get out," said Bill, "an' carry my bag!"

The fellow scrambled to the landing. He lifted Bill's grip and stood fearfully waiting for the driller to mount the runway, then fell in behind. Bill turned shoreward; and walking, he happened to glance at the gaudy booklet still crumpled in his left hand. He read:

SLEUTH SANDERSON'S PERIL

ATAWA

SATOE ORANG AMERIKA NYANG DJAHAT SEKALI

"What's this?" Bill demanded, astonished. He swung around, thrust out the booklet and pointed at the subtitle.

"Malay, *'n'eer.*"

"What's it mean?"

The man brightened perceptibly. His eyes glowed as he studied the print. "A bad *orang, 'n'eer,*" he explained eagerly; "one evil American man."

"Bad *hombre*, eh? An' you read that stuff?" said Bill. "No wonder ye're dumb."

"Oh, *'n'eer!*"

And Bill shook his head. Surprisingly, he almost felt pity for this gawk beside him. He knew the sort; he had seen the like of him in the States—one of those half-baked slobs who stuff their soft brains with detective trash. So they had them out here too! Sleuth Sanderson translated into Malay!

"You a Malay?"

"Malay!"—in a horrified tone "Oh, no *'n'eer!* I am a Dutchman."

"Dutch ain't niggers."

The man winced.

"I am a Eurasian," he amended humbly.

"Oh, a half-caste! Huh!" Bill tossed the record of Sleuth Sanderson's adventures into the crawling mud below the pier. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the other stare hungrily after its fluttering pages, then bow his head in dejected fashion. Bill felt better. "Come on, Sleuth!" he commanded.

The man pointed to the yawning door of the farther godown. Across from it, removed by the width of a dusty sun-baked street, was a row of ramshackle bamboo shops. Even at a distance the driller could sniff the vile odor of their wares. He lost the sea breeze at his back. What a hole! A feeling of vast relief came over him as he entered the cool darkness of the warehouse. The half-caste indicated a rude office boarded off in one of the front corners.

Bill crossed over, swung open the door and gazed inside. A big desk greeted his vision; and behind it an even bigger lump of humanity, peacefully snoring.

"Good cripes; don't they do nothin' but sleep around here?" was the newcomer's unvoiced ejaculation.

He disliked the sleeper at first glance. Closer inspection only intensified his antipathy. As a matter of fact, the most fair-minded person in the world could not have looked with approval upon such a graceless figure. The man was fat. His soiled white suit bulged and drew tight over a body that seemed to overflow the chair arms on both sides. Great drops of sweat stood out on his cheeks and expansive neck. Although indoors, he wore an extravagantly large sun helmet; and under it his small features were set close together in a babyish pout.

Bill hesitated, looked around. The half-caste's finger to his lips decided him. The fat man had his feet on the desk; and the driller woke him up by yanking the support from under these extremities. But there was no explosion. The sleeper simply surged to his feet after the manner of a great pink buffalo calf emerging from a water hole.

"Ah! Mr. Saxton."

"I'm Saxton," said Bill.

"My name is Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek," he heard. "I am your chief."

"You are like hell!" the American retorted without an instant's hesitation. "Where d'ye get that stuff? I ain't no Indian."

The fat man gulped and blinked.

"I am de chief of de Pasir Putih field," he corrected himself. "Your *baas*, is it not?"

"Boss? No; y'ain't that neither. I'm my own boss. You show me where ye want me t' drill, an' I'll drill. That's all!"

Gray eyes met watery blue eyes for the space of a second or two. Then the Hollander shrugged. It would seem that he had made his attempt to dominate—as a Hollander will—and now was ready to fall back upon instructions; for, beyond doubt, he had been coached by those above him to tread softly in his dealings with any American oil drillers. From then on Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeeks' manner showed plainly that he wanted to get Bill off his hands without delay.

"You are to drill de first well on Perceel Number 121," he recited in businesslike fashion. "Dat is ten miles away—inland. Daum will show you. You have met Daum? He went for you in de motorboat, is is not?"

"Yes, it is —— Oh, yeh; the half-caste!" Bill caught himself just in time; and he was glad of it. Compared with this pompous mountain of flesh, he told himself the simple half-caste was almost likable.

"Daum will go with you tomorrow. En tonight it will be necessary for you to go to his house. Unfortunately, I am called from Pasir Putih. Otherwise, Mr. Saxton"—and Bill could feel the man's insincerity—"you would be welcome at my residence. So you will go to Daum's?"

"I don't care where I go," said Bill; "but how about this par-ceel? Does that guy know where I'm t' drill? Is everything on the ground?"

"Daum knows; de place is marked. En all de equipment is dere. Also de coolies, good workmen. En your house dere is in readiness; de company's surveyors have lived in it."

"All right. Anything else?"

The Hollander looked Bill over carefully; his eye seemed to rest on the driller's ponderous revolver.

"Mr. Saxton, you are going into de yungle, yes. But it is not de Wild West. It is my duty to inform you dat for shooting a native in dis country you must go to de yail for six months. If you kill him—five years. Dat is all."

Bill sneered. In a few terse words he stated just what he thought were his chances of going to jail for employing a gun as he saw fit.

"But you will!" said the Dutchman earnestly. "Myself must apprehend you. De Rotterdamsche Petroleum Maatschappy is here de gouvernment, so I am de gouvernment. I have all power in Pasir Putih."

The driller's only answer was to stand up, draw his revolver and start twirling it in careless fashion. Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek looked decidedly uncomfortable. He raised his voice to call.

"Willem!"

And Willem Daum appeared, still holding fast to Bill's bag. The gun in Bill's hand must have bulked as big to him as a trench mortar, for his eyes stuck out of his head. But, for a while, astonishment had to give way to Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek's nervous commands.

"Daum will take you now to his house. In de morning he will have horses for de yourney. En now—good luck to you, Mr. Saxton!"

"Don't worry about my luck," said Bill.

Remembering that he had not been met with a handshake, he now ignored the fat man's pudgy extended fist. The driller left the office and made a half-friendly sign to Willem Daum.

"Come on, Sleuth!" he said again.

"Could I learn it, *'n'eer?*"

The two men had crossed the street in front of the warehouse and were now following a sandy path which lay parallel to the beach. Something in the way the question was put made Bill believe that Willem had pondered it at length.

"What? Learn what?"

"To be a sleut', *'n'eer?*"

To be a sleuth! Well, of all the fools! An impatient reply arose to Bill's lips, but second consideration prompted him not to squelch the poor devil. For all the cruelty of his disposition, the driller had a certain sense of humor.

"Sure!"—heartily—"a feller like you c'n learn it."

"He is well known in America—Sleut' Sanderson?"

"Eh?"

"You know him, perhaps?"

Bill grunted. "I don't know him; but I've known a lot of his men."

"He is a dead shot," Willem ventured.

"Sure; sleuths have t' be."

"I am a good shot too. I have a pistol." The half-caste proudly exhibited his palm; and in it lay an automatic of the insignificant sort Bill had often declared he could take by the dozen for breakfast.

"All ye need now is a badge," he grinned.

"But dere are no evildoers in Pasir Putih," Willem complained. "Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek forbids dem to enter."

"Well," said Bill, "ye can't tell when one'll slip past him."

They broke between two lofty forest trees into a clearing beyond.

And to any man but Bill Saxton this clearing would have been a tiny bit of paradise. In the middle of it was a small thatched house of woven bamboo. Flowers blazed crimson and yellow and purple all around it flowers on vines, on shrubs and on swaying tall stalks. On one side the sheer jungle wall, almost black-green, for the sun had passed beyond it; on the other side the beach and the limitless sea.

Even Bill liked it. He liked it enough to remember that he had not seen it from the packet. His gaze wandered until it fell upon a clump of palms that must have obstructed his earlier view.

"Nice place, Sleuth."

"Oh, *'n'eer;* it is very humble. My superior has a brick house."

"Yeh; where is it?"

"Beyond de company's godown, *'n'eer.*"

Brick, eh? It struck Bill just then that the best in the town was none too good for an American; still he led the way along a path that hummed with the activity of small life to the door of Willem's home.

There he saw a woman; a girl, rather. She was sitting in the open doorway and watching their approach. Bill stared at her without any effort at politeness. He decided she was anything but beautiful; younger than Willem, and darker, and her face had a tragic quality that Bill could not have defined even if he had tried. Her slender body left an impression of frailty. She wore a clean cotton sack such as the driller had seen on native women, a sarong, and native sandals on her bare feet. But he knew she was not a native, for there was no greasy sheen of coconut oil in her thick black hair. Another half-caste—Willem Daum's wife, probably.

The girl made no attempt to get out of her chair. Bill continued looking down at her. And she smiled. All at once the feeling came over him that this little brown creature was not afraid of him, nor ever would be. The thought suddenly made him angry. He had started to remove his helmet, but changed his mind and let his hand drop to his side.

"My sister," said Willem; "she is very lame. She cannot walk unless I help her—or de cook."

"Oh," said Bill.

Willem stooped to kiss the girl; and Bill turned away. He would never have believed that it was a sense of delicacy, a kind of consideration for the girl's feelings, that made him do so. Indeed the driller suddenly found himself with a swift resentment toward Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek—the fathead!—for shoving him into a houseful of half-castes. If the company had no better place for an American —— But the American was too hungry to think seriously of going back to the godown.

Presently Willem reappeared in slippers and floppy pajamas of unbleached cloth. At his invitation Bill stepped into the house, found himself directly in a sort of veranda. Wide openings pierced the walls on three sides; they gave passage to soft breezes which carried an unmistakable perfume of flowers and sea stretches.

On the fourth side were two doors which led to what were probably bedrooms.

Neatness was the keynote; neatness conquering poverty. The girl's work, Bill was ready to bet, for Willem, surely, would moon along comfortably in any degree of squalor. There was no cloth on the plain teak table, and the teak shelves were bare; but all the thick crockery in sight actually glistened. No rubbish littered the corners.

Willem's sister was already seated at the table. Bill was offered a chair opposite the girl, which placed him on the man's right. Then the cook, an ancient Javanese hag, brought a great bowl of steamed rice and set it down in the middle of the table. Her next trip from the kitchen behind the house resulted in an amazing array of side dishes containing meats and stews and hot peppers; and finally one big bottle of Danish beer for the driller. Bill looked at it.

"Don't you drink?" he demanded of the half-caste.

"Oh, *'n'eer;* you do not understand. De company pays me for your visit here. Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek has sent over beer for your use."

"One bottle?"

"Two. Dere will be breakfast in de morning."

Bill snorted.

(Continued on Page 100)

A Solid Black Wall Rushed Up Through the Gray Wall of Rain. There Was a Crash, a Splintering of Deck and Side Planks. Bill Was Conscious of Making Three Bounds Toward the Stern of the Boat

AN ELUSIVE PANACEA

IN THE GREAT OLD GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK

By Albert W. Atwood

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

AT A TIME when the display of public interest in Federal taxation appears to exceed or at least equal that shown at any previous period of our country's history, it may prove distinctly enlightening to detach ourselves from the din of conflict over the rates of surtaxes, the problem of tax-exempt securities, the financial expediency of a soldiers' bonus and similar questions, and inquire into the operation and effects of a form of taxation which is not especially the subject of current controversy, but which happens to be a very close blood relation to the income tax. Thus removed from the heat of battle it is not unlikely that we may get closer to some of the real points at issue.

In all the recent discussion there has been a tendency to center arguments around such questions as whether the owners of large incomes can be made to pay high rates, whether they should be made to pay such rates, and whether they are avoiding taxes through exempt securities and other mediums. But it is necessary to repeat here what was said in a previous article, that no other tax is so intimately related to the problem of the large fortune as that upon inheritances. From its very nature such a tax is commonly associated with the idea of social reform. Therefore we may reasonably assume that exploration in this quarter will throw not a little light upon these knotty and absorbing problems.

But unfortunately, from the viewpoint of those who insist upon the reduction of swollen fortunes as well as of those who merely desire as much fairness and equity as possible, the inheritance tax as an instrument of social reform has become entangled in a morass of litigation, of uncertain, overlapping and conflicting jurisdictions, and of a chaotic lack of uniformity and stability of rates, steepness of graduation, exemptions and bases of taxation.

Willie Gets the Core

Unwillingness to Plan Ahead

THESE facts were set forth in detail in a previous article, and it was explained further that the consequences of inheritance taxation to any given fortune depend to a large extent upon a combination of circumstances, sometimes designed but more often fortuitous. The same amount of property may be reduced by the merest fraction or to an extent which approaches confiscation, according to the residence and the character, location and distribution of investments, not to mention the vigor with which disputed points are litigated. In other words, this tax falls upon wealth not only with extreme unevenness, but to no small extent merely as the result of pure accident.

Now obviously the inheritance tax differs from all others in that death alone makes it operative. But death is precisely the one subject which men are reluctant to consider, contemplate and prepare for.

In an earlier article the writer pointed out that this tax is but little understood by the people as a whole, partly because it is an innovation in the American system, having come in very quietly and with far less discussion than the income tax, and partly because from its very nature it has not yet been felt by everyone.

But underlying these considerations is the fact that man is never or rarely prepared for death. This may be laid at the door of laziness, fear, indifference to one's heirs, or ignorance. Or it may be due to a perfectly human and normal repugnance at the mere thought itself. There is, after all, something unnatural about a live, active man getting much excited in regard to what will happen to his property after he has gone.

But, in any case, most men do evade and avoid the subject, maintaining toward it a strictly ostrichlike attitude. In the fall of 1919 a New York lawyer, according to an affidavit later made by him, approached one of his clients, Jacob H. Schiff, the banker, and said that he felt it his duty to call the banker's attention to provisions of the law which taxed gifts made within a few years of death. "Mr. Schiff replied that he had no fear of the provisions of the law, that he was perfectly well, and that I would be drawing trust deeds [of gift] for him for ten or fifteen years to come." Mr. Schiff died the following September.

J. A. Hobson, the English economist, refers to the "curious illusion which leads so many men to think, feel and act as if they were going to live forever. They simply refuse to realize their death or to take account of it in the play of economic motives that affect their earnings and savings."

But except for the fact that the Federal Government will take Liberty Bonds in payment, the inheritance-tax laws make no provision for this weakness, or at least this trait in human nature. That is, inheritance taxes must be paid in cash, which is exactly what most people, even the most wealthy, have very little of when they die, not having arranged their affairs so that there should be cash.

Indeed it is often the case that the more active and aggressive a business man has been, the less cash proportionately there is available, at death or at any other time. His wealth is in merchandise, buildings, land, mines, houses, factories, stocks, bonds, and the like. Nor does the further increase in such wealth quite take care of the situation; in fact it may make it worse. For as wealth increases, the rates increase progressively, especially in the Federal tax. To acquire more securities, factories and lands to pay inheritance taxes, is something like climbing a mountain by digging one's way into a hole.

It is the merest commonplace of everyday observation that rich men leave very little cash. Frequently estates of one or two hundred thousand dollars contain but a few hundred dollars in cash, a mere fraction of 1 per cent. Even persons of larger means often leave proportionately but little more in this form.

Debts

BUT all men and women of means who die bequeath debts. There are the doctor's fees, funeral expenses, the costs of executors, attorneys and probate courts, and usually some current obligations to be taken care of, such as outstanding household bills, an uncompleted country home, accrued income taxes, possibly a maturing mortgage, a loan at the bank or an uncompleted business deal.

In the case of nearly 500 estates, ranging from $100,000 upward to many millions, in five of the larger cities, the average of debts was about 6 per cent. In some localities the percentage would probably run much higher, and an analysis of 100 estates averaging $230,000 in a certain locality showed that only eight persons had died free from debt.

The largest gross estate left in this country in the last few years, that of a famed Wall Street financier, amounted to $102,584,488, but the debts, exclusive of taxes, were $30,452,247.

But though a few rich men die with relatively small debts of this character, all die in debt to the Federal Government, and most of them to two or more state governments. Shakspere said "He that dies, pays all debts," but this is no longer true of men and women of means.

Patriotic or unpatriotic, they all die for their country if their fortunes are at all large—they all die in debt to Uncle Sam.

This debt means a loss to an estate, just as a fire means a loss to a property. But unlike the fire it is certain and inevitable. It is a debt which is sure to become payable in course of time and may become payable any time. It is an absolutely certain liability which seldom shows on the books.

Not only must this debt be paid in cash—with the exception noted—but it is a first mortgage or lien upon the property in that the estate cannot be distributed until the payment is made. In a number of the states a year—or in some instances even a year and a half—is allowed, although the Federal Government demands its share within one year. But there is an additional tax, or penalty, if payment is not made within the prescribed time unless relief is obtained by special appeal to the courts.

On the other hand a deduction, in some instances of as much as 1 per cent a month, is allowed if payment is made before the expiration of the time limit. In any case payment is inevitable; it can be put off a little while, but not long. A reduction in the amount for promptness and a penalty for delay both tend to force rapid payment. The heirs almost invariably want their money; they cannot get it until the taxes are paid.

But, in view of the fact that most estates lack the cash to pay the taxes, what are the executors to do? Obviously they must sell securities, and naturally they usually sell the best securities, because these have the most ready market. In other words, the Government takes the heart, the center of the pie, out of the property to begin with. Thus there are often disposed of at the very start the stocks or bonds which the decedent relied upon to support his family.

Suppose a man dies leaving property invested in Liberty and other high-grade bonds, preferred and common stocks in a number of companies, real estate, an interest in his own business and a lot of dubious stocks, so-called cats and dogs. The Federal and state governments demand a large fraction of the total amount, but they will not take it in kind; they will not share with the heirs in the cats and dogs, the slow-moving real estate or the business interest. The state governments will take nothing but cash, the Federal Government only cash or Liberty Bonds.

Naturally the executors prefer to sell stocks or bonds which have the least depreciation, and these are the quick, liquid assets. But it often happens that even the securities which have the best market at the time are temporarily depressed as compared with previous or future quotations.

Mr. Mellon's Observations

THE writer knows of an estate of fabulous size largely invested in an exceedingly rich corporation. In order to pay taxes and meet other cash requirements the executors sold the stock because it had the best market of anything in the estate. Yet within a year it had trebled in price, and the executors probably knew when they sold it that the price would treble. But there was nothing else for them to do. They had to have cash, and here was a stock which could be sold.

Furthermore the very fact that large blocks of securities must be sold tends in itself to break the market. The most elementary principle of stock-market operation is that forced liquidation means sacrifice. No matter how quietly and astutely the sales may be conducted, the forced and urgent character of the selling nearly always makes itself manifest to other operators, who naturally take advantage of the situation, pounding prices still lower. As Secretary Mellon said in one of his recent annual reports:

> In the ordinary course of business there is just a certain amount of property that changes hands from year to year. There is a market for a certain amount and no more. The extent of the market is dependent largely upon the amount and character of the property coming upon the market. There may be a ready market at a reasonable price for a limited amount of the shares of an industrial company, or for a medium-size manufacturing property, or for residence or business property.
>
> But the larger the amount of property that must be sold the more difficult it becomes to find buyers for it; and if the sellers are under absolute need to sell, as is the case where the money must be provided within a limited time to pay taxes and debts, then just that much less ready and willing are bidders to buy, and just so much greater is the sacrifice that the sellers must make in order to obtain cash.
>
> The same thing is seen constantly in the commercial world. If a large amount of any of the staple commodities, even such as cotton, wheat, or any article of consumption, is suddenly pressed upon the market, and the holder's needs force him to sell, there is an immediate and great decline in the price which he is able to obtain. What is true of articles of daily consumption is very much more true as respects investments in property, such as largely make up the estates called upon to pay these taxes.
>
> It has become notorious in recent years, whenever a man of means dies, leaving his estate obligated to pay a large amount by way of taxes or debts, or both, that there is an immediate decline in all classes of securities in which he is known to be interested. And when the estate is required to make a sale of its property there is not merely a large loss to the estate, but there is also a loss inflicted upon everyone else interested in these properties, especially if at the same time they desire to, or must, sell.

Frequently it is impossible for large estates to dispose of property at all, and resort must be had to borrowing. In one instance an estate of $50,000,000 is said to have been obliged to appeal to the state legislature for a special enactment to enable the executors or trustees to borrow. Large fortunes often are invested in close corporations, the stock of which not only has no ready market but is exceedingly difficult to put a value upon, especially if the chief owner or executive, who may have been the mainspring of its activities, has just died. Often the only way to raise the necessary cash is to appeal to Wall Street underwriting syndicates, and these of course do not handle large blocks of securities without ample commissions. Obviously the very worst possible time to ask for Wall Street banking and underwriting aid is when forced liquidation is necessary. These groups and syndicates handle financing at very low rates when they seek the business themselves, when the individual or corporation doing the borrowing or selling does not need money and consents to accept it only at the insistent persuasion of the bankers. But when the urging is from the other side payment is made through the nose.

This is only human nature, and it works exactly the same in Main Street as it does in Wall Street. Even the decedent's late business associates will not take over a large block of his stock under conditions of forced sale except at prices named by them. An estate which recently paid something like $15,000,000 in inheritance taxes was invested largely in a stock which, though it is profitable enough and the control of it carries with it great power and influence, is not by nature readily marketable. The stock was taken over very kindly by a group of the decedent's associates, in order to give the estate the necessary cash, but at a bargain to said associates.

Shrinkage of Large Estates

"I DON'T want my property to get into the hands of Wall Street," said another man of large wealth in commenting on this case.

It must be borne in mind that the average shrinkage, so-called, in the property of persons of very large means is exceedingly substantial. This is chiefly due in most instances to the Federal estate tax. Although the writer has seen no averages for the country as a whole, numerous studies have been made in various localities by life-insurance specialists and others interested in the subject, especially by Mr. Dan Nelson, of Minneapolis.

An average shrinkage of over 20 per cent, due mainly to inheritance taxes, is shown in 100 estates ranging in size from $200,000 to $54,000,000 in New York, as analyzed by Mr. Nelson. A group of 469 estates ranging from $100,000 to $64,000,000 in New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cleveland and St. Louis, show a total shrinkage of 25.8 per cent, of which 16.5 per cent was due to taxes, 11.5 per cent being caused by the Federal tax.

On seven very large estates, the smallest of which was over $20,000,000, the shrinkage ranged from 13 to 34 per cent. In addition to the analyses made by others which have come to the writer's attention, I have made many independent first-hand inquiries in several instances in regard to fortunes not mentioned in the public press or referred to in the published data gathered by inheritance tax specialists.

(Continued on Page 48)

HOLD! THE MARSTER'S CHEE-ILD SHALL NOT SUFFER WHILE OLD JEEMS HAS A FEW BAWBEES! THERE'S YER MONEY!
FORCED SALE FOR INHERITANCE TAXES
LIFE-INSURANCE POLICY
THE HEIRS
Herbert Johnson

THE FAITHFUL SERVITOR

THE SLUMP

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

YOU can insult any woman between the ages of two and eighty by intimating that she is not qualified for the movies, for, alas, only a beautiful woman's mirror tells the truth. At a fair general average between the above ages, Mrs. Mary Boob, standing in the bright sunshine of the Iskovitch Art Productions lot in Hollywood among the other tourists from Prairie City, would be last on the list of those whom one might suspect of romantic aspirations. She was squat, more than plump, broad faced and wide mouthed, and was in every line of her ample self an ideal housewife with no art horizon beyond geraniums. One would have sworn at sight that she was a good cook, and that her house back in the Middle West would be found as neat as a pin, with ferns and hanging baskets in the bay window, and crocheted doilies, spick and span, on the back of every chair.

Yet who knows what lump of clay may be fashioned into the next wondrous vase? When the balance of the touring party shuffled on toward the back lot, gaping at the towering architectural shams and painted human ones, and certain it was seeing that illusion which was not, Mary Boob, more familiarly known at home as mom, lingered before a log cabin, its roof and two sides open to the sky, to watch the inspired work of a globular young man in a green silk shirt; and the thrill of it was that this young man was Eli Iskovitch, the well-known supervising director of the Heartthrobs Company, over whose productions mom had wept and gulped these many seasons.

"Oh, Have You Heard the Latest? Young Iskovitch is the Hero of the Profession This Afternoon"

"Wallop her again, Gus!" yelled Eli, urging a most brutal-looking man to more and still more inhuman treatment of his sweet-faced crippled little daughter. "That's the stuff! Now lay just where you fell, Maizie, and gasp and look up at him like you was dying. That's the sweet little darling! That'll get 'em! That's a heart whanger!" Eli's voice was full of emotion, and tears rolled down his fat cheeks; a gulp in the throat of Mom Boob, and tears in her shining eyes. "Now start towards her with a club, Gus. Shrink, Maizie, shrink! Now! Come on, you lynchers! Come a-humpin', Charlie! More action there, more action! Look fierce! Mug up ugly, you huskies! You got blood in your eyes! You're gonna tear him limb from limb! Grab him! That's the stuff! Now, Gus, you're fightin' for your life, remember; make it rough! Crowd in on him, Charlie! Now rush in, you women! Come fierce! Now, Gus! Gus! Listen! Give Charlie a wallop right on the beezer! Charlie'll stand for a smash on the beak, won't you? That's the stuff! Oh, boy!"

And as the brutal father smashed straight into the face of Charlie, the leader of the rough miners, and gave him a bloody nose, the two-hundred-and-fifty-pound Eli jumped up and down with marvelous agility for one so fat; and Mom Boob found her elbows jerking and her jaws working and her breath coming loudly in the excitement of the gripping scene.

Almost she felt tempted herself to rush in with those rough women of the mining camp, who joined the mob to string the brutal father to a tree when they should move on the tree location next day.

Then Eli Iskovitch yelled, "Cut!" and the excitement stopped instantly. Those bloodthirsty lynchers strolled to the side indifferently, the crippled little girl with the pale make-up skipped off the scene with her crutch over her shoulder, and the brutal father examined the busted beezer of Charlie with professional interest; although, curiously enough, neither one ventured to touch the smashed nose or to wipe away the crimson stain on the upper lip. There was a reason. Charlie suddenly made a dash for the fat director, who had turned to leave the scene, and caught him just in front of the thrilled visitor from Prairie City.

"Say, Eli, do I get a close-up out o' this?"

The great hokum specialist stopped and viewed the debauched nose of Charlie with professional interest.

"No; women wouldn't like it in a close-up, but keep it on for the medium shots. You get a finish extra for that smash, Charlie. It was a peach!"

Mom Boob gasped as Eli passed on.

"Did you let yourself be hit like that for five dollars?"

"Sure," replied Charlie, expanding his chest. He was a rough-featured man with brawny shoulders and a mild blue eye, a cauliflower ear and a gash on his cheek accentuated by his dark make-up; and there was the pride of the actor in his superior grin. "I'm one of the toughest hard-boils in the business. I'm a ten-dollar extra. That's the least I get too; and when it's real rough stuff I draw down fifteen."

"A day?"

"Fifteen a day, and doctor bills."

This last was too much for mom, and she blinked in silence for a while. "What do those ladies get?"

"Oh, them?" The hard-boil glanced at the slattern assortment of women in contempt. "They're only three-and-a-half extras. They ain't got much to do. But the ones that can wear good clothes like yourn"—he glanced appraisingly at the tightly fitting purple foulard with the neat little edging of home-knit lace around the neck—"and can play parlor extras, and atmosphere, they get five, and seven and a half, and even ten when they can get foreground atmosphere. Like them over there."

Them over there on the ornate terrace were fashionable ladies in low-necked gowns, standing where put while the principals acted; a night scene, which would be tinted blue to make it moonlight. There came a far-away look into Mom Boob's little eyes, and she drew a deep breath. From five to ten dollars a day—thirty to sixty dollars a week! Just for standing around in society clothes! When mom was through with her household expenditures back in Prairie City, if she had pinched out as much as two dollars a week for herself her conscience smote her. Why, at, say, forty dollars a week, with nobody but herself to look out for, she could —— But that wasn't the point either; it was the romance, the glamour, the freedom. In all her life Mary Boob had never dared and had never done. She had been as blameless as Calpurnia and as fettered as the animals in the zoo. Romance had been confined to her marriage to John Boob, with the full consent and even urging of everybody concerned, and her indiscretions, bless her, had been confined to vague, unsated longings, half confessed. Now—— Her bosom was fluttering and her eyes shining.

"How do you go at it to get in the pictures?"

"Easy, if you know somebody that's got a pull," laughed Charlie, broad with the pride of his standing in the profession. "You see that skinny young fellow over there with the little lady in the pink dress? Well, that's Isidor Iskovitch, the boss of the works, and his wife."

"Oh!" The Iskovitch name was at the top of half the billboards in the United States, and was as familiar to mom as Puff-Puff Baking Powder or Percolator Mocha. "My, what a young-looking fellow to be so famous!"

Isidor Iskovitch was, indeed, young looking in this heyday of his success. Lean chested and bony limbed, gangling and long necked, he seemed even boyish, in spite of the five creases between his dark-brown eyes, as he watched the shooting of the terrace scene. Every right to be happy had Isidor, for he was almost at the top of the heap he had chosen to ascend. He had started in the business without a nickel; he had fought his way upward unaided; and now he owned seven huge producing plants, his own national distribution and a part interest in seventy first-run theaters scattered throughout the United States. All was well with Isidor, the silver bells tinkling and the incense curling up and the rosy lights softly flooding his entire circumambience; and now and then he abstractedly patted the hand that lay on his arm. A fragile little thing was Miriam Iskovitch, mostly big black eyes and a many-toothed smile, prinkly pink taffeta and a baby-blue sash; and between her and her husband there seemed an especial happiness these days.

"That's a good comedy bit, Sapp," he called to the director when the scene was over; and Sapp, a long-legged fellow with a fuzzy mustache, came to them smiling.

The star came too—a slender girl in a spangled white evening gown, a girl with deep blue eyes and hair like spun gold, and she slipped an arm around the waist of Miriam with the easy unconsciousness of long-standing friendship.

"Glad you like it, Izzy." Sapp gave a perfunctory tweak at a curl of Miriam's black bob. "I think I'm pretty good myself. Say, I've been going over the script of Prue's next picture, and I see a dandy chance to work in a fire scene for our climax. In place of having the shooting of the heavy at a bridge party, we'll make it a big political ball, with a thousand extras, and burn down the whole grand ballroom. We'll have the columns topple over and the beams come crashing in, and the big chandelier will just narrowly miss ——"

"Cut!" grinned Izzy. "If you had to take that thirty thousand dollars outta your own pocket, Sapp, you'd talk slower."

"We can't let the Pinnacle make us look cheap. They're preparing to spend more money on their pictures than they ever spent before."

"Let 'em do it!" And Izzy's jaws suddenly tightened. The Pinnacle was the one company bigger and more powerful than Iskovitch, Inc., and the battles of that huge concern with this audacious young competitor had only spurred him in his upward climb, though it had put those five creases between his eyes. "Klekoff's gone crazy with extravagance over there. He's leadin' the whole industry into a money-wastin' spree. He puts expense into the pictures that don't show for itself; he ties up the good actors with fancy salaries just to lay around an' spoil, so other producers can't have 'em, an' some o' these days there's gonna be a crash. I ain't gonna be in it. That ballroom fire is out."

"I'm glad of it," laughed the star. "The big chandelier was just narrowly to miss me, and it might not."

She was Prudence Joy, the famous Prudence Joy, accounted the best young tragedienne on the screen; and Mom Boob fairly quivered with the historic importance of this moment in her life. And that handsome hero over there was Dennis Doone, who had such noble, manly qualities and made love so wonderfully and had never been licked by any villain, no matter how husky; and yonder sleek scoundrel was the dastardly Jim Graves, whom but to see was to hiss; and

"They're splitting out," Charlie mumbled in her ear. "Come right along with me and I'll show you how I stand around here."

He dragged over the palpitating mom just as the boss of the works was turning away, and he called cheerily. "Hey, Izzy!"

"Hello, Charlie. Some nose! Is that a private argument or is it on me?"

"You pay a fimuth for it. . . . Say, Izzy, this is a friend of mine. Could you use her in a picture some place? How about her, Sapp?"

Both Izzy and Sapp smiled involuntarily as they looked at the Prairie City aspirant breathlessly awaiting their verdict, her trembling lips half parted and all her eager longing shining in her little eyes.

"Good type," said Izzy.

"Yes." Sapp was still smiling, for there was something in the motherliness of mom that inspired him to gentleness. "She looks human. If you'll bring your friend around to my set tomorrow, Charlie, I'll put her at the head of the virtuous villagers who stone the local Mary Magdalene out of town."

"Fine!" Proud to have shown his pull to be so potent, Charlie dragged away his protégée, exultantly proclaiming, "That's a ten-dollar job I got you. You're started in the pictures, and now it's up to you."

That peri who sneaked through the gates of paradise, and grabbed a harp and went skipping up the golden streets before any of the angels could catch her, was dull of joy as compared to Mom Boob at this ecstatic moment. There was not room enough in all the welkin for the expansion of her exalted soul.

"Hear me call him Izzy? Come right to it, didn't he?"

But to this triumph of Charlie the peri was deaf. She was still twanging the golden harp of ecstasy and blinking at the jeweled fruit on the golden trees of paradise.

And just then one of the angels caught her and pulled her back, with: "Well, Mary Boob! We've been looking for you all over! We got to hustle to catch our train, Mr. Panorwood says."

So ended the great adventure; but it was a changed woman who went back to Prairie City and the geraniums and the ferns and the hanging baskets and the bay window and the dishwashing and the unemotional John, who would guzzle his soup and eat with his knife and do all the things the book on Modern Etiquette, or the Guide to Good Manners, said not to do. Those who have tasted of the lotus may never again conform their palates to corned beef and cabbage. Thereafter, whether at stew pan or washboard or at table with the stolid John, her yearning eyes turned ever toward Hollywood; and in this she was only one of a million middle-aged women, to say nothing of those millions of others, who, by day and by night, yearned secretly and sometimes aloud to sneak inside the pearly gates and grab a golden harp.

Poor John Boob vexed his soul in dumb distress to find out what was the matter with mom, to placate her; and, reasoning things out with knitted brows over his carpenter's bench, he set himself seriously to stop eating with his knife and pouring coffee in his saucer and coming home on lodge nights with a glassy eye and a peppermint breath. He brought her potted plants and caramels and a silk-lace fichu appropriate for a woman twenty years younger or twenty years older; but he was too late with his gallantry. A gulf stretched between them that widened into acerbity and bickering, until at last she trapped him into self-defense and counterirritation.

Then his was the fault. She could stand his abuse no longer, and one evening when John went to lodge mom became a free woman. She gathered her wardrobe in two big suitcases, took her five-hundred-dollar Liberty Bond and her savings from the house money through these months of unrest, and left the spick-and-span little home and the unromantic John. As she opened the door she paused, for Vox Populi and Mrs. Populi and the two little Populis were stringing by on their way to the movies, this being their regular night of the week for that excursion which was so much a habit that it had become a duty, and mom waited until they had passed. She did not wish to be seen by them,

More Lights. More Hilarity. Music and Dancing,' and Dark-Skinned Faces

for there was a sort of distant relationship—has always been—between the Boob family and Vox Populi.

At the Neighborhood Theater, a Pinnacle house, and the nearest, Vox Populi cast not so much as a glance at the red and green and purple billboards in the lobby, for this was their regular theater, and to speculate on the attraction beforehand might involve the disagreeable necessity of thought. Instead he took his place in line, puffing industriously at his stogy to finish as much of it as possible before he must toss away its short stump, and he was Number Eleven from the ticket window when Mrs. Populi plucked his sleeve and said, "Aw, it's one of them flood pictures again!"

"Is it?" Vox stolidly shuffled up another step in the line. He was Number Ten now.

"Yes. We saw a flood picture last week with Gail Pierce, and one the week before with April Blossom, and I forget who was in the flood picture the week before; but we saw one."

"Did we?" Number Nine.

"It was Tom Filmore!" said Jimmy Populi, thrusting himself between.

"Shut up!" ordered his father, and pushed Jimmy back against the line. Vox had a vague, uncomfortable feeling that his set program was about to be disturbed, and it was a bit stubbornly that he shuffled ahead into eighth place.

"This one's with Aurelia Amour," persisted Mrs. Populi.

"Is it?" Seventh place.

"We don't like her very well. She always gets herself up so crazy."

"Oh, I don't know." Sixth place now. Vox had his ninety cents counted out and held warm in his hand. "We're here, and we might as well go in."

His wife had information which she could conceal or use, as suited her purpose. She used it.

"All right, but Juan Lothario is in it."

"What! That lizard!" Slam went Vox Populi's ninety cents in his pocket and he stepped right out of line. The mere fact that all the women were crazy about Juan Lothario was enough for him. "What they got up at the Community?"

Three blocks away the Community Theater blazed out its brilliant announcement, but this time the Populi family inspected the red and green and purple three-sheets in the lobby before stepping into line. Another forest-fire picture. They'd seen forest-fire pictures until they could detect every prop log and sulphur pot.

Around the corner and four blocks down was the Home Theater, with a fine, zippy, sensational flood picture; the dam bursting and houses bobbing in the torrents of water and the heroine near death's brink on the verge of the waterfalls, and the hero coming—can he make it, and live? That had been a thrilling situation the first gross and four times the Populis had seen it; but suddenly they had become critical, and now it seemed to pall. Only a few blocks farther was the big new Gingus Palace, an Iskovitch theater; but a very little exercise suffices the domestic, and it looked like rain, and Mr. and Mrs. Populi, in spite of the screams of the little Populis, decided to go home. On the way they passed the gate of Pro Bono Publico, where the head of the house, in his shirt sleeves and blue socks, sat on his own doorstep smoking his pipe in solid comfort, while Mrs. Publico took hers in keeping the little Publicos partly out of the flower bed where the last of the chrysanthemums were shriveling toward winter.

"Hello, Vox," called Pro. "I thought this was your night for the movies."

"They're the bunk," stated Mr. Populi with the emphasis of recent decision. "It's the same old stuff, so we made up our minds we'd save our money and go home."

"You said it!" agreed Mrs. Publico. "Eggs have gone up again—four cents a dozen. Ain't it fierce?"

"There's no reason for it," declared Mrs. Populi with sudden indignation. "The weather hasn't turned cold yet, and my sister's hens over in Key City are laying fine, she writes me. It's just the dealers boost the price to suit themselves. I don't know how we're going to live."

"It's the war." Pro Bono Publico knocked the dottle out of his pipe and used the stem to point his information. "The war's going to break out again in Europe, and we'll all be dragged into it again, and the stock market has gone down an average of eight points."

"Eight?" repeated Mr. Populi, aghast. "Eight!" The men gazed at each other seriously. Neither had ever bought or sold a share of stock, or a bond, except a Liberty, and didn't know how it was done or why; but as men they felt that they were confronted by an economic crisis.

"It looks like a hard winter ahead."

"It sure does!" Publico refilled his pipe. "Won't you come in?"

"Yes, do come in," invited Mrs. Publico heartily. "We got that new Chinese game—what you call it?"

"You say it," grinned Vox.

"I know how to say it!" piped up Theodore Publico. "It's ——"

"Shut up," said his father, and pushed him off the step. "The wiff got a pasteboard set to be in the swim, but there's too much thinking in it. We'll play you poker if you got any money."

Aurelia Amour Was a National Debt

"We don't need any to play with you," returned Mr. Populi jovially, and strode in at the gate, followed by his portion of the populace.

Thus began the great slump; thus began the vast seismic jolt that quivered the colossal motion-picture industry to its foundation rocks and split jagged gashes in its crust; thus began the appalling disaster that affected every atom of the art from the meanest extra to the banks, those mighty masters of all commerce without which no righteous industry may flourish and with which no flagging industry may call its soul its own. Hundreds of millions of dollars went slithering in that catastrophic catabasis, the while Vox Populi and Pro Bono Publico and their wives played poker, as it were, unheeding and even unhearing those cries to bring around that ninety cents; for, by the great horn spoon, as the months rolled by the colossus among infant industries needed the money! It had to pay Aurelia Amour—eke her ilk.

II

AURELIA AMOUR was a national debt. Come rain or shine, lean years or fat, slump or golden harvest, she, and eke her ilk, had to be supported in the style to which she was accustomed since she had become accustomed to it. And justly so, justly so. Did she not make herself a slave to the public, posing before the blinding lights and keeping herself young and beautiful by strenuous efforts for their benefit? And all for a mere pitiful pittance of three thousand dollars a week.

Those who have never tried to get along on three thousand dollars a week cannot, perhaps, understand the pinching and scraping by which this must be done; the twisting and turning and contriving, and the humiliations due to penurious poverty. Aurelia had managed cleverly by saving on servants. She had only nine for her twelve-room bungalow—butler, chef, second cook, chauffeur, gardener, laundress, parlor maid, second maid and personal maid. Sometimes it embittered the poor girl to reflect that, besides these, Gail Pierce had a second butler, a second chauffeur and a footman; but Gail was regarded as the greatest screen actress of her time by Roabert, the New York partner of the Pinnacle Motion Picture Corporation, under whose auspices Aurelia and Gail both slaved for the public; and Roabert continued so to regard Gail from year to year; whereas Klekoff, the Hollywood partner in the great Pinnacle, was prone to change his mind annually or so about who was the greatest screen actress of her time; which made a difference in the ultimate benefits.

There was no sign of woeful want or dire destitution in Aurelia, however, as she tripped out of the Pinnacle's star projection room on the rawest day of the great slump, for her elongated figure was wrapped in ermine from chin to ankles, and her smoothly elongated countenance was freshly dewrinkled, and she was blooming with her diurnally renewed youthfulness as she made her way across the *mise en scène* of hocus-pocus palaces and common actors to the tapestried little inner office where the mighty Klekoff stood basking, with a cheery wood fire glinting on his scarlet hair, but with care carking full well on his brow; for the great slump had already scotched him, and he scarcely knew where his next million dollars was coming from!

"A Woman's Chance is out," was the greeting the fair Aurelia gave him before she had even crossed the threshold; then, in the words of her contract, she went on, "I refuse to approve it, and I order that it be not exhibited!"

"You what?" It was Klekoff, the mighty, who now sat in the visitors' chair by the little inlaid desk and the slave of the public who leaned her ivory elbow on the shelf of the mantelpiece. "Are you aware," he demanded, "that A Woman's Chance cost a fifth of a million dollars in real money?"

"I have nothing to do with that." And she glibly resumed in more words of her contract. "I refuse to approve the picture on the ground that it is below the standard of those productions in which I made my reputation and would have a tendency to lessen the prestige I have acquired."

"You're a liar," said Klekoff, his gorge suddenly rising against this girl, whom at one time he had befriended beyond her ability. At that time she had betrayed her keenness for auriferous metal and her dexterity with the pick and shovel, and had sifted all his favors into an iron-clad contract on which she had been riding haughtily ever since, like the Queen of Sheba to a raspberry festival. "You're shelving A Woman's Chance because Tom Filmore has too good a part in it, and you're afraid he'll steal the picture. Just for that you'd shut us out of half a million in sales at a time when every nickel counts. You know there's a slump. You know the public's flopping the pictures. You know there isn't enough money coming in to pay the overhead, but you don't give a damn so long as you get yours."

"No, sweetheart," she agreed; and wrapping her ermine gracefully around her elongated figure, she started for the door. "I have to be mercenary because it takes cash to pay bootleggers."

Thus Aurelia. Eke her ilk. And she sailed out to where she kept her cash. She was blithely drawing down her balance to three dollars and seventy-two cents when there came from behind the bank rails Benjamin Trust, president of the Intercoast Trust Company and great-grandson of Old Man Trust, founder of the now widespread and flourishing Trust business. Benjamin was a large, substantial man, whose fat was solid and whose cheeks were florid, whose beard bristled white through his chin every day by four P.M., and whose eye these times had a quick instinctive penetration for every person in the film industry, since any straw might give the direction of the chilling blasts that blew braw in this winter of motion-picture discontent.

He stepped at once into the fragrance of the exquisite Parfum d'Aurelia, large bottles twenty dollars, sample size

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BUMS — By A BUM

ALL right, then, I'm a bum. I've been called worse than that by better than you. I'm not particularly proud to be a bum, but if a man feels apologetic about his racket he can't succeed in it, and I've done well as success goes among us bums.

For the last ten years I've been field agent for a notion counter down here on The Bowery—a notion counter being a handbook that will reach down to its ankles for small trade. I solicit bets from schoolboys, newsboys and barbers, and from day laborers who have to support many children and a sporting streak on small wages. I'll write a ticket for as little as a quarter. Of course, at this rate, things are just what you might call hot-and-cold for me. I only take a commission, and I have to hustle a lot of change up to the counter to make my beagles and blankets, or, if you will hold out for the King's English, my sausage and cakes.

Still, a man of my age and in my condition has got to take care of himself. I'm along in years and my rheumatism would murder me if I should stand an hour in the draft on the Subway steps the way I used to. It strikes me as the irony of fate that I, one of the most gifted rheumatics of my time, who made my thirty dollars many a day when I was younger, should be unable to play rheumatic now that I'm old, because of rheumatism. However, no fair-minded jury would convict me of working for my living, even now, and to that extent I'm still a bum—an old bum.

And yet, as Spartacus told his men at roll call, I was not always thus. My ancestors were grocers, land agents, innkeepers, and such as that. And if there are no streets named Bum in my old home town, as I'll grant there aren't, neither was any ancestor of mine hanged or jailed, to the best of my knowledge—which is not altogether a boast, as I think a family should distinguish itself one way or another. I was the only romantic member of the clan, but I realize that my own distinction, limited as it was to a comparatively small circle of police, bartenders and associate bums, was meager enough.

I would not ask you to believe that I suddenly said to myself once upon a long time ago: "Adam, the time has come when you must choose your life calling; suppose you become a bum." On the contrary, I had not the slightest notion of becoming a bum. But, lacking any definite equipment for business or skilled labor when I landed in New York as a young man, I found it very hard to make a living, and in the course of a short time discovered myself on The Bowery, and likewise, so to speak, on the curb.

Initiated Into the Order

I WAS hungry. I recollect how hungry I was every time I see a tomcat, for I remember sitting on the stairway of a flop house, stroking a tom that had strayed up to me, and thinking treacherously that, after all, tomcat was said to taste very much like rabbit.

I had never yet asked a stranger for anything more than the time of day. But I was a well-spoken young man and rather neat, and I felt sure that if I approached the right man with all my abundant sincerity of the moment I should eat. For at least an hour I strayed along The Bowery in this desperate frame of mind. My thoughts never once turned to robbery. I saw a dozen men who, I'm sure, would not have turned down such as I was, but when the instant came for making the break I would raise my head, look straight forward, and walk fast. But at last, outside a hotel where the sports, the prize fighters and the popular actors of the day congregated, I stopped idly by a growler. Several men were approaching it from the lobby and they seemed to be fairly well bottled.

"Mister——," I began. The sound of my own voice startled me so that I believe I didn't say any more.

"On the bum, kid?" He was a prize fighter who later died broke. He handed me a dollar. "Times are tough, hey, kid?" And he sloshed into the cab.

I had heard of Blank's saloon. In long years of later acquaintance with the proprietor, I learned that he and his family were inclined to be the least bit snobbish. They preferred to call it "the store."

I only knew that Blank's put out a big free lunch, of which you were entitled, theoretically, to all you wanted after buying one five-cent beer.

"Here," I thought, running the folds of the dollar bill through my fingers as I approached the bar, "is where I'll have my next twenty meals anyway." I reflected that I could wash myself and polish my rubber collar in the unspeakable wash room, and, as the weather was fair at the time, could sleep in Cooper Square or City Hall Park. In theory I had worked out a very satisfactory domestic scheme when I hoisted my foot to the rail, smoothed out the dollar in a quiet backwater of the suds, and asked for a beer.

A very low character next to me said he'd have the same, and a number of men left a big round table, saying beer would be their pleasure also. I did not realize what this meant to me until I heard the bartender clang the knell of my dollar on the cash register. Twenty enormous schooners, lathering overside, were hoisted to the bar and, as I hesitated, not knowing whether to start something or pretend to like it, somebody got my beer. I liked it.

But at any rate I was entitled to a few fast passes at the baked ham and steaming cabbage and bread on the lunch counter, so with a plateful I made room for myself at the table, and became a bum.

What I had not known, but quickly gathered from the social chitchat about the table, was that this saloon was the headquarters of the most resolute and most ingenious enemies of work to be found in New York at that time or since. Whatever else may be said of them, which is plenty, it must be granted that they were men of principle with the courage of their convictions. Their principles were low, if you will, but it's my belief that it is just as commendable to live true to low ideals, at the cost of no little fleshly mortification, as it is to aim at the stars and break the window in Hickey's hencoop. There is something to be said for them, and before I have done I purpose to say it.

My dollar was my initiation fee. I sifted into the fellowship of the round table. It was about nine in the evening and they had shortly before come in from their professional endeavors of the day. In the rear room of Blank's a number of the boys were sitting around the walls, watching some three or four others shoot pool on a table whose surface bore a compelling resemblance to the Alleghanies. The cash register was pealing, and once there was a stir as the wicker doors swung open before a party of well-dressed men and women sightseers from uptown or out of town, being shown The Bowery under the guidance and sometimes fallible safe-conduct of a man whom I was later to know as Chuck Connors, the mayor of Chinatown.

Next to me at the table sat a little man with a very fat, round face, and eyes that popped out as though he was constantly in process of strangulation. He was rather gruesome to look at, which is a compliment to him, for he was Pug, so-called because of his resemblance to the hideous but fashionable dog of that day. Pug's black eyes were always watering, and with his dark brown countenance the man favored his namesake breed more than he suggested anything human that ever I have seen. Pug was the catch-weight champion weeper. He could drizzle tears at will, a phenomenon that was always attended by tremors of his voice. I believe the man really was possessed of great mimic virtuosity, for one side of his character seemed to lavish genuine distress upon the spurious woes of the other. When engaged at his art Pug made himself so woebegone, so pitiable, so tragic, that he wept for himself.

Cast for a Character Rôle

PUG emptied a pocketful of change on the table and the floorman brought more drinks. There were wash tub schooners for those of us who were drinking beer, and full-size glasses of what was known as bar whisky for the rest. Nowadays in the speak-easies the whisky glasses are thimble size—a new model made to meet new conditions a little more than halfway. Those old big glasses were filled to the brim with five fingers, all thumbs, of booze that was considered bad enough in that day, but which would be kept for Christmas and christenings in this one. The new glasses are three-quarters full, and you haven't the option of pouring your own.

I was talking to the proprietor of our hangout the other day and asked him how it was that he had been able to serve almost a quart of beer for a nickel. He said he wished he might do it again. Real beer then cost four dollars a barrel; near-bear today costs twice as much.

From Pug's pile on the table the floorman helped himself to a fistful of hard money. Now the next man in the circle produced, and when his hospitality had been celebrated the next man did the same. And so it went around and around until the money was all gone.

As to the later stages of the evening, I must admit that my recollection is quite foggy. I revived in dank surroundings, dimly recalling that my associates of the night before, upon hearing how I had bummed a dollar in my first foray under the banner of the habitually unemployed, had called me The Dude. This was a compliment to my genteel manner of speech and my threadbare neatness. The Dude I became in that moment, and The Dude I am to this day among those who know or recall me.

I awoke, as I began to say, in the basement of Blank's. The air was so thick a shadow boxer would have broken his knuckles. All about me men were sleeping or just beginning to stir. A shaft of pale light ran diagonally through the murk from the little basement window at the sidewalk level to the floor boards, laid in mud. I stumbled over several growling bums to the stairway and reached the bar, where I met Pug having his morning's morning. He bought me a beer, which entitled me to some bread and oatmeal without milk or sugar. I liked Pug and we fell to talking.

"You've got a good front for the racket." Pug was smoothing out a very dirty telegram. "As a dude you could do pretty good for yourself. It ought to be a high-class store. These fellows on the stilts—the guys with the crutches—look like professional beggars and business is just nickel-and-dime with

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This Saloon Was the Headquarters of the Most Resolute and Most Ingenious Enemies of Work to be Found in New York

A TALL YOUNG MAN

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY J. SOULEN

THEIRS was not the kind of marriage for which the organ breathes o'er Eden and the bridesmaids outshine the lilies of the field—not that kind at all; and yet it did not lack a certain splendor and picturesqueness of setting

The large room, dormitory, refectory and oratory in one, in the old stone-built Jesuit mission which stands above the Zambesi, some ten miles east of Tete, had lichen upon its walls, streaks and patches of many colors that made the effect of a ruined fresco. Its narrow windows—they were loopholes once showed the broad rush meadow in the shallows by the bank and beyond it the great serene stream broadening eastward to its delta. The open door gave upon the bare brick-red earth of the compound, beyond which the encircling low bush—mimosa, cactus and aloe—swelled in a sudden crescendo to a cathedral-like grove of palms. Over all, the high tropic sun brooded like a sullen tyrant; the world beneath him cowered in a breathless oppression of heat, and the air stood heavy upon it like deep and stagnant water.

"Clive! You Go! You Go! Oh, I am Bad Girl! Clive, You Go! I Don' Keep You!"

The tall missionary, with his skull-like face and his steady, indomitable eyes, looked gravely upon them when all was over and the pair of them rose from their knees. He, at all events, was not blind to the qualities in the event which supplied the place of the organ and the bridesmaids. There was the bridegroom, tall as himself, long in the limb, with his blond hair and his sallow, rather bloated face, upon which there showed yet—"like a dead body seen at the bottom of a pool," thought the priest—a certain trained control of feature and expression. He wore, too, a monocle—not in the manner of those who wear it as the badge of a class which needs no badge, but as unconsciously as his trousers.

Beside him, the top of her head on a level with his narrow shoulders, his little new-made wife stood glowing tranquilly in her gala glory of gold-fringed shawl, ankle-length black silk skirt, white stockings and stilt-heeled shoes. The priest knew all about her at a glance; she was just one of the inconsiderable jewels spilled from the treasure of the Latin civilization that had wrecked itself upon the coast of East Africa—lovely as a tropic flower, instinct-governed like an animal, with strange perversions of that instinct into passion, loyalty and infinite suffering.

"Well," said the bridegroom awkwardly, "that's over anyhow"

The priest smiled.

"It is over," he said in English. "Now if you and your wife will come to my room I will give you the—er—the certificate, and there is a bottle of wine which I have put to cool."

"Oh, capital!" assented the bridegroom. "Thanks awfully, padre. Hot business, getting married, you know."

The priest nodded and led the way. The old mission was a long single-storied structure with a dwarf bell tower at one end, and his room was a tiny stone cell beneath this tower. The bell rope came down through a hole in the middle of its ceiling and was looped up out of the way like a rope hanging from a prepared gallows.

"Be seated," he urged hospitably. "Mrs. Scarron, will you sit here? And you, sir, here? Let me see, now—Clive Alaric Scarron, is it not? British subject, Protestant—yes. Occupation?"

He had taken a stool at his little bureau and looked round with pen poised over the paper for the answer.

"None," answered Clive Alaric Scarron.

"Ah, gentleman, then? Yes! And now—Ana Mendoza, Portuguese subject, Christian. That is enough."

He wrote, blotted the paper and rose.

"Mrs. Scarron," he said with a little bow as he handed the document to her, "you know how to register that with the civil authority? Good; because that is necessary. So now, Mr. Scarron, it is really over and we can drink to your happiness in the cool wine."

The wine—a concoction of chemicals and coloring matter as retailed on the coast—was at least cool, and Clive Alaric Scarron began to sit up and take notice.

"I wanted that," he observed when he had drunk off his first glass. "Man can't give his mind to things when he's thirsty. I'm just beginning to feel really married now. What about it, Ana?"

The girl smiled at him and flushed. While the wine was being fetched and poured she had folded the certificate and tucked it into the bosom of her dress. Her hand went up to the place and pressed it so that it crackled against her skin.

"Me, I know I am really married!" she answered.

Scarron laughed and raised his fresh glass-ful.

"I'll bet you do!" he said. "Well, for better, for worse, old girl! We'll have to make the best of it. But it'd be funny if ——"

He broke off with a twitch of the face as if he made a warning grimace at himself, and drank.

"You were saying something would be funny," prompted the priest gently, watching him with eyes in which there was a dim sparkle.

"Was I?" answered Scarron deliberately "I wonder what I was thinking about. This is rather a talkative wine of yours, padre—if you don't mind my saying so. An' now I s'pose we'd better be moving homewards. Ready, Ana?"

The priest rose, smiling.

"I will call the boy to bring your donkeys," he said. "But," he added, pausing in the doorway, "it is a pity you forget what it is that would be rather funny. If you remember later you must tell your wife. Perhaps she will laugh."

He went out without waiting for an answer and they heard him shouting to his Kafir.

"I like his cheek!" said Scarron haughtily, and his wife, of course, colored with sympathetic indignation. She did not even trouble to wonder what it was all about.

The herald of evening was walking the world as they set forth on the homeward path to Tete—that mild and beneficent stir of air from the eastward, as though the earth released its breath in a sigh of relief from its day-long bondage to the sun. And forthwith the bush came to life. About a cluster of ugly mahogany trees a flight of little parrots kaleidoscoped and tore the air with shrieks; guinea fowl scuttled rustlingly through the parched grass, and once a big buck crashed out of and into the scrub not twenty feet ahead of them. A couple of hours later and the way would have been impassable, for then it would have been dark. They would have heard and probably seen lions and the other killers. But now, in the first flush of the western sky, they rode at their ease.

Nobody threw slippers after them or showered them with confetti. Only a tall fever-scourged priest, with a face worn and parched to the likeness of a skull, stood looking after them with the half of a pitying smile and the half of a doubtful frown. But Ana sat on the rump of her donkey, her hands in her lap, her ankles crossed, her small vivid face rapt in the glow of the tempered light, like a dreaming queen upon her palfrey. This was her world, this land crumpled into hills and valleys and dusted over with the green and brown and gray of fever-infested bush, with the great river flowing through it from nowhere to nowhere and the beasts walking abroad in it unchecked save for here and there a hunter. She knew no other; yet today

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THE GHOST OF JOHN HOLLING

By Edgar Wallace

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

THERE are things about the sea that never alter—the steward speaking. I had a writing gentleman in one of my suites last voyage who said the same thing, and when writing people say anything original it's worth jotting down. Not that it often happens.

He was traveling free on a company pass and that made him a bit difficult, because only the people who pay feel that they're getting their money's worth, and a man who doesn't have what he's paying for is a natural grouch. Besides which, anybody who gets a free pass is naturally on his dignity for fear people think he's cheap all round. But by the time we were within a day's sail of the Hudson he got quite affable, and one of the things he said to me ought to go into that book he's writing for the company.

"Felix," he said, "the sea has got a mystery that can never be solved; a magic that has never been and never will be something or other to the tests of science." I'm sure it was "tests of science," though the other word has slipped overboard.

Magic—that's the word. Something we don't understand, like the mirror in the bridal suite of the Canothic. Two men cut their throats before that mirror; one of 'em died right off, and one lived long enough to tell the steward who found him that he'd seen a shadowy sort of face looking over his shoulder and heard a voice telling him that death was only another word for sleep. That last fellow was Holling—the coolest cabin thief that ever traveled the western ocean. And what Holling did to us when he was alive was nothing to what he's done since, according to certain stories I've heard. Spooky told me that when the mirror was taken out of the ship and put in the stores at Liverpool, first the storekeeper and then a clerk in his office were found dead in the storeroom. After that it was carried out to sea and dropped into fifty fathoms of water. But they didn't get rid of Holling's ghost.

The principal authority on Holling was the steward who worked with me—my opposite number in fact. Spooky Simms his name was, and Spooky was so called because he believed in ghosts. There wasn't anything in the supernatural line that he didn't keep tag on, and when he wasn't making tables rap he was casting horrorscopes—is that the way you pronounce it? It appears that everything that happens to a man or woman comes from being born under certain stars. Our purser, who's a bit of a brain, says that a man named Einstein has put all the horrorscopes on the blink. Einstein, by all accounts, is a German. But that's neither here nor there.

"I certainly believe in Holling's ghost," said Spooky on this very voyage I'm talking about now, "and if he's not on this packet at this minute I'm no clairvoyager. We passed right over the spot where he died at 3:07 this morning and I woke up with the creeps. He's come aboard—he always does when we go near the place he committed suicide, and the central-office reserves will be in the pilot boat, mark me, Felix!"

There was no doubt that Spooky believed this, and he was a man with only one delusion—that he'd die in the poorhouse and his children would sell matches on the street. That accounts for the fact that he hoarded every cent he made.

Personally I don't believe in spooks or anything, but I do admit that there is one magical thing about the sea—the way it affects men and women. Take any girl and any man, perfect strangers and not wanting to be anything else, put them on the same ship and give them a chance of talking to each other, and before you know where you are his waste-paper basket is full of poetry that he's torn up because he can't find a rime for "love," and her waste-paper basket's top high with bits of letters she's written to the man she was going to marry, explaining that they are unsuitable for each other and that now she sees in a great white light the path that love has opened for her. I know, because I've read 'em. And the man hasn't got to be handsome or the girl a doll for this to happen. I've seen a bald-headed buyer for a Cincinnati store, and the father of a family, crying his heart out because a cruel fate wouldn't let him marry the frosty-nosed lady missionary who read Poems of Passion to him on the upper deck. Unlikely people? I'll tell the world!

There was a gang working the Mesopotamia when I served in her a few years ago that was no better and no worse than any other crowd that travels for business. They used to call this crowd Charley's, Charley Pole being the captain. He was a nice young fellow with fair, curly hair, and he spoke London English, wore London clothes and had a London eyeglass in his left eye.

I've heard since that he learned the accent at Dartmoor Prison in England, when he worked in the laundry with an English lord who had been sent down for a jewel fraud. I don't know what Charley was in for, but I'll lay a slight shade of odds that it wasn't for his politics

Charley had to work very carefully, and he was handicapped, just as all the other gangs were handicapped, by the pure-ocean movement which our company started. Known "barons" were stopped at the quay side by the company police and sent back home again—to America if they were American, to England if they were English. About thirty of our stewards were suspended, and almost every bar steward in the line, and it looked as if the western ocean was going to be a dull place. Some of the crowds worked the French ships and nearly starved to death, for though the French are by all accounts a romantic race they're very practical when it comes to money. There is nothing about francs in French fairy tales.

So the boys began to drift back to the English and American lines; but they had to watch out, and it was as much as a steward's place was worth to tip them off. Charley was luckier than most people, for he hadn't got the name that others, like the McStill boys and the Harrigans, had got, and though the company officials looked down their noses every time he carried his grip ashore at Southampton they let him through.

Now the barons of the pack, as our old skipper used to call them, are plain business men. They go traveling to earn a living, and have the same responsibilities as other people. They've got wives and families, and girls at the high school and boys at college; and when they're not cutting up human lamb they're discussing the high cost of living and the speculation in theater seats and how something ought to be done about it, and whether Lloyd George was a better Prime Minister than Baldwin; or else they're getting heated up over the presidential election.

But on one point they're inhuman they have no shipboard friendships that can't pay dividends. Women—young, old, beautiful or just women—mean nothing in their lives. So far as they are concerned, women passengers are in the same category as table decorations; they look nice but they mean nothing. Naturally they meet them. A sucker is a sucker because he wants to look important. That's the why of it. A mean man who doesn't care a darn how mean he looks never really gets into the sucker class. But the others, the fellows that are dying to overhear somebody say "Ain't he grand?" are ready to flash anything from a bank roll to a wife, to push home the impression that they're grander than you thought they were at first. But beyond a "Glad to meet you, Mrs. So-and-So," the big men of the big crowds never bother with women. That was why I was surprised when I saw Charley walking the boat deck with Miss Lydia Penn for two nights in succession. I wasn't

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"No, Miss," He Said, "You Never Asked Me for a Bag"

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

By Cosmo Hamilton

I SAILED on the steamship Oceanic in the August of 1912, and looked forward with keen pleasure to the first of my numerous Atlantic crossings. Before the ship had left Southampton I was flattered by the attention of an extremely good-looking, athletic, well-groomed youngish man, who insisted on walking the deck with me. He took the trouble to let me know, very shortly after we had broken the ice, that although that trip was not his maiden one, he had only made the western crossing once. But when, an hour before the bugle sounded for dinner, the purser touched me on the arm on my way into the smoking room and murmured the words "card sharp," I still went on utterly disbelieving this brutal summing up of a delightful man's profession.

Those were the old bad days when America was free and never dreamed of interfering with the rights of foreign vessels, and so we had a sherry and bitters together in what is now an easy though a criminal way of encouraging an appetite. After which, his hand closing familiarly on a box of dice, he suggested with a naive smile that we should kill an awkward half an hour by throwing for five-pound notes, and I saw, in a disappointed flash, the reason of his flattery. The purser was right, as pursers have a knack of being. And so, as much to retrieve myself from his obvious assumption that I was an easy mark as to be able to continue a pleasant acquaintanceship without having again to back out of future invitations of the same expensive sort, I made ready to dodge a knock-out blow and told him that I not only had no spare fivers to lose but had a peculiar aversion to losing them to a card sharp. After a second or two of extreme surprise at my character reading and temerity, he burst out laughing, and we walked the deck together with perfect affability during the whole of the rest of the voyage.

He was one of the most interesting men that I have ever met, a student of Dickens and Thackeray, with a strong penchant for the Brontës, and as devoted a lover of Italy as Lucas is, with much of the same feeling for its beauty and its treasures. At no cost at all I greatly enjoyed his company, and when, six months later, I met him by accident in Delmonico's, with the ruddy color that comes from sea air and shuffleboard, I was charmed by his eager acceptance of my invitation to dine. In the meantime he had read Duke's Son, and although he liked my story very much and said so generously enough, at the same time assuring me that he was not much of a hand at modern books, he wound up by regretting that I had not met him before I wrote about cheating at cards, because he could have put me right on several points. He died fighting gallantly, and probably as humorously, in the war.

Robert Loraine was on the Oceanic that time too. He was taking out a company for a second tour of Man and Superman, in which he gave an admirable performance. Sidney Valentine was with him, and so was Cissie Loftus, whom I often persuaded to sit at the piano and give her exquisite imitations of well-known singers, when everybody else was on deck.

A Forced Landing

IF LORAINE was a fine actor, as he is still, and a golfer who raced from green to green as if he were on a personally conducted tour of the course, he was even then a most intrepid though somewhat heavy-handed flying man. He had a way of smashing his machine almost every time he made a landing. Be that as it may, his passion for flying was so strong that he deserted the stage for long stretches at a time in order to master what was then a new terror to civilization, with the subconscious feeling, no doubt, that he was eventually to dedicate his knowledge to the service of his country, as he did, of course, with great daring and distinction. He was, I believe, the first man who flew to Ireland, and his description of this feat, told in his dry, rather abrupt manner, totally devoid of heroics, made good hearing. He went headlong into a storm, lost his bearings, and not because he had made up his mind that he was doomed to drown at sea, but because of the annoyance of hailstones in his eyes, he wept with pain and rage, dived eventually to put an end to a quite unbearable state of things, and woke up next morning well bruised and much astonished to find himself lying on one of the greens of an Irish golf course, surrounded by a little crowd of gaping people who, if they had ever heard of Wells, must have imagined themselves to be in the presence of an inhabitant of another dimension.

Marie Tempest, a Great Actress and a Delightful Woman

In the war, during which he became a colonel, with enough ribbons to make a counterpane, it was his playful habit to drop sarcastic and probably rather Shavian messages on the German lines every evening when he returned to his own. He flew low to do this successfully, and for far longer than he deserved escaped whole from their antiaircraft guns. But one fine night they laid for him and in payment for his cool cheek and nasty notes filled him with shrapnel, which he took to bed for a considerable time; and while he was being picked over by surgical experts probably worked out every detail of the production of Cyrano de Bergerac, which—heaven only knows why—it was one of his determined ambitions to make.

These were the only occasions in his life when Loraine flew low. Before the war, and since, he flew very high in his profession and was unbeatable in his performances in Arms and the Man, Man and Superman, The Man From the Sea, by W. J. Locke; and Smith, by Somerset Maugham. In Tree's all-star revival of The School for Scandal, which I suggested to him at a moment when His Majesty's Theatre needed the tonic of success rather badly, Robert Loraine gave a more human touch to Charles Surface than any actor I had seen before. But the part that I should like to see him play is Cosimo de' Medici in a play yet to be written and laid in the gorgeous atmosphere of fifteenth-century Florence. How well Maurice Hewlett could have written this if he had not been too proud and impatient to truckle to the stage, as he called playwriting! He packed more color and more drama into his Richard Yea-and-Nay and Queen's Quair than are to be found in any historical writing outside that of Shakspere, I think.

I am often asked whether I put living people into books. It is one of the inevitable questions. The answer, so far as it concerns my own methods, is yes and no. Yes, because once I wrote a thing called The Passing of Arthur, in which, with satire laid on a little too thick, I set out to draw a picture of what I thought would happen when Arthur Balfour had had it hammered into him that the country needed a change of government and so decided to go through the irksome business of a general election in order to put the matter to a test. In this somewhat youthful effort every character appeared under his own name. I drew wordy caricatures of Asquith, Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, the Duke of Devonshire, John Burns, Lord Haldane, George Wyndham, some of the younger politicians, the Irish members and Mr. Balfour himself. I put them all through an exciting election, showed the defeat of the Unionists, the choice of Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister and the subsequent scramble for offices. It was awfully good fun to do, but it fell as flat as a pancake. People are not so much interested in politicians as politicians think they are. Long afterwards it was intensely interesting to read Mrs. Asquith's version of this event in one of the first of the volumes of her diary, and there to find that I had not been very far out in my imaginary pictures of the small men and the little events of that amiable time

The Albany, in Piccadilly

COMING to the other half of the answer, it is no, because it is more interesting to create new people in novels than base them on one's friends. Safer, too, perhaps, if one is homogeneous. Otherwise one would be obliged to live on a desert island. And yet when I wrote a book called Keepers of the House, having gone to the trouble of inventing a plot which I thought was too far-fetched ever to have happened to anyone living or dead, and in which there was not a single character remotely like anyone I had ever met or heard of, I was immediately accused by an irate person of having taken his grandfather as the leading protagonist and indecently unearthed an incident in the history of his family that had been hidden behind a pile of years. The thing that seems to be too utterly impossible ever to have happened is certain to have taken place yesterday or to be reported in the newspapers the day after tomorrow.

Stephen Leacock

Before I continue to jot down some of the things that stick in my memory in regard to my first winter in America, I ought perhaps to give an account of a surprising offer that was made to me, which, if I had accepted it, would have revolutionized all my plans and either placed me on Easy Street or in a lunatic asylum.

When I first went to live in the Albany, Piccadilly, that quiet and charming oasis between the Grand Canal of London and its Vigo Street backwater, built by the Adam Brothers on the gardens of what had been a semiroyal house of somewhat checkered history—in which, if you remember, Aubrey Tanqueray was supposed to have had a rather uneasy talk with Cayley Drummell a night or so before he

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Watching the Port of New York

By A WATCHMAN

THERE are three distinct types of watchman watching the port of New York—the typical dock watchman, the miser watchman and the bootlegging watchman. These comprise a little army equal in size to the entire police force of New York City, more than ten thousand men.

The typical dock watchman is anywhere from thirty years old up. Watching is his chosen occupation. He is not illiterate; he is of average intelligence. He is kind and obliging, and is a keen judge of human nature. He is English, Irish, Scandinavian, German or native American. He sometimes scouts for petty graft, but will hardly steal; he is fundamentally honest. He is not a full-blooded cynic; at times he leans toward a philosophical turn of mind. He lives up or down to his income. His wearing apparel is inexpensive but neat—religiously spruced up at all times. He rarely saves. He forms about 70 per cent of the water-front watching force.

The miser watchman is a man of affairs. He owns stocks and bonds and real estate sometimes running into six figures in value. Generally he carries his surplus cash securely sewed in his clothes, some of it having rested there for years. He always has a grouch on, never a smile. He hardly ever buys tobacco; he shoots cigar butts on the docks and elsewhere. He is, as a rule, dry and lean, starved. His clothes sweat grease and will shed water as readily as a slicker. He mostly wears a dickey with a celluloid collar. He is a hermit and lives in a ramshackle shanty somewhere round a coal yard or in vacant lots used for dumping grounds where he pays no rent; or else in an airshaft room in the meanest tenement districts. When not getting his meals from ships' galleys he eats in smelly dumps along the water front. He forms about 10 per cent of our watching force.

An Aerial View of the North River Docks, New York City

Losses From Pilferage

THE bootlegging watchman is young, hardly more than forty-five or so. He is self-confident, fearless, adroit and versatile. Usually he has a permit to carry a gun, and he will not hesitate to use it in a tight corner, though he should not be confused with the ubiquitous gunmen and bandits who dominate our streets. He makes anywhere from several hundred to several thousand dollars a month. He is a good sport and spends money freely. He usually owns a sport car or a high-speed motorboat, sometimes both. He lives comfortably and dresses conservatively well, and when off duty might easily pass in any crowd as a prosperous lawyer, broker or banker. He forms about 20 per cent of our watching force.

Our duties are manifold. We function from office sweeps to the toting of hand baggage for ocean-going celebrities, including princes, kings and queens. We keep a continuous watch on nearly four hundred piers, on thousands of ships and lighters, on hundreds of millions in gold and on cargoes worth millions of dollars. Our territory covers more than eighty miles of water front. We are on the job Sundays and holidays, day and night, in eight-hour shifts

It costs the steamship companies, railroads with water-front terminals, cold-storage and warehouse corporations and ship-repair yards, upwards of twenty-five million dollars a year to keep us going.

Watching cargo is rather ticklish work. We have a greedy, persistent and dangerous element to deal with. Pilfering cargo is an ancient game. There seems to be no record of the first individual who reefed a case, and I doubt if history will ever record the last. Losses to shipping in the port of New York reach from forty to fifty million dollars a year. In prosecuting two sailors who had been caught reefing a case containing silk stockings in the hold of a ship, a representative of a well-known steamship company stated in open court some time ago that his company had suffered a loss of nearly four million dollars from pilferage in two years. And this company is not a heavy freight carrier, its principal business being that of transporting passengers.

Very few watchmen are armed. Agencies that furnish watchmen, it seems, cannot get the necessary permits to arm their men, not even with night sticks. Police whistles, that's all. We are sent out to protect life and property with bare knuckles—our own, no brass about them. Privately, though, for our own protection, some of us who happen to know somebody who knows the powers that be have no trouble to get gun permits, the same as any other reputable citizen. Once the agencies find out we are legally armed they post us in the most dangerous places. And there are dangerous places on the water front for a watchman, as the harbor patrol of our police department can testify to. Bodies of dead watchmen and others—results of battles with river pirates—are frequently picked up, while many are carried out to sea by under-currents and the tide before buoyancy develops in the body.

Rough-and-Ready Methods

THE dock workers are mostly foreigners. About 70 per cent are Italians; about 15 per cent are other Europeans; 10 per cent West Indian and American negroes, and 5 per cent American whites. Of course there are many of these workers who are honest hard-working individuals. It is the crooked element that watchmen have to contend with; and this crooked element is really crooked. If a real dock watchman allows this gentry the least bit of leeway he is lost. The impressive inch-and-mile simile would hardly be suitable here. The inch is nearly an inch too long and the mile is by far too short; it could safely be stretched to the sun.

To try earnestly to prevent looting by longshoremen will in most cases result in a mix-up. Some dock workers are under the impression that it is their traditional right to appropriate whatever they can put their fingers on and handily get away with; and anyone who tries to stop them is considered a tyrannical oppressor and therefore subject to their many violent methods of retaliation. Some of these methods are spicy. The most popular ones are called, in the vernacular of the water front, the bum's rush, the slide and the dip. The bum's rush is dexterously executed by a bully longshoreman when he happens to see a watchman who has a name of being strict in line of duty, standing alone near an open door on a pier and close to the stringpiece. He sneaks up behind the unsuspecting watchman, grabs him by the coat collar and by the shiny part of his trousers and thus in a vise-like grip rushes him onto the stringpiece and into the water, allowing him a sporting chance to swim for it. The slide is set into motion by letting a case fall accidentally from the top of a tier to the top of a watchman's head. It has a dulling effect. The dip is murderous, and the careless watchman who allows himself to be caught by it will watch no more. It is staged in the hold of a ship. When a hatch watchman happens to stand or sit in a suitable place and position something will go wrong with the hoisting winch, and bang! down comes to the bottom of the hold a

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A Section of New York City's Water Front

SEADOG FIXES IT

By Austin Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

Pike's Peak or Bust! She Was Alone in the Air! Pilot or Master of This Craft; to Land It or to Wreck It!

THE thought that Bettina Howland—Bettina, of all people in Sound Brook!—had snubbed her aroused a stampede of emotions in Janeth Brent. It was ridiculous, she knew, to be in the least disturbed by anything which such a silly little person as Bettina could do; but that reflection did not make her feel any better. Worse, if anything; doubly bad, for it showed her how pitifully vulnerable she had become in these few months since the fortunes of the Brent family had collapsed. And Janeth Brent, in all her seventeen years, had never before felt vulnerable, inadequate and assailable.

She sat upon the lawn overlooking South Field, glowering at the litter of grass which her fingers had been tearing impatiently from the roots, defiantly unmindful of the fact that she was in the full scorching sunlight of August. It didn't make any difference how sunburnt she became. There was no one to care if she turned black!

It had been a very little snub; but that, too, made it worse. Bettina, at the wheel of her big car, with Dan Barbour beside her, had done nothing more heinous than to pass Janeth, on her way back from the post office, without offering to give her a lift. Bettina had nodded and smiled, as though she were being sweetly gracious to notice Janeth Brent at all.

As her mind went back over it for the hundredth time, reinvoking that smug greeting and the picture of the rear end of the car vanishing down Elm Street, Janeth's red lips drew into a straight, severe line, her blue eyes became darker and glowered more fiercely. Anyhow, it was better to nurse her anger than to go into her room, as she had felt like doing, and release all these pent-up emotions in tears.

Bettina always went to war flourishing a wooden sword, but even a wooden sword can hurt if it strikes an old wound. This wound was old and deep and painful.

Instead of crying, Janeth flung off her dress, put on a white blouse and khaki breeches, slapped a brightly colored sports hat over her dark hair, and strode out of the cottage. As she passed through the living room she paused and fingered an unopened telegram which had arrived for her brother, Allan. Except for its vague promise that something might happen in this dull world, the telegram meant another disappointment; it meant that Allan wasn't at home, that he had taken the one flying asset of the Brent Aviation Company—an old M. P. T.-5 plane, smoke begrimed and battered—off to Sound Beach. Janeth had wanted to fly today. She had even been considering a renewal of that earnest campaign to be allowed to take the Umpty-five up alone.

She did not bother to look up as the thin whine of the engine touched her ears. The noise became louder, then stopped abruptly as the plane headed into the field. She allowed herself to watch the landing critically, reflecting that she was becoming a fine judge of landings without ever having had the privilege of trying it for herself.

Allan came striding up the field, and she watched him, a trace of affection shining through the wrath of her expression. She was proud of Allan; he was straight and tall, his face was a sharply cut version of her own fine features, and his dark eyes had a pleasant gleam in them.

"Hello, Jan," he called.

She replied with a brief gesture of her hand.

"Any mail?" he asked as he came closer.

She nodded. "Telegram for you in the living room."

Her voice was dispirited, and Allan studied her anxiously. "Who did you see downtown?" he asked after a moment, abandoning the telegram in preoccupation with her mood and the possible cause of it.

"Betts Howland," answered Janeth disgustedly. "She's such a little prig!"

"Um-m!" he agreed thoughtfully. "Jan, dear, don't let these people get your goat. They're not worth it." He sat down beside her, slipped his arm through hers. "Come on down to Sound Beach with me this afternoon. I cleaned up this morning. Four hops! Forty dollars! Not bad, eh? By the way, I'm going to buy me a set of parachutes and do some jumping. There's money in that. All these fairs in the fall."

She turned upon him. "If you can risk your neck in parachute jumping, Allan Brent, you ought at least to let me fly alone! You should!" she added reproachfully.

Her brother frowned and got to his feet. "We'll think it over," he said. "Let's get some lunch. Wonder who the telegram's from."

He started toward the cottage, and Janeth remained seated upon the lawn.

Presently he appeared on the veranda and called "Janeth! Seadog's coming! This afternoon!"

She bounced to her feet and uttered a suddenly joyous "Whee!"

And now wouldn't Bettina Howland get everything she had coming to her! She could see Bettina bumping her head upon the ground when the news got about Sound Brook that the Brents were entertaining the Honorable Willard Weston Clively Towar, otherwise known as Bill Seadog, younger brother of the Duke of Tallbout, a name which had clung from Eton days. This, she said to herself, was going to be a sweet revenge!

She entered the cottage slowly, thoughtfully. Allan was already at the stove, scrambling eggs and turning toast with the air of a professional. Janeth sat upon the table, legs dangling, chin in the cup of her small sunburnt hands, gazing off over South Field, where the Umpty-five squatted. Her lips were curved in a smile which was sardonic, and her eyes flashed as her thoughts shot ahead to impale her enemies.

Close to a window, with the yellow bowl in which she was mixing salad dressing clutched between her knees, old Dotty Shively stirred vigorously, and gave an angry cluck now and then when oil spattered upon her crisp white uniform. But, spatter or no spatter, she did not stir less vigorously. Old Dotty had one way of doing anything, and that way was violence. Neither of the young people could remember her less violent or less aged. She had always been bent and angular, and always dressed in a white starched dress which looked still warm from the ironing board.

Long before Allan Brent or his sister, Janeth, came into the world Dotty had been part of the Brent household. She had been maid, laundress and general bodyguard to Gertrude Janeth, their mother, who at the time of her marriage to Allan Brent, Senior, was just at the beginning of those dazzling, and few, years of fame upon the stage. Then she had become nursemaid, with a capacious lap in which to sit or weep. When Gertrude Janeth's brilliant transit had ended, within a few weeks after her daughter was born, old Dotty had freed herself from the terrible dry-eyed grief which seemed nearly to paralyze her, and had become the one sure and stable personage about whom the Brent household affairs revolved. Not that Dotty was so extremely able, not that her services were in themselves so extremely valuable—she could do only one thing superlatively well, and that was to launder delicate frocks and lingerie—but just that Dotty was always there, always to be depended upon. And now that the Brent fortune was exhausted, now that the Brent children were living in the gardener's cottage while the old Colonial mansion, Brent House, which was known throughout the countryside, was leased, Dotty was still with them. When the crash came she had departed sorrowfully to live with a second cousin. Three weeks later an angry and violent Dotty announced her return. Her cousin was a fool! It was not simply the loyalty of an old servant which brought her back to work for nothing; she had lived too long in a world bounded by Brent thoughts, manners, habits and traditions to go out now and discover a new world for herself.

Although Dotty had intimidated every cook and butler in the household for the past thirty years, her knowledge of cookery was limited to making salad dressing, which she did twice a day, whether Allan and Janeth wanted salad or not. To Janeth's rapidly decreasing wardrobe she rendered first aid. More than that, though Janeth had not yet come to suspect it, she bought fine handkerchief linen with her own money. Dresses might be discarded with a woeful shaking of the head, not to be replaced until days of better fortune, but the chests of scented lingerie were always full.

Even if a lady did insist upon flying in airplanes and wearing khaki breeches, her underthings should be impeccable. And a lady—not one of your upstarts, like the Stinchfields, who were living in Brent House, but a real lady—did not wear silk. "Sheer handkerchief linen—or nothing at all!" she snapped out one day with all the fervor of a domestic Patrick Henry. She bristled and stalked from the room when Allan whooped with laughter.

It was Allan who did most of the cooking. He had learned as a boy while camping, and he had practiced the art in the wilds of every continent of the globe.

"When you scramble eggs," he explained, "have the butter melted, but the pan cold, and then stir 'em as they get hot. That keeps 'em from cooking in hunks. D'you see?"

The response from the two women was silence. Dotty stood out against learning to cook at her time of life, and Janeth's eyes were still roving out over South Field.

"Is he—very good-looking, Allan?" she asked.

"What?" asked the cook, trying to recall the words and make sense of them. "Oh, Lord! Seadog's no knockout, but—oh, he'll pass. Sort of a slouchy beggar! Skinny."

"Is he blond?"

"Why, yes—I guess so." This was the crisis in the scrambling of eggs, and Allan's fork worked furiously.

"For heaven's sake, Allan, you ought to know whether he's blond or not!" said the girl reproachfully. "You were together every day of your lives for four years. I should think you'd know!"

"Um-m, I suppose so," he replied negligently. "I'll tell you one thing—he's got the surest hand with a rifle that I've ever seen. I saw him go after a wounded lion one day I'd wounded him, like a dub!—in the brush where ——" He broke off suddenly. "Look at those eggs! The hand of the master!"

"But tell me about Seadog," insisted Janeth.

"Tell you later. Lunch is ready."

"And who is this Seadog?" asked Dotty severely. "A sailor?"

Janeth's head went back in a laugh, and her hands came together with a smack. "Dotty," she said, leaning forward, "Seadog is Lord Something-or-Other, and he's the brother of the Duke of Tallbout."

Allan shook his head violently to silence her. "Don't say anything about that, Dotty," he warned. "His name's just Willard Towar. Seadog is his nickname."

Dotty's head came up like an angry chicken's. "And certainly I shan't say anything about it!" she answered "The Brents entertaining a lord in a gardener's cottage!"

Janeth was staring at Allan. "Why not say anything about it?" she asked in a curiously thin voice. Her arms had dropped limply to her sides.

"Seadog doesn't want to be bothered by a lot of hussies running him to death," answered Allan. "For the love of Allah, will you come and eat lunch? I'm starved!"

It was of the Bill Seadog who hunted big game, who always spent his quarterly allowance in one month, who entertained himself and his friends by annoying his elder brother, the Duke of Tallbout, that Allan talked through luncheon. Occasionally he glanced at his watch, for Seadog's long journey from Bombay was to end when the 2:15 train pulled into Sound Brook.

The girl listened to him silently, wondering if he would understand why she wanted to have everyone know that the Honorable Willard Weston Clively Towar was visiting them. Of course he wouldn't. He was just like their father, carrying on the same tradition of enraging Sound Brook. This town, in which the family had erected its fences in 1689 and laid the first stones of the big house which, until a few months before, had always held people of their own name, nursed a deep grievance against all that pertained to the Brents.

It had been offended when their father had married an actress, and taken pains to show its offense; doubly offended when Gertrude Janeth had become the beloved heroine and delight of New York and London, and the doors of Brent House were not opened to those who palpitated at the brass knocker. Allan Brent, Senior, eliminated the citizens of Sound Brook so completely, so casually, that many of them had the breath-taking sensation of never having existed at all. Notables, drawn first by the flame of Gertrude Janeth, and held fast, long after her death, by the singular charm of the man she had loved so devotedly, had been entertained at Brent House for weeks and months—and Sound Brook learned of the lions and lionesses in its midst only through the New York papers. It had been a singularly cruel, inquisitorial punishment for the lifted eyebrows which had first greeted Gertrude Janeth upon her arrival at the home of her husband.

And so, to have the Honorable Bill Seadog—or, to make it better, Lord Towar, a title which he did not use because he thought that younger-son lords were generally a scurvy lot was the carrying on of a revengeful tradition, and warmed the acid of Allan Brent's anger to the fuming point.

There were those in Sound Brook who were delighted to see the Brents in their gardener's cottage, who found a greater pleasure in hiring Allan Brent to take them for an airplane ride than in the ride itself.

Those rides—ten dollars a hop—were paying the butcher and the baker.

"Is he terribly English?" asked Janeth at last.

"Um-m—well, of course, he's English through and through," answered Allan. "But he isn't what he calls an Islander. Seadog has something in him of every country he's ever visited. Seadog's just Seadog! He isn't like anybody else I've ever seen. You'll like him."

"I hope he'll like me," suggested the girl.

"Of course he will! You're my sister!"

Janeth's blue eyes opened wide, and she murmured to herself a surprised "You don't say so!"

"The most English thing about Bill Seadog," continued Allan, "is the way he belittles his own emotions. If he likes a thing enthusiastically he'll say that it isn't so rummy; and if he detests a thing he'll say it isn't so good. You have to multiply by ten if you want to know what Seadog really feels about anything. I'd better be hopping along."

"Should I go with you?" Janeth asked.

"I'd like to talk with Bill first, if you don't mind, Jan dear."

Janeth nodded, and watched him as he disappeared into the woods on the short cut to the station. For a moment she stood gazing down at her khaki breeches; then her hands made a horrified gesture to her hair, and she bolted for the kitchen.

"Dotty, I think I'll get into a dress!" she announced.

"Under the circumstances, I think you might!" responded the outraged Dotty. "Though it's not my place to tell you so. I've pressed the yellow silk." And she muttered audibly, "In a gardener's cottage!"

"Oh, shush! If lords were half as impressed by themselves as you are, they'd never live to be more than six! Be a dear, and do my hair! This is my day for looking pretty!"

As he saw the rather lanky figure of the Honorable Bill Seadog emerge from the train, Allan Brent had an impulse to rush forward, grab him, pummel him, hug him. But Seadog, wedged in the hand bags and golf clubs of this latest batch of week-enders, seemed worried and frightened enough already. Seadog always looked so when he got into a jam of people. He craned forward, his eyes searching the platform anxiously until he found Allan.

"Hello, old egg."

"How are you, Seadog?"

"Decent enough, I daresay A bit faded." They shook hands, and Allan passed the luggage over to the driver of the public bus.

"We'll hoof it, if you don't mind," he said.

"Jolly glad to," replied Bill Seadog, allowing his eyes to rove over hosts, hostesses and guests as though he must not be caught looking. One after another of the sleek cars ranged along the platform darted from line, crowded with laughing, chattering young people in flannels and gayly patterned sport frocks. Seadog's eyes came back to Allan Brent—hatless, coatless, white shirt open at the throat, grease-smudged breeches—and he smiled. Allan smiled. Then Seadog grinned. Allan grinned.

"Nice to see you, Seadog!"

"Ho!" replied the Honorable Bill

These two had been wounded within two hours of each other, three weeks before the war ended, and their friendship had commenced when they awoke from anæsthetic, the only English-speaking patients in a French hospital Since that day, until Janeth's cablegram to Allan, in Bombay, telling him that their father had died, they had been together constantly.

"I've got an airplane, Seadog," said Allan, as they strode into the woods. The Honorable Bill's face lighted. "When we looked over the governor's estate we found there wasn't much left except debts," continued Allan. "Had to lease the big house. We're living in the gardener's cottage—Jan and I and old Dotty. She was mother's maid. No more quarterly allowance, Seadog I'm taking passengers up for ten dollars a hop."

"Good old squirrel! Climbs any tree!" Seadog patted him on the back. "I'm busted too. Shan't have an unearned ha'penny until October first. How'd you get the plane?"

"Fellow offered me five hundred to take it up and set it on fire fireproof wing-dope. I did it, and he wouldn't come through with the money. So I took the plane away from him!"

"Perfectly right, my boy! I can see that you're going to be a success in business. Dear old business! Nothing like it, Allan! Broadens the mind, and all that sort of stuff! His grace will be pleased to hear that I've settled down and become a man of affairs."

Seadog always referred to his brother as "his grace." It annoyed the Duke of Tallbout, thereby adding to Seadog's joy of life.

"His grace'll be tickled to death when he hears that you've become an aerial taxicab driver," agreed Allan. "Nothing would please him more."

"I'll write to him tonight!" Life was taking on a more roseate tinge for Seadog every minute. "He'll fairly bite himself. Might even send me more money. We'll buy another plane. Refined blackmail! Always have wanted to be a blackmailer."

For Allan this was the first real relief from the worries which had beset him since his return home, but as they sauntered on towards

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His Eyes Held a Startled Expression as He Suddenly Saw Janeth, and He Flushed. He Bowed to Her Abruptly, and Hurried Away

German Sports—By Kenneth L. Roberts

Anybody Appearing in the Cure Garden Without a Glass is Apt to be Disqualified for Unsportsmanlike Conduct

THE Germans, if one can believe his eyes in traveling through their fertile land, cannot take their pleasures moderately. Either they are busy killing themselves or curing themselves. They have odd theories of curing themselves by killing themselves, and of killing themselves by trying to cure themselves of nothing in particular. They are a peculiar and a persistent people

In German university towns one is constantly reminded of a most popular German recreation by the large number of young men who go up and down the streets with their faces swathed in bandages. One's first impression on entering one of the smaller university towns is that most of the town's population must recently have participated in a railway wreck of unusual severity. Ears are held in place by nobly proportioned strips of adhesive tape that circle the head and disappear inside the collar. Noses are guyed to the ears by clever loops and martingales. Eyes are kept from falling out by cunningly adjusted pads and props. Scalps are held on by hooks, eyes, rivets, diamond hitches and buttons. Chins are worn in slings or miniature cradles. Entire heads occasionally present the appearance of being lashed in place in such manner that if the owners of the heads were to sneeze the heads might easily fall off.

Snappy Drinking Costumes Frequently Characterize the Sport of Cure-Taking. At the Right—Cure-Takers Inhaling Their 250 Grams of Water to the Soothing Strains of Wagner

Imprisonment With Honor

THESE scars and dismemberments are not the results, as one might suppose, of an earthquake or some great catastrophe, but of German student duels. The German duel is known as a *Mensur*, and theoretically it is illegal. Its illegality, however, must be entirely in its preliminary stages; for after a duel has taken place the duelists hasten out on the streets to exhibit their rudely carved countenances to their admiring friends. Yet the police do nothing about it

It is illegal; but before it happens nobody ever finds out about it, and after it happens nobody cares; so that it enjoys a somewhat limited illegality.

Occasionally a German policeman accidentally falls through a ceiling into a room in which a duel is taking place and is obliged to arrest the participants, or one of the participants in a duel gets in an unusually successful blow and slices off everything above his opponent's ears. If all attempts to solder the top of the opponent's head back into position prove fruitless and the opponent dies, then the surviving duelist is occasionally arrested and thrown into prison.

Imprisonment for dueling is very different from imprisonment for any other crime or misdemeanor. It is an honorable imprisonment, and the guilty person isn't disgraced because he has become a jailbird. If he belongs to the army he doesn't lose his rank. If he is given a long sentence for killing his opponent he receives special privileges which permit him to wander in the country in the vicinity of the jail in pursuit of the elusive hare or the succulent carp, and to attend all local fêtes, dances and kaffeeklatsches with the young lady of his choice. In other words, he receives free board and lodging from the government; and that, in days when a loaf of bread costs in the vicinity of a trillion or a quintillion marks, is infinitely better than a harsh slap on the wrist or a cold and unnourishing reprimand.

It is claimed in many quarters that dueling in German universities has been much more prevalent since the war than it was before the war because of the small size of Germany's army, and because those who are skilled in dueling are thereby fitted to step into the army as officers without the conventional military training.

In other words, an enlarged dueling system is supposed to be providing a huge officers' training school for Germany.

This may be true, and then again it may not be true.

One can only be certain that the *Mensur* is and always has been one of the leading German sports—a sport which, the Germans believe, tends to make those who participate in it hardy, tough, brave and wholly impervious to the sight of blood, to wounds or to the loss of an ear, a chin or a couple of legs.

My observation of the *Mensur* not only makes me think that it does all these things but also leads me to believe that any person who would of his own accord take part in a *Mensur* would think nothing at all of essaying the trip over Niagara Falls in a barrel or of permitting a mowing-machine salesman to demonstrate the cutting ability of his wares on his face.

A *Mensur*, next to the Kaiser, is the most difficult thing in Europe for a foreigner to see at close quarters. My first interpreter and general fixer in South Germany was a square-headed university student who claimed to know everything in the world. When I conferred with him about witnessing a *Mensur* he gazed at me owlishly through his double lenses, removed the foam from his upper lip with a tissue-paper napkin, and said:

"It iss impossible. It iss forbidden. You could not do it. Before three months I had a fight, you understand, with; and to it I wished to bring my father, of course, who of course wass very enxious to see his son fight the *Mensur*, you understand. He wass my own father, you understand, and he wished very much, of course, to see how should I fought, not; but he could not; no, not even my own father, you understand. He could not, so how then could you? No, you could not, not if my own father could not, of course, no."

Shortly after this the square-headed young man pointed out an army officer to me as General Ludendorff. Since it wasn't General Ludendorff, I endeavored to correct his misapprehension, but without results. He continued to insist that it was General Ludendorff, and consequently severed his connections with me. I was therefore left free to seek other means of witnessing a *Mensur*.

At length an American in the South German university town in which the negotiations were taking place, after laboring for some days in my behalf, was given permission to bring me to see a practice *Mensur*.

Now a practice *Mensur* is no sport at all, according to German standards. The participants wear heavy steel masks and head protectors, and their bodies and legs and arms are covered with thick quilted guards. Thus clad, young men hammer each other passionately for half an hour at a time with long, heavy swords, striking showers of sparks from one another's masks and gashing the quilts ferociously; but never a drop of blood is spilled. Consequently the practice *Mensur* is about as exciting as two perfect ladies taking a lesson in esthetic dancing.

Delicate Negotiations

SO AFTER we had watched various young men hacking at one another for upwards of half an hour at the practice *Mensur*, we sent down for beer. Several waiters appeared with trays laden with enormous schooners of Löwenbrau, and the young men desisted from their hacking, removed their masks, clicked their heels together, elevated the schooners in our general direction and poured the amber-colored liquid down their throats. We then broached the subject of gaining admittance to a genuine *Mensur*. The young men drained their schooners and shook their heads regretfully. No, it couldn't be done. It wasn't allowed. It gave them great distress, but such was the case. Then they resumed their masks and went at it once more.

We sent for more beer. Again the young men laid aside their masks and we bowed punctiliously to each other, following which we spoke further about the chances of seeing a *Mensur*. The young men gazed at us pensively and said that it might possibly be arranged if both of us spoke German like natives.

Unfortunately, at least one of us spoke German in such a manner that he might be mistaken for a Greek or a Chinaman or even, at times, for an idiot, but never for a German. That being apparent to everyone, the young men sucked up the last drops of their hops without discussing the matter further and went back to their sword play.

Again we sent down for beer, and for the third time the young men paused in their labors in order to refresh themselves. They thrust their noses deep into the creamy foam

and sighed gustily and looked us over with some care. On this *Mensur* business, now: If we were admitted, for example, would it be possible for us to remain absolutely silent during the entire time, speaking no word whatever in English or in German? Could we refrain from whispering? Could we remain wholly quiet, looking as German as possible and doing exactly as we were told so that nobody would suspect us of being where we didn't belong?

We replied with feeling that we could.

Because if we didn't, the young men continued, one could never tell what the other students would do. Only members of the corps were supposed to be present. We could pose as graduates as long as we remained quiet, but if we spoke so much as one word—*auf Wiedersehen*, not to say good night! Who could tell? They might even use swords on us!

We glanced at the long blades, which bore a slight resemblance to narrow-gauge steel rails, and assured them with great emphasis that if we were admitted we'd be universally mistaken for the only living deaf-and-dumb graduates of the institution. The young men gazed absent-mindedly into their beer mugs and said, well, they didn't know; so we departed hastily to let them think it over, leaving word with a faithful retainer to rush up a few more rounds of beer to assist their cerebration.

It might be added at this point that beer, in the life of the present-day German university student, is almost as rare as automobiles would be among American college students if only those who earned the money to buy them were allowed to have them. Consequently a group of German students is deeply touched at receiving several rounds of this mellowing fluid in quick succession.

A Social Glass of Bitterwasser

The German university student has been among the greatest sufferers from the terrific collapse of the mark. The bulk of university students in Germany has always been recruited from the middle class, and it is the middle class that has been affected most unpleasantly by the mark's fall.

The Hall of Mystery

IN THE summer of 1923 well over half the students at one of the largest and best German universities were living from hand to mouth in their determination to get an education. They had started with barely enough money to get through their college year, possibly. Then the mark tumbled—a thousand to the dollar, ten thousand, fifty thousand, a hundred thousand, a quarter of a million, a million, fifty million, a billion, a trillion, a quadrillion. The money with which they started in 1922 wouldn't have bought a postage stamp in 1923. They had no money with which to buy food, books, clothing or anything else. Various organizations helped them with a meal a day at greatly reduced prices. The student corps that had clubhouses did what they could to provide them with cheap food and lodging. The students themselves worked at anything they could find in order to get money, only to find that the money fell so rapidly that it was worthless the day after they got it.

The Germans believe that the *Mensur* is the best thing in the world to strengthen the will power, determination and nerve; and any visitor to a German university in recent months cannot help but say that German students need all of these things that they can get, and that their supply seems inexhaustible.

The last round of beer evidently helped the young men to think clearly, for some hours later my friend was instructed to be at such and such a place with me at seven o'clock on the following morning.

So at seven o'clock in the morning we repaired to the appointed place and were there met by a pleasant frock-coated young man who made us promise that we would never make public the place where the duel was held, or even the name of the town in which it took place, for fear that the authorities might find out about the affair and do something unpleasant. This caution on the young man's part seemed entirely unnecessary, for the streets of Würzburg and Munich and Heidelberg and all the other German university towns are so plentifully sprinkled, every day, with bandaged young men that if the authorities were anxious to catch a few duelists they wouldn't have to strain themselves in order to pick up three or four hundred.

At any rate, the frock-coated young man led us several blocks through the business section and up an alleyway, on each side of whose entrance lounged two other young men, who were the advance lookouts of the duel. At the end of the alley a flight of stairs ran up into a building, and at the bottom of the flight of stairs stood two more young men—and of course no policeman who saw two well-dressed young men guarding an alleyway at seven o'clock in the morning would ever dream that anything unusual was taking place in or near the alley.

We climbed two flights of stairs. There were two more lookouts at the head of the first flight of stairs, and at the head of the second flight there were two more. We were admitted to a small reception hall, in which several more lookouts stood around on one another's feet; and from the reception hall we were admitted to the main hall, in which the big show was to take place.

If the police had ever raided that particular duel they could have filled the jail with lookouts.

The dueling room was some fifteen or eighteen paces square, and in it were about one hundred students. The members of one corps stood on one side of the room and the members of the other corps stood on the other side of the room. Duels almost invariably take place between the members of different corps. Sometimes one corps challenges another corps to a duel and each corps names the representative; and sometimes one student calls another student a sheep-head or a dumbhead—two of the lowest epithets that the German brain is able to evolve—or bumps into him on the street, or looks at him in a peculiar manner, in which cases the insulted one must wipe out the stain upon his honor with blood.

The Morning Marathon of the Kissingen Water-Drinkers. At Right—Water-Drinking is a Serious Matter at a German Bad

Formal morning dress prevailed, and there seemed to be little interest or excitement. There was a certain amount of whispering between friends, but most of the spectators had that glum, introspective look usually worn by persons who have been waiting for their breakfast for two or three hours.

The chief activity was provided by several surgeons in skullcaps and long white linen garments, who presided over two long tables on opposite sides of the room. The tables were covered with surgical instruments, bandages and sponges of various sorts, and here and there among the instruments were sterilizing trays filled with blazing alcohol. The surgeons were having a busy time of it, what with showing each other their bandages and arranging their instruments and adjusting rolls of rubber and threading needles with catgut and otherwise preparing for some unusually dirty work

Near the tables the first pair of duelists—cheerful and nice-looking youngsters about nineteen years old—were being prepared for their morning's sport. Each of them had a delightful view of the shining instruments on the instrument tables, and of the busy surgeons cutting gauze and brandishing instruments at each other in the heat of argument. But each of them chatted pleasantly and calmly with the friends who crowded morbidly around them. Each of them knew that within half an hour, barring miracles, he would be as thoroughly carved as a Thanksgiving turkey on the day after Thanksgiving; but their nerves seemed about as much affected as they would have been by the prospect of a short taxicab ride.

The Antiseptic Combat

BOTH the young men were stripped to the waist, after which heavy felt bandages were adjusted around their wrists, their elbows, their necks and the shoulders of their sword arms. A large quilted pad protected the stomach, and the eyes were protected with goggles. Thus the chest, the biceps, the forearms, the scalp, the forehead, the nose, the cheeks and the chin of each man were entirely unprotected.

When they had been bandaged the master of ceremonies drew two chalk lines on the floor, six feet apart. The two duelists were led up to the chalk lines and each one was placed with one foot touching it. The long straight swords, keen as carving knives and so heavy that the duelists' sword arms have to be supported by their seconds until they go into action, were placed in their hands. Everything was set for a good morning's sport.

The rules of the *Mensur* are complicated; but, briefly, the fighting theoretically is done with the sword arm extended stiffly from the shoulder and with the sword chopping at the opponent's head by the use of the wrist alone. This method is adopted for protection. If a duelist were to bend his arm sufficiently to take a sweeping slash at his opponent he would leave such a wide opening that his opponent could split his head wide open before the stroke could be completed.

The fighting is divided into rounds, and each round consists of about four strokes. At the end of each exchange the master of ceremonies bawls a command which sounds something like "Bia-a-a!" Whereupon the seconds strike up the swords of their principals and an auxiliary second steps forward and swabs off each blade with a piece of gauze soaked in antiseptic.

(Continued on Page 118

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 8, 1924

What's the Hurry?

TEAPOT DOME is more than a scandal. It is a symbol—a symbol of the American attitude towards the nation's resources. That attitude has been slowly changing during the past twenty years, but it is still the dominant one in many parts of the country.

Our Government began life with an embarrassment of natural riches. Anyone could have about anything that he wanted for the asking, and often even that simple formality was regarded as unnecessary. Finders were takers and keepers. There was incredible wealth in the ground and above the ground. And there was incredible waste in digging it up and cutting it down. Slow growth, steady growth, sound growth was not good enough for the last generation, and it is not good enough for us.

We have not only hunted our game but we have slaughtered it. We have not only conquered the wilderness but we have destroyed it. We have not only developed our country but we have gutted it. We have not only populated the land but we are trying to Chinafy it. We are not building a great nation, but destroying one.

It was only toward the last of our great national potlatch that the Government—or rather a few farsighted men like Roosevelt and Pinchot in the Government—took alarm and managed to hold out some splendid forests, some rich oil and coal lands, and some wilderness areas for national parks. It took a fight to save these assets for the nation. It has been a constant fight to hold them. The era of free land is gone. Only the will to grab is left.

A thin line has stood guard over the salvage, and fought the fight against aggressive greed. The public, for the most part careless and indifferent, has stood on the side lines, too busy with its own affairs to concern itself with the great public questions that affect it so profoundly. From time to time there have been hysterical outbursts of rage over some too raw deal, some too flagrant disregard of the popular will, but the people have never been wholly on the job. They have been more concerned with surface symptoms than with causes, more swayed by sentiment than by reflection, more responsive to emotional propaganda than to cold facts. The kind of necktie that an official wears, his mother-in-law's opinions, a whispered innuendo, an oft-repeated and baseless "Did you hear that ——?" or a sensible speech full of wholesome and unwelcome truth, is more often the cause of a loss of public favor than any real analysis of an official's qualifications or lack of them. Hence we have the demagogue who promises everything, and the grafter who takes anything.

Though the public soon tires, the fellow who wants something never quits, never forgets—especially the people's habit of forgetting. So we find him scheming to trim the Indians; to slice a piece off one of the national parks; to nose into another for power and water; to reclaim and irrigate everything in sight, even though much land under the plow is half-cultivated and half-bankrupt; to settle innocents on semiarid ranges that can never return a living to the farmer; to flood the country with cheap labor, though we have millions of unassimilated and unassimilable aliens already. And all to what end? More great fortunes, more great slums; more jazz, less real joy in life; more climbing, less contentment; more froth and less substance; more hurry, less reflection; more hell-raising and less character building.

This is about the net of what this quick money buys for the individual and what it does to the nation. But decency in the acquirement of wealth and moderation in the exercise of power are the standards which the country must demand of its business leaders, no less than of its officials.

Teapot Dome and all that it symbolizes are the logical outgrowth of our old attitude toward our natural resources. Many men with clear ideas of right and wrong about private property still consider that government land, water, oil and coal are nobody's land, water, oil and coal; that government money is nobody's money; that the first is fair game for the strong and unscrupulous; and that the second may be spent magnificently, carelessly, even wastefully, and that it is really nobody's business.

These ideas are being slowly displaced; they must be wholly displaced, as they will be when the voter finally understands that nobody's natural resources are his natural resources; that when conserved and properly used, these assets will make life pleasanter, happier and more prosperous for him personally; that nobody's money is his money, and that it is deducted to the last penny from his salary, wages and dividends.

Many of our public servants appreciate, all must appreciate, that these natural resources, this tax money, are a sacred trust, to be conserved and administered as carefully as a private trust for which an executor is held responsible by the courts.

Teapot Dome points to government ownership, in the opinion of the partisans of Government in business. On the contrary, it points away from it. But it does point to higher standards both in private business and in public life. And those standards must be set by the people in their own affairs and imposed on the officials they elect.

Public standards will never rise higher than private standards. From the nature of the case, public methods can never rise so high. Corrupt private business cannot get anywhere except with corrupt public officials. Dishonest men cannot get and hold office except with the tacit consent of the people. If there are incompetence and corruption in office now, more government ownership will simply mean more incompetence and corruption.

We have a reserve of natural resources that the Government does and should own, but not operate. When it comes time to work or release any of these resources, the Government's function should be to drive a good bargain and to make sure that private operation is so conducted as to protect the best present and future interests of the country. Not more public ownership, but a better public conscience is needed.

Teapot Dome, though significant of an American attitude toward its natural resources, may easily be exaggerated as a symptom of conditions in Washington, especially just now while we are running down the offenders with dogs, with old boy Politics baying along in the lead. Undoubtedly there is plenty of carelessness and incompetence in Washington. Of actual corruption we do not believe there is a great deal. But a nation that can see nothing in a primeval forest except lumber; in a waterfall except power; in its natural resources and beauty except quick money with which to buy houses and yachts, women and wine, is in a bad way. If the Senate inquiry teaches us that these things are not the sole end of man, if it curbs the rampageous livewire, booster, go-getter, jazz spirit of the day in some degree, we can well spare the oil.

Corrupt officials, and those corrupt and corrupting business men who are the exponents of the doctrine of grab and loot, are the real agents of the Bolshevists in this country, the true propagandists for Communism and revolution. And they are a greater danger to the peace and security of the Republic than the Reds.

It is because of the insensate greed of the few that the great body of honest business men is hampered and hamstrung by governmental restrictions imposed in an effort to curb the unfair, the ruthless and the dishonest. Beneath all this soak-the-rich talk there is a blind groping to reach the rapacious, the predatory rich. These men are the greatest enemies that honest business has. It is the dirty rich who are responsible for the legislative woes that afflict the clean rich and the decent American business men. To them we owe the multiplication of commissions, bureaus, snoopings, red tape, interference with legitimate activities, corrupt officials and dirty politics. They have no party but their pocket, no politics but privilege. Unless they are destroyed they will destroy the nation.

Mr. Wilson

TIME alone, and by slow degrees, sums up the only appraisals of the great ones of earth that can be of much use to posterity. At least a generation must pass before the clouds and vapors of passion and prejudice, idolatry and hatred are blown away and the commanding figure stands in the clear light of the past. In these matters History never hurries. She has all the time there is.

Few men had a livelier realization of these things than Mr. Wilson. Few have learned by experience as bitter as his how tawdry a thing is popular adulation.

From the personal standpoint, if from no other, events fully justified one steadfast guiding policy that signally influenced the last dozen years of Mr. Wilson's public life. Acquainted with the fallibility of contemporary judgment, he paid small heed to it. He deliberately waived his right to a preliminary hearing, as it were, and allowed his acts and policies and lofty projects to go over for final judgment before the court of posterity. He would be a rash prophet, indeed, who asserted with any pretense of authority that the verdict of the future will diminish Mr. Wilson's fame rather than add to it.

And yet there are certain things we know already. We know that Mr. Wilson touched the conscience of a self-seeking world. He set up certain new standards of national morality and of international justice. He attempted more than he or any other man could accomplish; but we cannot say that he failed utterly in his great undertakings. A frail but gallant figure, the most tragic statesman of our time, he was dashed hither and yon in the seething tide-rips of international and party strife.

Mr. Wilson failed to get the assent of a majority of his countrymen to those courses of action he believed would most firmly establish the principles for which he was working. And yet this does not mean that he left our national consciousness as he found it. Nothing could be further from the truth. He wrote in the hearts of all, friends and foes alike, memorandums of certain great conceptions, sound fragments for the drafting of a code of international morals, a lofty system of live and let live.

It is idle to speculate upon what greater thing Mr. Wilson might have accomplished for the world if he had possessed that excessively rare power to make over his own temperament and root out every element of potential weakness, every tendency that might stunt the development of his plans. Strong men have strong qualities, with all the defects that lie in those qualities. The sum of these qualities is the man himself. They can no more be separated from him than can the long inheritance of which they are part and parcel.

No one will deny that Mr. Wilson gave the world the best he had. We know that he had high intentions, a noble and dauntless courage and an unquenchable love for his fellow men of all nations and languages.

Aftermaths of the Armistice

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

FROM the little town of Compiègne, out of which Joan of Arc led her troops for the last time, one travels eastward through the green-and-gold beauty of the old Royal Forest of Compiègne till a little clearing is reached. It lies far from even the smallest settlement; and yet it ranks among the ever memorable places of the world, for here it was that the Armistice was signed.

For more than a thousand years the kings and the nobility of France came out to hunt in the forest of Compiègne. Napoleon Bonaparte and Napoleon III did likewise; while even up to the beginning of the war, game was still plentiful.

Perhaps there was a certain measure of ironic justice in the fact that it was in these same shadowed recesses that the eagle of imperial Germany, after all its soaring ambitions for a place in the sun, should have come fluttering down to die in the darkness of the early hours of a drizzling November morning.

And, indeed, this very idea has been exemplified in a monument to the glorious dead of France, placed at the end of the Carrefour de l'Armistice, beyond which one must appropriately go on foot to the historic spot itself. The two tracks, upon which stood the trains of Marshal Foch and the German delegates, have been carefully preserved, and the exact positions of the two cars are marked with the same simplicity which characterized the original event. A long granite tablet has been placed between the rails, bearing in one case the inscription, "Les Plénipotentiaires Allemands," and in the other, "Le Maréchal Foch." In the center of the clearing there is an enormous granite slab upon which has been graven, in no uncertain terms, the fact that on this spot the war was brought to a triumphant end. It would be difficult to imagine a more noble simplicity of construction; a more absolute confidence that it is the event, and not the ornamentation thereof, that counts.

It would almost appear as if the dictators of the Armistice, realizing the utter hopelessness of finding a background worthy of the greatest event of modern times, had made it as unpretentious as possible. The Germans, descending from an ordinary railroad car, stepped into a clearing in the midst of an unbroken forest, far from the line of battle as it then stood. They were met by Marshal Foch in the dining car of his own train and there given the terms of the Armistice, which were signed in that same car a few hours later.

It may seem curious, or even almost ludicrous, that this document, for which the whole world was waiting in agonized anxiety, should have been signed on the table of an ordinary railroad diner and that the final draft of the peace terms should have been handed to the Germans for their examination in the dining room of a magnificent hotel in Versailles. But, in a way, it was symbolically most appropriate, for the basic and most remorseless problem of the whole war, and perhaps the original cause of that dreadful holocaust, was food. As Napoleon I expressed it, "An army is like a serpent, for it travels upon its belly"; and nations follow the same rule, as we, with our meatless, sugarless, wheatless and other-less days of six years ago can personally testify. For 'tis grub that makes the world go round, and a lack of it that brings all things to an end. For instance, Germany's heaviest losses in actual warfare were, according to latest reports, in 1915, when there were as many men killed in battle as died from all other causes at all other ages, from six months to ninety years. After that, the proportion of war losses dropped considerably. Yet by 1918, when poor and scanty food, coupled with constant strain, had undermined the strength of the nation, the general death rate rose almost 20 per cent higher than the 1915 level, and the German war machine crumbled.

As the traveler rolls out from the little glade in the green forest of Compiègne, just five years after the fateful event, and across the broad fertile fields of Northern France, he is struck by the bustle and hopefulness which seem to fill the air. Everywhere that the eye falls the soil is green with the satiny softness of the sugar-beet leaves or golden brown with wheat stubble; hardly a patch of waste or untilled or weedy ground anywhere. The whole landscape is as trim and tidy as a patchwork quilt. Down the patterned rows of the beet fields swarm lines of energetic

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RIDE HIM, COWBOY!

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Lucy

(With reparations to Wordsworth)

FAIR Lucy was my office scout,
Who callers first received;
A Maid who said, "The boss is out."
But very few believed.

By heavy doors my inner lair
Is hidden from the eye,
And none who faith would enter dare
Say Lucy told a lie.

She kept it dark; few could discov-
Er where I happed to be.
For Lucy knew the value of
The "conference" to me. —*F. D.*

For President—Hiram Hogboom

"I HAVE thought the matter over carefully," announced Hiram Hogboom, of Hogboom's Cloaks and Suits, Inc., to his admiring family one night at dinner, "and I have decided to run for President of the United States."

Thus are great ideas born and the tranquil course of destiny changed. Mrs. Hogboom laughed skeptically.

"You President! Why, you don't even know how to play golf."

"I have all the qualifications," insisted Mr. Hogboom. "I was a poor boy; so was Lincoln. I have false teeth; so had George Washington. Some of my ancestors were Dutch; so were Roosevelt's. I wear a beard, and so did Garfield, Grant and Harrison. I don't see how I can lose."

"But you'll need a party, and a platform, and a headquarters ——"

"And buttons," said little John Pershing Hogboom.

"I've thought it all out," said Mr. Hogboom. "Of course we need a name ——"

"Why not call your party the Certain Party?" suggested the seventeen-year-old Maybelle Hogboom, who was inclined to be literary. "Then when anyone says 'I'd like you to vote for a certain party,' everybody would think it meant you."

"No, we want a more comprehensive name," said the candidate. "I think I'll call it the American Party. No one would dare to vote against it for fear of being thought unpatriotic."

"That's a grand idea," said Mrs. Hogboom, who was now becoming more impressed. "But I won't invite Mrs. Katz to the inaugural ball. After the way that woman acted ——"

But the candidate did not hear her. He was absorbed in matters of state.

"Our first plank will be higher wages. That ought to catch the labor vote. Then our next plank will come out boldly for lower wages. That will make a big hit with the employers."

"How about prohibition?" said Mrs. Hogboom.

"We'll have something bold and unequivocal about that. How about this for a slogan? 'There's nothing unconstitutional in taking a constitutional.'"

"Hear, hear!" said Maybelle admiringly

"At-a-boy!" said little John Pershing.

The candidate rose to his feet. There was a sudden silence as his family looked at him in puzzled wonder.

"My friends," he said presently in a deep voice, "I am overwhelmed by the honor you have conferred upon me. In choosing me as your standard bearer I trust that the American Party ——" Loud cheers. "Thank you, my friends. The American Party has selected a leader who will prove himself worthy. This nomination comes to me unsolicited—may I say unexpected ——"

Mr. Hogboom was composing his speech of acceptance. —*Newman Levy.*

Columnist—"You've Only Boosted My New Book Six Times in Your Column This Week, and I Mentioned Yours Seven Times!"
Dramatic Critic—"Glad You Spoke of it, Old Chap. I'm Reviewing a Play Tonight and I'll Bring in Your Book Three Times—So Then You'll Owe Me Two Boosts"

They Kissed and Parted

Skeptics

WE DON'T believe in miracles or magic
The ignorance of those that do is tragic!)
We don't believe Aladdin's tale of riches,
We don't believe in Santa Claus or witches
Or elves contrived for amiably deceiving
The infant mind; we spend our time believing
That gilded stock certificates will double
Our means without the slightest risk or trouble;
That illnesses are cured by brave denials
Or else by gulping doses out of vials;
That morals can be made by legislation,
And that Good Citizens can save the nation,
The world and possibly the equinoxes
By shoving slips of paper into boxes.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

The Universal Sales Manual

A Collection of Infallible Sales-Closing Arguments

"—— her complexion used to be a lot worse than yours, dearie, and she'd never have been a star like she is if someone hadn't told her about this clay, just like I'm telling you; and just look what it did!"

"—— genuine Scotch that just came off the boat; and if you don't want to take my word for it—why, I know a man I can call that will be tickled to get the chance."

"—— and it was only forty-two years ago that our general manager, a young fellow just like yourself, came in here looking for a job, and he got lots less than we're offering you, and now ——"

"—— I'm not one that would pick up with anyone, but just as soon as you came past the table I knew you was a man that a girl that always tries to do the right thing could trust herself with, even if it was a little unconventional."

"—— and the little feller keeps saying, 'Why doesn't daddy tum home? I want my daddy,' that cute, Jim."

"—— we know it's all right, honey-girl, and we don't care what the rest of the world thinks as long as we can be together, and you know that just as soon as I can get a divorce ——"

"—— to put a man at the helm whose interests are the people's interests; who has a heart that beats in sympathy with the great pulsing heart of humanity; who stands four-square for justice and democracy and a chance for all; who keeps his eyes firmly fixed on the ultimate goal, with an unalterable determination never to veer from the furrow until America has been given back to the people who made it the most magnificent commonwealth, and the greatest nation, and whose heritage it is."

"—— and they're only sold in a sealed package, and have to be shipped by express; and if I let you have this last bunch of genuine artist-model pictures, you've got to promise not to open them till you get off the train and not to let anyone know where you got 'em."

"—— I just says to myself, 'If Bill's got it he'll let me have a little till Saturday, because old Bill's never forgot the little favors I've done for him!'"

"—— the girls all said I couldn't do it, but I just told them, 'You just leave Mr. Wachus to me, because we understand each other, and I've found that, in spite of his stern appearance, he has a heart of gold; and I just know that once I tell him how much his contribution will mean ——'"

"—— I just says to my partner here when I seen you looking in the window,

(Continued on Page 145

Why people make it their meal

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a luncheon that satisfies without being "heavy".

At dinnertime, its fifteen tempting and delicious vegetables, cereals and beef broth contribute hearty nourishment.

Supper is likely to be a puzzling meal. You want to be conscious that you've eaten something really substantial. But your appetite doesn't call for a lengthy meal. Campbell's Vegetable Soup is just right for supper.

Then there's the extra meal so many women find necessary during their working day. This invigorating soup is ideal for it!

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Splendid nutrition,
Healthy ambition
Will make you a vigorous man;
Invite them each day,
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They dwell in this Campbell's can!

Soup for health—
every day!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

PLATINUM HANDCUFFS

II

By Michael J. Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Wait, Anne, Before You Call. If You Send for Croyle I'm Through. I Leave This House Tonight, and I Don't Come Back"

TWO nights after the picnic on Garden Lake Web Drew answered the knocker, to find Hallie Sheridan on the veranda, silhouetted against the white-marble landscape, for the moon was high and round. "Why, Hallie," he exclaimed in astonishment, "you walked?" The Sheridans lived beyond them, out the boulevard a considerable distance. "I'd have gone after you if you'd phoned."

"I didn't mind," she replied, stepping in as he held the door wide. "It isn't so awfully far, and the moon is beautiful. Joe has the car downtown."

Anne greeted her with both hands outstretched and led her to the cheery, crackling glow of the fire. They chatted inconsequentially, while Hallie, nervous and preoccupied, stroked the luxurious fur of her coat. They felt she wrestled with a problem whose complexities presently would be revealed to them, and yet some time passed before she could bring herself to speak.

"This isn't just a call," she said at last, with a tremulous smile. "I came because I—we—need help." She looked at Web appealingly. He leaned forward and patted her hand.

"Anything in the world," he assured her warmly. "I'd get up in the night and walk ten miles through the mud for you and old Joe. You've been mighty good friends, Hallie."

Anne, on the opposite side, moved closer to the older woman and took the other thin hand between her own slim warm ones.

"It's about Joe," Hallie resumed, gazing into the fire. "He isn't satisfied; he hasn't been for years. He'd like to get away from Platinum if he could."

"I know," nodded Web gravely.

"Everyone thinks he has a good position, and really it is; not so awfully far below Mr. Croyle's. The company's been good to him in lots of ways. They've sent him on trips everywhere and paid his expenses. They take care of his club dues and keep up the car. He gets two weeks' vacation with pay. Usually they find some excuse for allowing his expenses, too, like seeing a customer or entertaining over the week-end.

"But somehow this doesn't seem to be a good thing. It makes you careless with your own money when you don't have to be careful with other people's. We just—oh, I don't know; I suppose we throw his salary around. It slips through our fingers. We can't seem to value it. We've been spoiled, you see." She smiled in anxious apology.

"I know," said Web again. He looked at Anne, but she was staring steadfastly into the fire.

"And they don't really pay him very much," Hallie went on. "Joe says executives of his rank in other companies get twice as much as he does. Yet we have to live in the same sort of house they do, and keep up the same position, and you can't—and pay your debts. If you're ever so careful the salary wouldn't stretch. So we've more or less quit trying." She looked appealingly in Web's face. "Oh, I know that sounds as if we didn't care, as if we were almost—well, dishonest. But we're not, really. We don't intend to be. We want to live like other people and hold up our heads. But we can't, and it's terrible." She sighed. "Always people asking for their money and sending us letters and threatening ——" Her voice died away.

"It isn't very pleasant, Hallie," agreed Web quietly.

"You'd think Mr. Denison would want his executives to have money enough to live on decently. But he doesn't, or else he doesn't realize," she went on. "It wears me out, somehow, the worry and the planning to pay a little something when we get the check to those who are making the most noise. Joe's been after me to go back home to see father and mother and rest up. But I couldn't; there wasn't any money until today. Joe cashed a big expense account ——" She stopped and colored. Anne stirred restlessly. "Oh, it's wrong of me to bother you with my troubles." Hallie said in quick contrition; but Anne spoke:

"No, it isn't, dear. If it helps you we want you to do it."

She slipped an arm about Hallie's waist. Hallie gave her a grateful smile and resumed:

"I feel if we could just get away from Motor City and start all over again—but Joe thinks it's no use. He could be transferred to some other plant, Buffalo or Chicago or Jersey City. But he says it would be just the same after a little while. His salary wouldn't be any bigger; there'd be the same easy expense money, the same crowd that live the way we do and spend the way we do. There'd be the same cloud of bills in a little while. And we'd lose our home here—really the only start we've made. The bank would keep it on the mortgage.

"I know how he feels. He just doesn't want to go away from all his friends here. And he doesn't want to take the plunge with a new company. I told you we've been spoiled. It's so dreadfully easy to drift and—and dodge the tradesmen with their sour faces as long as we can. But you can't dodge them all forever." She tried to smile. "Do you know how we're lighting the house? Candles!"

"Candles!" Anne spoke in quick surprise.

"Yes. We had Joe's life-insurance premiums to pay, so we neglected the light bills for three or four months. They've refused us service. Joe says he'll settle it and have the light turned on again out of the next pay check. But last spring it was the water, and once before it was the gas."

"Hallie, I could take care of the electric bill——" She raised her hand.

"Oh, no, no, Web! I couldn't permit it. Anyway, it isn't necessary. I'm leaving on the midnight train tonight, and Joe'll stay at the club until I get back. That isn't the help I wanted. It's something else."

"I'm ready, Hallie," Web assured her.

"Well, Joe feels that if he could just cut away from the Platinum Corporation and start with some other company with different methods it might be all right. It wouldn't be so necessary to spend foolishly, to throw our money about. We could live simply and there wouldn't be any extravagant trips.

"Oh, if we could!" She clasped her hands in a passion of wishing. "I think it would be fun, planning and contriving to live on his salary—even save something. It would be like a game. He thinks so, too, until the chance comes to him, and then he's afraid to change.

"Web, the chance is back again. Two men have started a little glass factory down in Atlanta. They're here to make Joe general manager if he'll take it. He's at the University Club with them now, talking it over. He seemed quite hopeful when he went away, and yet he wasn't sure he wanted to do it. I could tell it—oh, it unnerved and frightened him. Atlanta's so far away, and it's so easy and accustomed here ——"

"He likes you, Web; he thinks a lot of you. I was wondering if you'd go down and tell him not to refuse them, you know, definitely. If you could get him to promise to ask them to wait until he could think it over a little more ——"

She looked at him supplicatingly. Web rose at once.

"Surest thing you know, Hallie. I'd hate to lose you, and all that; but you're right. The change would be just the thing. I'll go down and call him out of his conference and ride him until he promises. Don't you worry." He smiled reassuringly. "I'll be there in half an hour." A thought came. "But how'll you get to the train, Hallie? Shall I come back ——"

"I've ordered a taxi. I'll stay here with Anne until it comes, and then drive up home for my bags. If you happen to have good news, Web ——"

"I'll telephone," he promised. "And I'll bring Joe on out here if we can get away from those Georgia gentlemen in time."

He kissed the silent Anne, slipped into his overcoat and was gone. The new car murmured rhythmically and he whizzed along at brisk speed. The theater hour swept the streets of those inclined to the playhouses, and few rode abroad merely for pleasure, because the air was sharp. At the risk of rousing the siren of some lurking motorcycle policeman, he blinked at city speed ordinances and did thirty miles or better into town. Something within called for haste, although he tried to reason that haste was unnecessary. Joe would want to think the offer over thoroughly. He wouldn't go off at half cock and make a snap decision. For, after all, here was a real chance. The general managership, even of a new and small plant, would pay more than the Platinum job. And Joe could grow up with it and do better and better as time went on.

(Continued on Page 34)

Scalloped Potatoes—*Recipe from Mrs. John Rose, Jackson, Michigan*

Slice raw potatoes. Put them in layers in a baking dish, sprinkling flour, salt, pepper and bits of butter over each layer. Repeat until the dish is full. Pour over enough cup of Libby's Milk and enough water to fill the dish. Sprinkle flour, butter, salt and pepper (or paprika) on top. Bake for one hour

Richer milk means richer cooking

—and here is milk with 7½ teaspoons of pure butter fat in every 16 oz. can!

Not cream, necessarily, for richer cooking. Nor butter. Thousands of good cooks are now using a *milk* that gives greater richness, finer flavor and with an easy economy.

They are using Libby's Milk, a milk so rich that every 16-ounce can of it contains 7½ full teaspoons of butter fat!

Pure cow's milk, with absolutely nothing added. But, unlike ordinary milk, Libby's comes only from selected herds in the most famous dairy sections of the country. Thus it is exceptionally rich milk to start with.

And not only that—at our condenseries located in the heart of these favored dairy sections we evaporate more than half the water from it. That makes it *double rich*. Then, so that we may bring it to you safely wherever you live, we seal it in air-tight cans and sterilize it.

With 7½ teaspoons of butter fat in every 16-ounce can, Libby's Milk *must* give greater richness and finer flavor to foods.

Try this richer milk tonight—in a soup, in gravy, breadstuffs, pudding or dessert. Notice the finer results you get with your favorite recipes. Use it in your coffee. See what a delightfully rich creamy flavor it gives. Then you, like thousands of other women, will want Libby's Milk regularly.

If your grocer doesn't have Libby's Milk, send us his name and we'll make arrangements for you. Write today for free recipe folders that show the convenience and economy of this milk in daily use.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 503 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Get this wonderful toy store with Libby Milk labels

The realest toy store you ever saw—17 in. wide, 13 in. tall, with shelves, a counter and 12 miniature Libby cans in actual colors. Strongly constructed this wonderful toy will provide many days of educational fun for the children.

We will send it to any address in the U. S. for 12 labels from 16-oz. cans of Libby's Milk and 25 cents in stamps or 24 labels from 6-oz. cans and 25 cents in stamps. Clip the coupon now; save your Libby Milk labels. (This offer is void in cities and states, if any, having local regulations forbidding exchange of premiums for labels.)

Libby, McNeill & Libby,
503 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

I am enclosing

☐ 12 complete labels from 16-ounce cans of Libby's Milk and 25c in stamps

or

☐ 24 complete labels from 6-ounce cans of Libby's Milk and 25c in stamps

Please send the Libby Toy Grocery Store to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(Continued from Page 32)

He swept around Grand Circus Park and whipped off to the left, down Bragg Street into the semiresidential district, where club buildings and public halls multiplied. Here was the six-story University Club, covering half a block, blazing with lights. Up the arc of the pavement and under the porte-cochère, just behind a throbbing taxicab, as Joe Sheridan, bareheaded, closed the door.

Web stopped his car and got out in time to hear Joe say genially, "Well, good-by, boys; see you in church sometime." The cab rolled away.

"Oh, hullo, Web," he greeted. "Where's the fire?"

"Were those your Georgia friends?" Web asked, a trifle breathlessly, and as Joe looked his surprise—"Hallie told me; aren't they going rather early?"

"Had to catch a 9:30 train."

"Did you ——" The words stuck in his throat. "Are you going to take them up, Joe?"

Joe lighted a cigarette, blew out the match and flipped it away. He shook his head slowly.

"No can do, Web. I thought I could, but I can't."

"But why, man, why?" Web spoke sharply. "They'll pay more money, won't they? It's a chance for a fresh start."

"Sure; I know all that. I tried to make myself think so. They'd pay six thousand, but we can't live on less than ten. And Georgia is a long way away and everybody I know is up here. I'm too old to learn new ways and new tricks. I'm old dog Tray ever faithful, grief cannot drive me away, Web. I'm faithful to Platinum and its ways and its works. It's taken me too far to find the road back and it's taught me too much I can't forget. Old Denny is stuck with me for the rest of my life."

He put his arm around Web's shoulders and headed him toward the door, which the silver-buttoned doorman obsequiously held open.

"Besides, Web, better days! My bootlegger has lowered the price again. Gin is only fourteen dollars!"

Winter came. Its icy paw descended on the gentle Indian summer and obliterated it as a lion would crush a mouse. The sun shone in the morning as Web drove to the office. By noon a pall hid the sky. By two o'clock the ground was covered by a fine hard snow. An icy wind drove pedestrians, shivering, to cover. The new car chose this day to go wrong. The rear axle failed. So Web sent it to the Belmore agency and rode home with Ham Ross, another Platinum man.

Darkness engulfed the little house; the luminous darkness of a snowy night. The wind whistled sadly about the eaves. He let himself in. The inhospitable air of the hall smote him with the chill almost of out-of-doors. The floor register gave forth no warmth. He found Anne in the living room, huddled in her karakul coat before the fireplace. She curled in a corner of the davenport, feet under her, her pert little nose all but buried in the upstanding collar of her coat. Beside her was the dining-room table, set for dinner.

"What's the matter with the furnace? Can't you make it work?" asked Web.

"So far as I know, the furnace is all right," replied his wife, without turning. "It ate up most of the oak chunks we had left this morning."

"Why didn't you put coal on?" he asked rather shortly.

"There wasn't any coal to put on."

"Why, I ordered some yesterday morning! Didn't it come?"

"Oh, yes," replied Anne, her voice an indifferent drawl.

"Well, then!" he exclaimed aggrievedly. "I thought you said there wasn't any coal."

"There wasn't—and isn't. It came about noon. But the driver had his orders not to deliver to us unless we paid for it. I had no money"—she waved a slim hand—"so he took it away again. It seems our credit isn't very good in the village."

Web's cheeks burned. He felt angry, baffled, humiliated. His father and mother, he felt sure, in all the years of their married life, never had had such an experience. Yet his father rarely earned more in a month than he did in a week.

"Why didn't you call me?"

"The storm put this line out of order. They didn't get it in operation again until a little while ago."

Tardy compunction came to him. As he stood behind the davenport he put his hand gently on her hair.

"Poor kid!" he murmured. "And you sat here and froze all day!"

Her attitude made him feel she suffered the hand to remain there for politeness' sake only; that impulse urged her from beneath his touch.

"I did not," she replied coolly. "I'm not so silly as that. I saw Nellie Chambers coming in her car and invited myself over to her house. I won six dollars playing bridge. If I'd been anywhere near town I'd have bought some coal and carried it home in a paper sack."

He turned away abruptly. The film of misunderstanding and resentment keeping them apart these last weeks thickened. He felt a hot, surprising anger toward her. She hadn't played the game. Nellie Chambers' car would have taken her to the interurban line or even downtown. If she cared anything for him she wouldn't have wasted an afternoon at bridge, to let him come home to a house like a morgue. She would have reached the office somehow and told him how things stood. It was a week until his next salary check was due, and he had only a few dollars in his pocket. But he could have got an advance from Croyle and rushed up some fuel.

But she put him in the hole deliberately, glad of the chance to annoy and discommode him. Oh, well, if that was her game —— He retired sulkily behind the evening paper. He emerged when Ellen served dinner—a queer-looking Ellen with a heavy red sweater and a thick woolen dress under her white apron, her feet incased in felt bedroom slippers ornamented with long strands of gray wool.

During the unsatisfactory meal his resentment steadily rose—toward himself, toward Anne, toward Croyle, toward his job. Hang it, if he had the spunk of a rabbit he'd do something—cut loose or demand a transfer or mend their way of living. They couldn't go on this way. His salary meant absolutely nothing except a handful of dollars that they threw away, skittering it as boys skitter flat stones over the surface of water. Something like this would happen every month or two in the future unless he bucked up and squared away.

"Well," said Anne when, dinner over, she curled herself in her own corner of the davenport again, "do we stay here and shiver or go somewhere and get warm?"

"I don't know how we can go anywhere," he returned stiffly; "we haven't any car."

She paused before replying, as though considering the effect of her next words.

"That's easy. Carl will drive out after us. He telephoned just before you got here. Some people came late from the East. He's giving a little party for them at the Bellevue."

Doubt and indecision hardened suddenly within Web. He turned toward his wife.

"See here, Anne, this sort of thing can't go on. We might as well have an understanding now as any time. I'm sick of the mess we're in. I want to get out of it."

"What mess?"

"You know. I've had this job half a year and I'm worse off than I've ever been. We're in debt and getting in deeper because we're living away beyond our means. A dollar doesn't stand for anything with us any more. When I was a boy it stood for something—a pound of butter and four loaves of bread. My mother taught me to look at it that way."

Anne shrugged her shoulders. It was as though she said with a forbearing smile, "Oh, your mother."

He went on doggedly: "When they gave me thirty-five hundred we began living as though it were five thousand. It's easy to raise your living standards, and it's hard to bring them down again. We raised ours, all right. And we've—I've been in misery most of the time since."

"Well, what's your remedy?" Anne spoke almost indifferently.

"Quit—or ask for a transfer."

She looked at him then.

"Why, what would you do? Where would you go?"

"I don't know," he confessed. "But I think I could get something." The turn of her head branded the futility of the plan.

"Resign, with winter on us? Why, we're freezing as it is on seventy dollars a week," she pointed out. "That is not—sensible."

"All right, I won't quit then. But I could be transferred, I know."

"And, of course, that would be fine—give up our house here and go back into a three-room apartment again." Her tone made him writhe. "Leave here and go into a strange city, where we don't know anyone. I could sit all day and look at the wall paper, or out onto the fire escapes and back yards. That's a pleasant prospect, but I can't seem to appreciate it. Motor City has always been my home. I don't see why I should be forced to leave it."

His anger flared at what he chose to feel was her unreasonableness. He failed to consider that both struggled in the same net—that what irked him also irked her; that each blamed the other for things beyond their control.

"This Isn't Just a Call," She Said at Last. "I Came Because I—We—Need Help"

(Continued on Page 36)

As one owner says, the only way to resist buying a New V-63 Cadillac is to refrain from riding in it.

CADILLAC

Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 34

"Well, if we stay here you'll have to economize, I can tell you that! You bought thirty dollars' worth of hat the other day, and you didn't need it any more than I need a war bonnet. You bought two dinner gowns. In heaven's name, why two? You have three or four others that are perfectly good. You lose more at bridge every week than my raise amounts to. You let Ellen do the marketing over the telephone. She wastes enough to keep a family of six. First thing you'll have to do is discharge her. There isn't so much work here but what you can do it yourself."

Anne uncoiled and sprang off the davenport. Her eyes flashed.

"Of course you're a model of thrift!" she retorted furiously. "You have luncheon at the University Club, or somewhere else just as expensive, whether the company pays for it or not. You had a new suit three months ago, and you've ordered another. Your overcoat's only a year old, but it won't do; it hasn't a belt across the back; it isn't fur lined. I suppose that is the reason. You buy silk shirts by the half dozen." She stopped. "What's the use? This doesn't get us anywhere; I don't care to waste an evening quarreling over economies. But just remember this: If there's any retrenching around here you'll do your full share of it."

She started toward the niche beside the fireplace, where the telephone stood on a small table. He stepped in front of her.

"Anne, what are you going to do?"

"Call Carl to come out and get us."

His self-control left him then.

"You're not! I won't stand for it! I'm fed up on that bounder making love to my wife!"

She put her hand to her throat.

"Do you realize what you've said?" she asked quietly. Her anger held the cold glow of northern lights.

He sobered, but remained stubborn.

"I've said it and I stick to it," he replied. "He's been hanging around you ever since he came here. Every time I turn my back he's with you. A man can't work or feel comfortable when he knows a thing like that is going on."

"So that's it—the real reason you want to go." She looked at him as though he were a stranger, a repulsive stranger. And Web, with a pang, realized that she seemed a stranger, too, this remarkably pretty girl with a blazing spot of color on either cheek and a proud, tilted little chin. It was not the girl he had married; it was unthinkable that he had ever held her in his arms. "You want to leave Motor City because you can't trust your wife. You have to watch her all the time." She dropped her hands in a sudden gesture. "I wonder if you know how beastly—how insulting you are!"

The heat went out of him; he saw clearly.

"I want to go because we're ruining ourselves here," he told her steadily. "We're sinking in a in a sort of swamp of easy money. I want to go because I don't like Croyle. I can't respect him, and I can't stand his crawling around you. So"—he raised a clenched fist—"I'll ask for a transfer tomorrow."

"When you know I don't want to go? You'd take me against my will?"

"I can't take you against your will," he pointed out quietly. "I want you to come, of course. But whether you do or not, I'm going. This is a time when I feel I must make the decision. I've made it. I hope you'll abide by it, Anne; but you're free to do what you want to do."

"In that case I suppose I'm free to avoid pneumonia if I can." She picked up the telephone.

"Wait, Anne, before you call. If you send for Croyle I'm through. I leave this house tonight, and I don't come back."

The accumulated effects of the past months drove them downhill and apart. They could not stop, nor make a stand against this force they created. Without an instant's delay Anne raised the receiver from the hook and called the Bellevue's number. Web stood watching her. Their glances crossed and clashed.

"Bellevue?" she said presently. "Will you page Mr. Croyle, please? Yes; C-r-o-y-l-e." Another short delay, and then: "Carl? This is Anne. Yes, you may come out. I'll be ready."

The receiver clicked back into place. Web went out without speaking and mounted the stairs. He came back presently, carrying a bag hastily packed. He set it down. Anne, from nervous excitement as much as cold, shivered in front of the dying fire.

"Anne," he began uncertainly, "this—this is serious. Won't you send him back when he comes?"

"No."

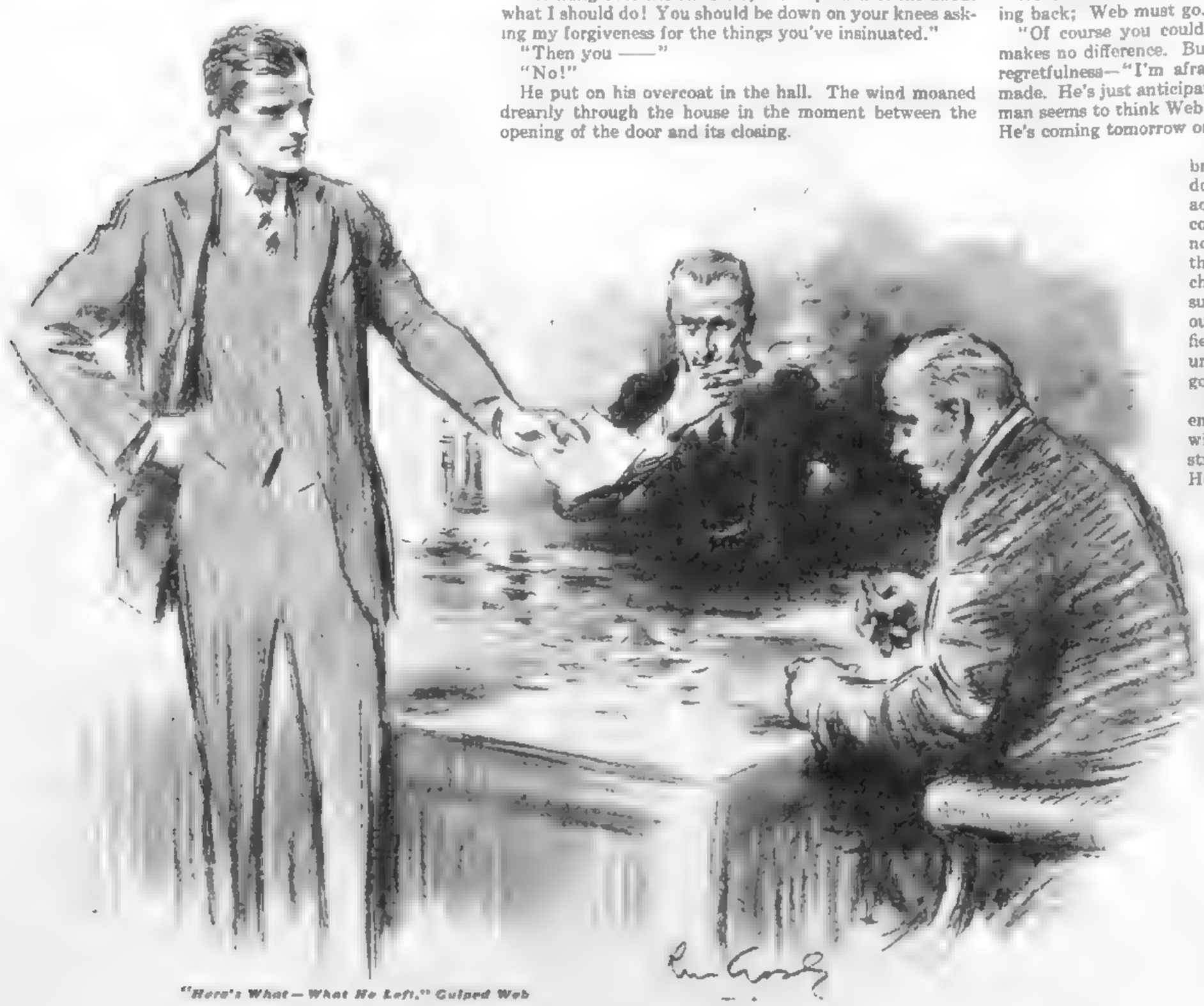
"Consider what it means. I can't continue to live with you if you do what I don't want you to do, if you make me a laughingstock, make me miserable ——"

She flung over her shoulder, "You preach to me about what I should do! You should be down on your knees asking my forgiveness for the things you've insinuated."

"Then you ——"

"No!"

He put on his overcoat in the hall. The wind moaned dreamily through the house in the moment between the opening of the door and its closing.



"Here's What—What He Left," Gulped Web

Croyle dropped the knocker. Light hurrying feet sounded in the hall and Anne appeared, trim in her long coat and little jade-green turban. She seemed headily high-spirited as she gave him her hand.

"This is nice of you, Carlos. Let's go," she commanded, and closed the door behind her.

"Where's Web? Isn't he coming?" he inquired, following her down the snow-piled brick walk.

"No; he's not here."

His ear, attuned to remote significances in women's voices, caught something now which set his pulses racing. He keyed at once, leaning forward in his eagerness like a hunter on a plain trail.

Croyle's car, an inclosed one, proved gratefully warm to Anne. A heater connected with the engine defied outdoor temperatures. The upholstery was deep and yielding. She relaxed in its intimate comfort. The change seemed striking after the barnlike bleakness of the little house. Snow crusted on the windshield. The lights cut a tunnel in the whirling white bewilderment of wind-harried flakes. Croyle drove boldly. The engine roared as the heavy car plowed hissingly into the drifts and slued and skidded through them. The man considered Anne's tone and its revealments. He pondered his course. The note of recklessness which she struck; the silent, inciting turmoil of the storm; their aloneness and his own desires—all counseled boldness.

When, nearer town, the drifts succumbed to the battering of many wheels and driving became merely a reflex, he said abruptly, "See here, Anne, you've quarreled with Web."

"Yes," she admitted simply.

"And he's left you." She was silent. "Hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"Why? I've no right to ask, I know, Anne. But I'm not prying; you know that. I'm sincerely interested in my friends—in you." Eagerness vibrated in his voice.

"He's decided to ask for a transfer."

"And you won't leave Motor City?" The intoxicating thought flashed through his mind that she must be reluctant to go on his account.

"No." Something of the bitterness of the quarrel with Web came back. "Why should I? This is my home. Why should we give up our house and all our friends just because we're spending too much money here? We can economize ——" She stopped.

He determined instantly that there should be no drawing back; Web must go.

"Of course you could," he agreed. "Where you are makes no difference. But"—he spoke with well-assumed regretfulness—"I'm afraid the transfer will have to be made. He's just anticipated Mr. Denison a little. The old man seems to think Web would do better somewhere else. He's coming tomorrow on purpose to arrange it."

Dismayed, Anne caught her breath. She hoped even when the door closed behind Web that his act did not mean finality; that she could win him over to stay. But now the fates took decision out of their hands, beyond her power to change. He must go; and she must surrender humiliatingly, accept his outrageous insinuations as justified; give up the pleasure and luxury of their present existence, and go also. Or—stay.

Stay! End the distasteful, never-ending wrangling over expenditures with the harassed, dictatorial stranger Web had become. Stay! He would send her money, support her, until the divorce. Then—she shivered.

"Let's talk about something pleasant. I feel like enjoying myself tonight."

The words lighted a smoldering fire in Croyle's eyes, a fire that persisted during the evening. The visitors were two Missouri wholesalers and their wives, not so dependent for entertainment as the usual run. So Croyle danced a majority of the dances with Anne—Anne, the vivid, the warm and the desirable, whose feet seemed scarcely to touch the floor, whose eyes were never brighter, whose smile was never more ready and carefree.

But the bewitched evening drew to an end. They said good night to the chatty, complacent guests shortly

(Continued on Page 185)

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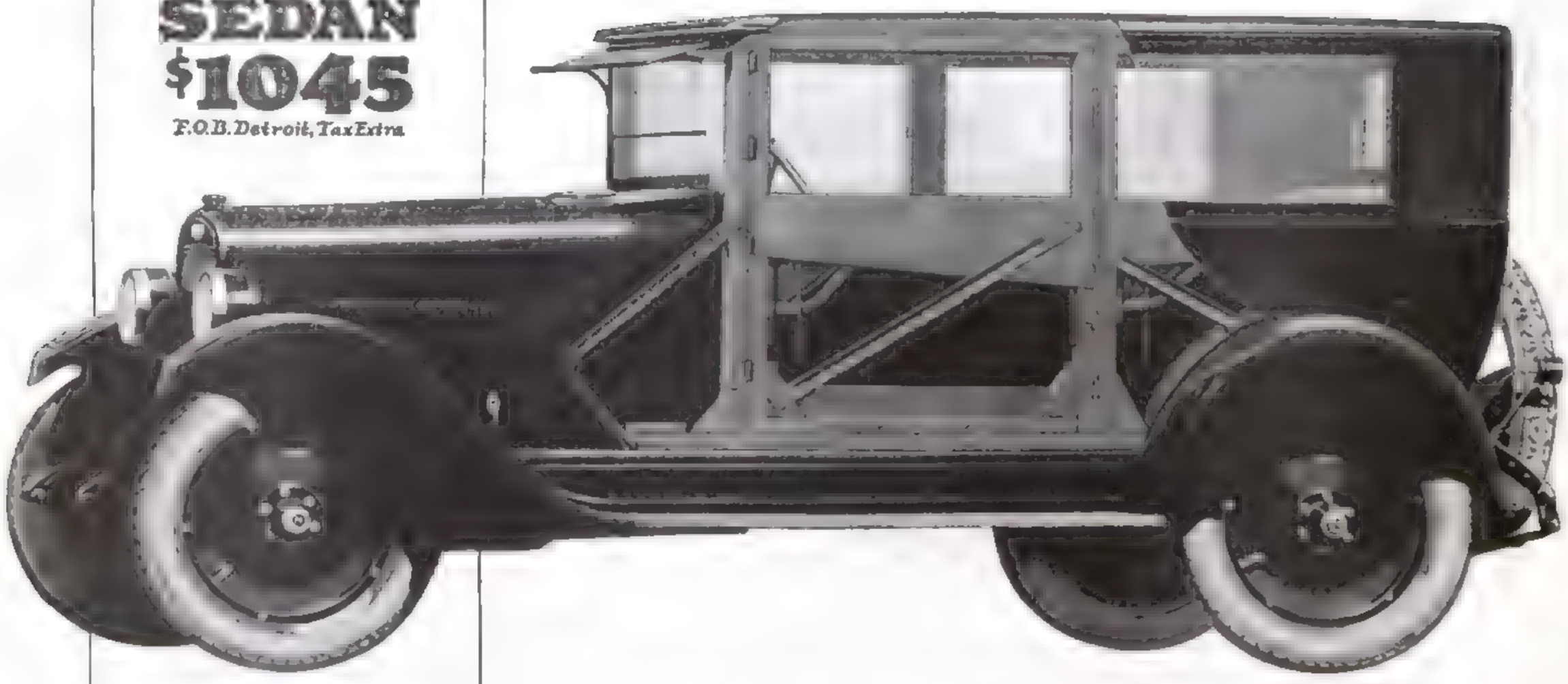

Utility, first, last and all the time, is the big feature of the Club Sedan. A roomy body, ample for five full grown persons—so generous in space that a six-footer sitting in the rear seat can stretch his legs out full length. The wide doors give the car many uses in addition to passenger transportation, for heavy, bulky articles—goods of almost any kind—can readily be put into the rear and taken from it.

CLUB COUPE
$985
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Even More Sturdy Than Most Touring Cars

The ruggedness of the good Maxwell Club Sedan is little short of amazing.

It is built to stand hard knocks. It will actually stand even harder use on rough roads than most touring cars.

It is that feature which gives it such a wide range of utility. You can tour for thousands and thousands of miles without a thought of loosening up its staunch body, or having the doors sag and rattle.

Note the bridge-type construction, as shown in the phantom part of the picture.

Body and door framing is all hardwood, unusually substantial, and seasoned in our own dry-kilns as we know body-lumber should be seasoned.

The metal bracing is stiff, strong heavily-ribbed steel and its application is scientifically worked out for greatest efficiency.

The doors are hung on four sturdy hinges and supplied with double steel supporting wedges. They *stay* square and true.

There is little chance for rattle and rumble and squeak in such a body; and the world knows how splendidly dependable the good Maxwell chassis is, and how little the car costs to run.

There is no question at all about the wide margin of value-superiority which this Club Sedan offers to the buyer.

MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL-CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Good MAXWELL

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT —

She Glanced Coldly at Her Poor Shriveled Mother, But Gave Her No Sign of Recognition

By Newman Levy

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

THERE is something in the misfortunes of others that is not entirely displeasing, a wise cynic once said. If one happens to be engaged in the practice of law, and particularly in that branch of law known as negligence, there is often something in the misfortunes, accidents and catastrophes of others that is positively hilarious. The delight of a surgeon over a "beautiful compound fracture" is mild and apathetic compared with the joy of a negligence lawyer as he tells you in rapturous tones of a "wonderful death case. Left a widow and six young children absolutely destitute."

It might be well at this point, before discussing some less pleasant features of negligence litigation, to say a good word for it. Most victims of accidents are poor. This is probably due to the fact that there are more poor people in the world than rich. There are, however, other reasons. The children of the rich do not, as a rule, play in crowded city streets where the never ceasing stream of traffic, of speeding automobiles, taxicabs and motor trucks, constitutes a continuous menace. The rich do not live in dingy tenements, with dimly lighted halls, torn floor coverings and broken defective stairways. Now, when a person sustains an injury because of the negligence of another, it is only fair that he should be compensated by the one who is responsible. But lawyers and lawsuits are expensive, and the impecunious victim of an accident would seldom be able to enforce his claim for damages if our law did not permit lawyers to accept cases "on a contingency," as the phrase goes. That is, a lawyer who represents a plaintiff in a negligence case will usually assume all the expenses and burdens of what may be a long and difficult litigation, without any charge to the client. If the case terminates successfully the lawyer receives a share of the damages recovered—generally a third or a half.

The Ambulance Chasers

THIS is a fair enough arrangement, although 50 per cent is an excessive proportion. The more respectable practitioners take a third, and sometimes only a quarter. The poor litigant has the benefit of competent legal services if he is lucky enough to fall into the right hands, and the lawyer takes all the risks. However, the system is subject to abuses.

There is no easier way for a lawyer to make money than by specializing in accident cases. The work is comparatively simple, and the returns are large. A fee of a thousand dollars in a case involving two thousand dollars is more than a lawyer can hope to get in any other kind of case. Moreover—and this is the most important cause of most of the evils—negligence law can be practiced successfully with a smaller intellectual and professional equipment than any other branch of law. All a negligence lawyer needs is a diploma and a case. Most accident cases are now defended by insurance companies. These companies have found that it is usually cheaper to settle a case than to try it. Consequently the negligence lawyer needs only to get his case, serve the necessary papers starting the action, and then be able to make a good bargain with the adjuster for the insurance company—not a very difficult task. There are successful negligence lawyers who are ignorant of the rudiments of their profession, who have never tried a case in their lives, and yet who derive large incomes from this lucrative practice. If a case cannot be settled, which occasionally happens, they retain counsel to try it for them.

The term "ambulance chaser" has become a part of our language, but ambulance chasing in its strict literal sense has become obsolete. There was a time, not so many years ago, when the negligence lawyer or his ubiquitous representative would slip through the crowd at the scene of an accident and drop his card into the pocket of the unconscious victim; or else he would jump on the back step of the ambulance and throw in a handful of cards as it speeded away. But these methods were crude and ineffective, and they have been supplanted by a more up-to-date technic.

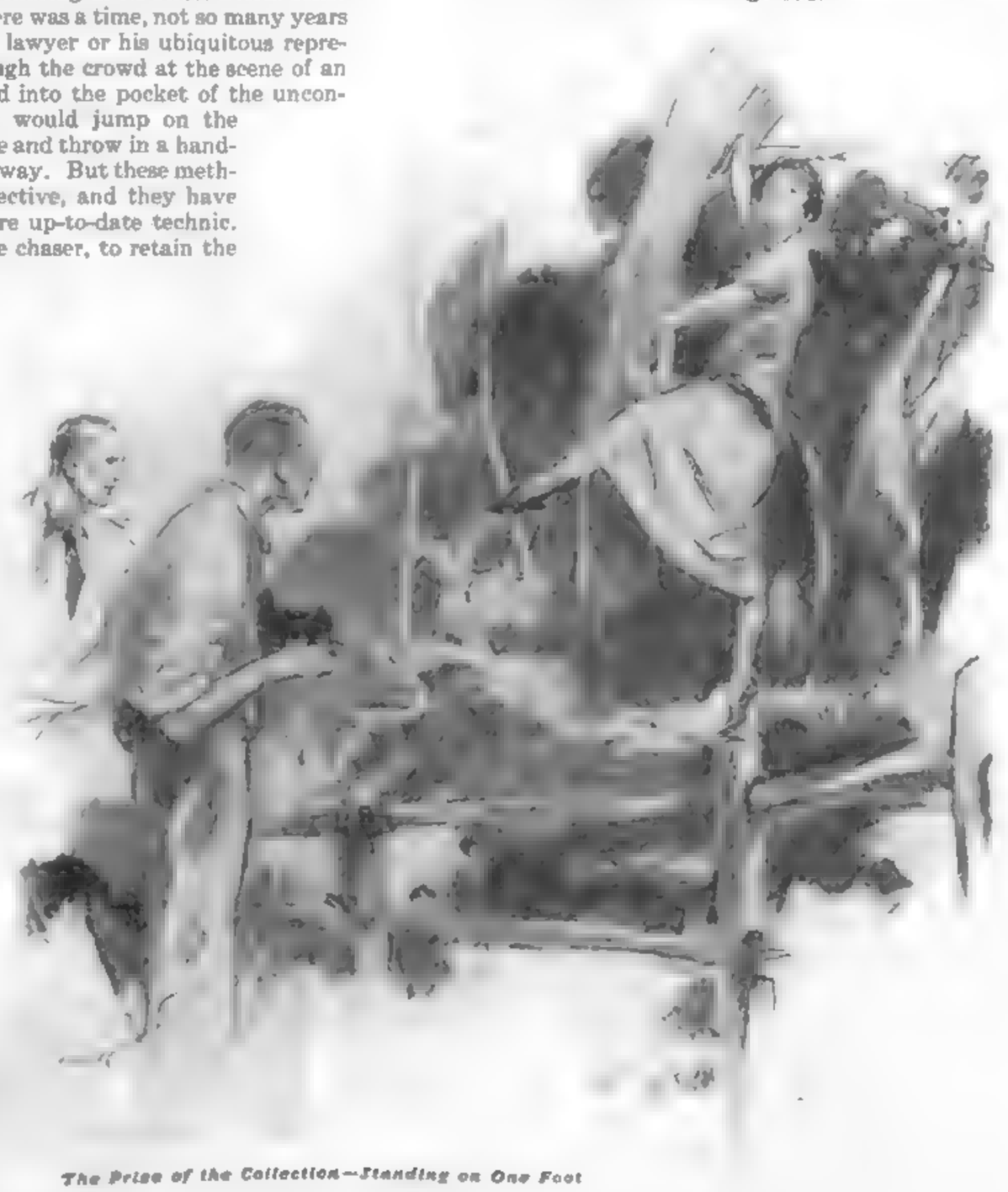
Today every ambulance chaser, to retain the ancient phrase, employs one or more runners to obtain business for him. The word "business" is an apt one, for in this branch of legal practice all sense of professionalism has disappeared. There are no standards of conduct other than those that are enforced by compulsion—by the menace of disbarment, or the penal laws. Ambulance chasing is a business, and not a particularly fragrant business, at that. The runners employed by negligence lawyers are paid either a fixed salary or else a weekly drawing account, which is charged against commissions subsequently earned. This salary or drawing account amounts generally to about a hundred dollars a week. Some runners, those employed by the most successful firms, are also provided with automobiles. Those who receive a flat salary receive a small commission in addition—about an eighth of the fee collected in each case by their employer. The others, those having a drawing account, receive a quarter or even a third

This is generous compensation, but the runner earns it; for his duties include not only landing the case for his employer, but preparing it for trial, framing up evidence, fixing witnesses, and other little odd jobs incident to a modern lawsuit. The fact that some ambulance chasers have as many as half a dozen runners on their pay roll may indicate the scale upon which this business is conducted, for in addition to the salaries paid to the runners the lawyer has other heavy expenses.

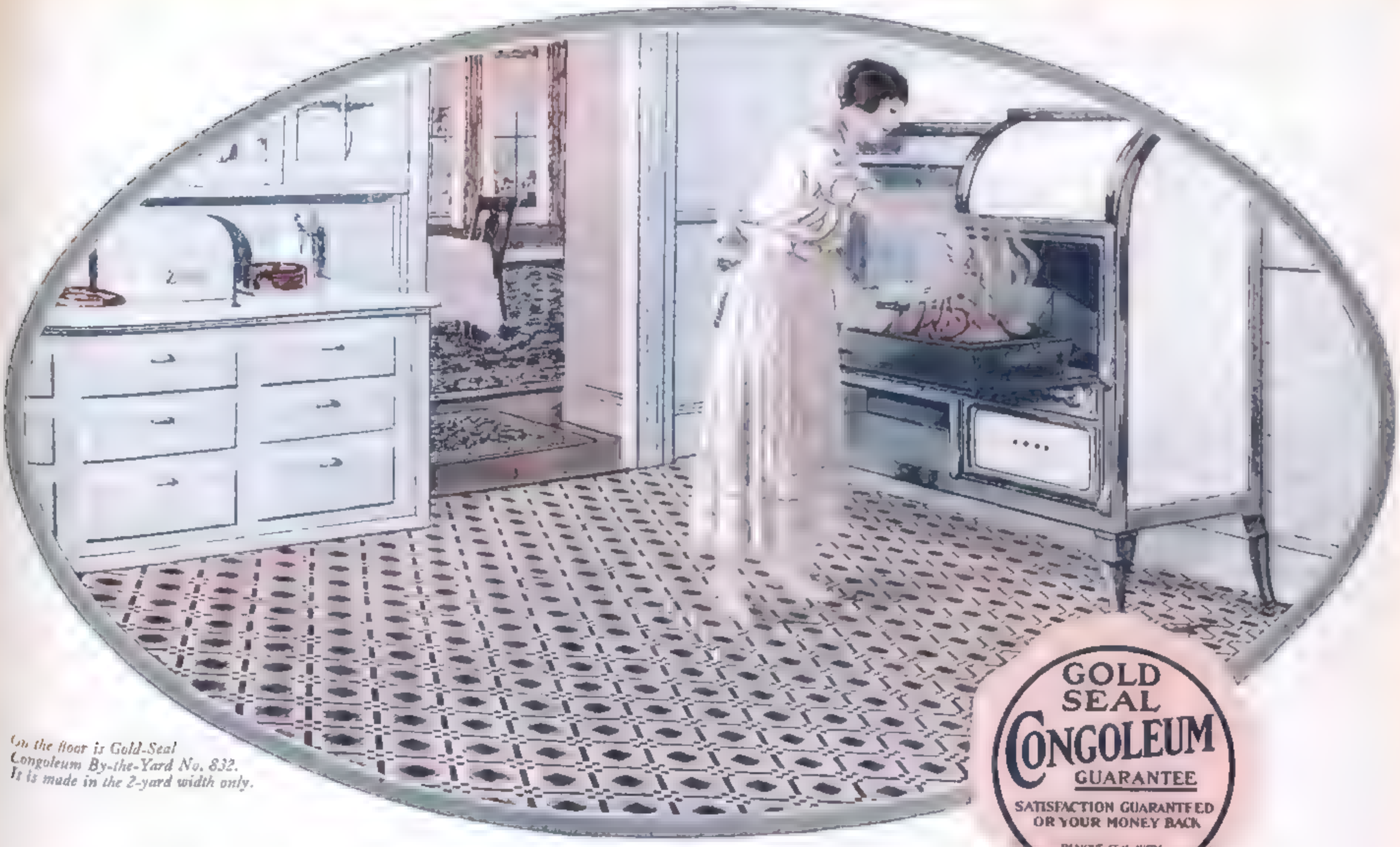
Runners and Their Methods

THE most profitable cases are, of course, the hospital cases. The accident victim who has his injuries patched up by the ambulance surgeon and is sent home cannot expect to recover large damages. It is the fellow with the two legs off, the battered ribs and the fractured skull who has a really worthwhile disability. The runner must get to him, his wife or nearest relations before any of his rival runners. And the rules of hospitals are rigid; no information may be given out concerning patients or their injuries to any unauthorized person. This would ordinarily present an insurmountable difficulty to the runner, who, sensing the accident by some mysterious telepathy, is usually waiting at the hospital when the ambulance arrives. But sincere humanitarian impulses will not be downed and the ambulance chaser, to further his benevolent activities, usually has one of the hospital doctors on his pay roll. This doctor, for a consideration, will promptly notify the lawyer whenever an accident case is brought into the hospital; will

(Continued on Page 182)



The Price of the Collection—Standing on One Foot



On the floor is Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard No. 832. It is made in the 2-yard width only.

Here's an Attractive Kitchen Floor!

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Congoleum By-the-Yard possesses the same brightness of colors and long-wearing qualities that have made Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs so popular with the women of America.

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Gold-Seal Congoleum By-the-Yard offers the one solution to the national demand for beautiful, sanitary floors that are low in cost and easy to clean. The variety of artistic patterns makes it desirable—and practical—wherever the entire floor must be covered.

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There is only one genuine Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. You can readily identify it by the Gold Seal appearing at intervals on the front of the material, and the protective selvage tape placed along both edges. Be sure to look for the Gold Seal Guarantee and the selvage tape when you buy!

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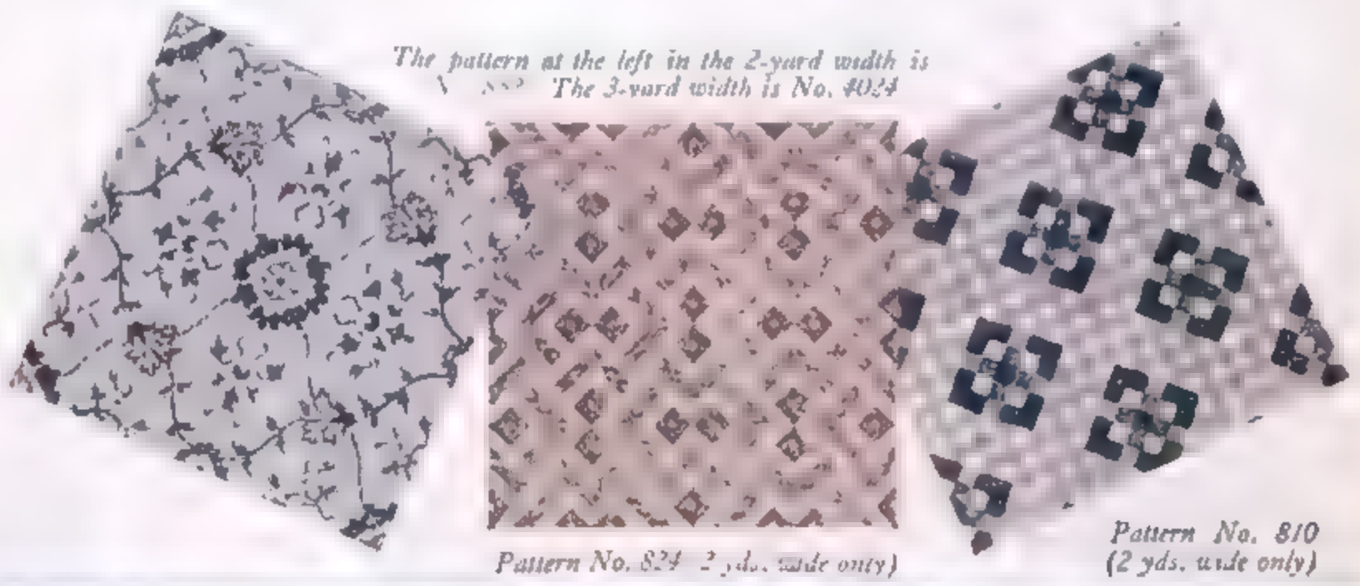

The pattern at the left in the 2-yard width is No. 832. The 3-yard width is No. 4024

Pattern No. 824 (2 yds. wide only)

Pattern No. 810 (2 yds. wide only)

When Constantinople Went Dry

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE Turks are imitative if nothing else. Witness, for example, the spectacle of Constantinople going dry. That Turkey has been in the throes of a wet-or-dry agitation will surprise the average American, who naturally assumed that since the Koran forbids the use of intoxicants, the Moslem was born to prohibition.

Across the border in Persia old Omar Khayyam once devoted a good many stanzas to the glorification of wine. That was many years ago. There is a big moral gap, however, between the Persians and the Turks, because the latter have been much more scrupulous as a nation in respecting the ban on alcohol.

The café was almost unknown in Turkey until comparatively recent years. Even then it almost solely centered in Constantinople and was patronized exclusively by foreigners, especially Greeks. It was not until the Allied occupation of Constantinople after the Armistice, and the birth of Turkish nationalism, that any organized effort was made to stamp out the liquor traffic. The Allied soldiers brought with them a monstrous thirst which had to be appeased.

Now you come to a curious parallel with America. Just as the abuse of the saloon led to its undoing in the United States, so did the growth of the café start the prohibition movement in Constantinople. History is always repeating itself, whether in constructive or destructive movements.

Perhaps it might be best to get the historical approach to the Constantinople episode. Since the Koran forbids the Mussulman from indulging in intoxicants, the substitute for the saloon in Turkey, so far as providing a congenial meeting place for men was concerned, has always been the coffeehouse. According to the best authorities, the pioneer coffeehouse was opened in Stamboul, the Turkish section of Constantinople, in the sixteenth century.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—and incredible as it seems to us who regard coffee as a first necessity to our food régime—the coffee drinker was vigorously prosecuted in Turkey. It is said that Murad IV, one of the outstanding sultans, forbade the use of both coffee and tobacco under penalty of death. The story is told that this potentate was in the habit of prowling around the streets of Constantinople at night in disguise—a sort of Turkish Harun-al-Rashid—to detect violations of the ordinance with his own eyes.

Underground Politics

ALL this imperial opposition to the contrary, the coffeehouse became the poor man's club of Turkey, and has continued so ever since. In the interior it is usually the abode of the barber and also the place where the presser of fezzes holds forth. Until lately, only coffee and sweetened drinks were served in the coffeehouses. There was always, of course, the nargile, or water pipe. As most people know, the Turks, as well as other Orientals, drink their tobacco.

For the Turk who wanted a stimulant with a kick in it there has long been a native drink called *douziko*, which is not always to be had in the coffeehouses, but is part of the line of goods in the alien-owned café. It is a whitish liquid made from raisins, which turns milky when mixed with water. A foreigner with a sense of humor, who probably imbibed too much of it, once called it dizzyko. There was a reason, for it has a sledge-hammer effect.

Concerning the Turkish consumption of this drink there is an interesting story. The Koran, in substance, ordains that the Mussulman must not look upon the wine when it is red. *Douziko* happens to be white, and the near-pious Moslem eased his conscience when he consumed it by the somewhat elastic belief that he was not evading the religious law.

Prohibition, as such, had never been agitated in Turkey until the Allied occupation, because the Turks believed that the mandate of the church was sufficient. In the old days of the sultans, and especially Abdul-Hamid, various officials were severely punished for drinking *douziko*. Their weaknesses were reported to the sultan by the army of spies which used to infest Constantinople and the other cities. Nearly everyone spied on someone else. Abdul spent most of his time reading espionage reports. He was never so happy as when he could get something on somebody.

The out-and-out café in Turkey has always been sponsored by the alien. It was a concession to the growing foreign population, principally Greeks and Armenians, and so far as Constantinople was concerned, to the constant influx of tourists. The average Turk, however, seldom frequents the European café, although under the Allied occupation scores of Turkish restaurants, even in Stamboul, served liquor.

When I arrived in Constantinople in June, one of the first pieces of news that I heard was that Constantinople was going dry. It appeared that early in the year the Angora government had suddenly decided to prohibit traffic in liquor in the old capital save in a selected list of places to be approved by the Allied commander in chief which were to be patronized only by Allied soldiers and sailors. That familiar clause, "save for medicinal purposes," was of course added to the injunction.

Since Constantinople was under Allied control in the shape of considerable British, French and Italian armies of occupation, and with scores of Allied warships riding at anchor in the Bosporus, you naturally ask the question: How could the Turks seek to impose this authority? They had been beaten to a frazzle in the Great War, and the Lausanne Treaty was in the first processes of incubation. In the answer you find another evidence of the subtlety with which the Turks put it all over the Allies, whether in registering their will in a mandate at home or in treaty-making abroad.

To comprehend it you must go back for a moment to late November of 1922. At the Mudania conference, which averted war between England and Turkey, it was agreed to let the Turks have 8000 gendarmes in Eastern Thrace. Refet Pasha, one of the ablest of Turkish generals, was made governor-general of this area. He asked permission to stop over in Constantinople on the way to his new post. He alleged that because of an accident on a railway train when a window was smashed his eyes had become affected by flying glass and he needed treatment in a Stamboul hospital. Permission was given him by the Allied high commissioners and he spent three weeks in Constantinople.

At that time Turkey had two governments. One was under Sultan Mohammed VI at Constantinople, which did the British bidding; the other was the new Nationalist régime at Angora, organized and dominated by Kemal Pasha. The Interallied police had absolute charge at Constantinople, which meant that they controlled pasaports and policed the city. The local Turkish gendarmes took their orders from the Allies.

Instead of having his eyes treated, Refet Pasha began to treat with the Turkish administration at Constantinople. At night, and in various subterranean places, he swore every official to allegiance to the Angora government. The only persons he overlooked were the sultan and the grand vizier. When he departed for Thrace he had really established a unit of the Angora government in Constantinople. It was after this achievement by Refet Pasha that the Sultan, left out in the cold by his own people, sought the protection of the British, abdicated and departed for Malta on an English cruiser, leaving his harem behind him.

When the news of his flight became known an enterprising American vaudeville manager telegraphed an offer to Constantinople to book, as he phrased it, "the six best bets in the sultan's discarded harem." Needless to say, he did not get them.

It was about this time that the Angora assembly divorced the church and state—formerly the sultanate and the caliphate were vested in the same person—and named the sultan's heir, Abdul Medjid Han, as caliph. Apparently sultan blood is thicker than water, because immediately upon his accession to the caliphate Abdul became the big brother to the abandoned harem and installed them in a big palace on the Bosporus. Having a small harem of his own, he probably felt he had enough female distractions. The excess harem baggage therefore has been left to its own devices.

A Wide-Open Town

AS A RESULT of Refet Pasha's coup, the Turks almost overnight resumed their old authority in Constantinople, so that by the time I arrived they were visaing passports, introducing drastic frontier regulations that held up aliens who had every right to enter Turkey, and finally were enabled to launch the prohibition offensive. In fact, Allied control in Constantinople during my whole stay was a joke. The Turks were in the saddle and their seat became firmer and firmer as the Allied evacuation on October first drew nearer.

It was shortly after January 1, 1923, that the first hot breath of impending drought blew down upon Constantinople from the direction of Angora. Prohibition was no new matter in Turkey. A law prohibiting the vending of liquor had been passed by the Grand National Assembly in September, 1921; but no one paid any attention to it except in Anatolia. This law imposed a heavy fine and the bastinado—which means beating hapless individuals on the bare heels with a sharp stick—for violations.

Along in the early spring the Constantinople Turkish press, from which all the foreign newspapers get their news, began to unfurl the threat that Constantinople was to go dry. No one paid any serious attention to it, because the American colony intimated that there were too many loopholes in a dry belt to worry about it. Meanwhile the *douziko* industry—and it has an important bearing on events—had become a flourishing institution, because, with the continued stay of the Allied troops and officials, it had become a more popular drink than ever before. It is much cheaper than imported spirits.

As a matter of fact, the Turks were not so keen about prohibiting liquor in Constantinople as they were to do two other things. One was to make a display of their nationalistic authority and flout the dwindling power of the Allies. The other was to put the Greek café owners out of business. There were 3000 of them in Constantinople alone. Everything Hellenic was a red rag to the victorious Moslem.

Morally, the Turks were justified in regulating liquor consumption. That some curb on the wild night life of Constantinople was necessary almost went without saying. I used to think that Shanghai was the fastest city in the world: First, because of its amazing consumption of liquor; and second, because nearly all the adventuresses in the world seemed to be parked there. It is not a patch on Constantinople under the Allied régime. With nightfall the streets were thronged with the soldiers and sailors of nearly half a dozen nations, all looking for trouble. The only wartime precedent of it was Salonica, which registered the very lowest ebb of human dissipation. The Turks, however, were not altogether animated by altruistic motives, as I have pointed out. I am convinced that their first idea was to show the Allies what they could do.

At first the dry dawn was set for April first. The only places that were supposed to be exempted were a selected list of certain hotels and cafés frequented by the Allied soldiers and sailors. Everybody stocked up and there was really and for the first time some anxious anticipation. When the first of the month arrived it was announced solemnly that, "because the shopkeepers could not liquidate their stocks there is a postponement until May first." The Turks did not see the joke in the announcement.

When the Bolt Fell

THEN began the game of delay. History, serious and otherwise, has recorded many elastic dates. They have to deal with that solemn time in a man's life when he swears off from tobacco, golf, liquor, or even matrimony. No movable feast was ever quite so movable as the day set apart for the inauguration of the bone-dry era in Constantinople. By actual count it was postponed exactly five times, and it has never actually come to pass except by accident and in this wise:

On May first a Turkish official accidentally announced that the dry era had started. There was a frantic locking of café front doors and an equal unbolting of rear and side ones. Five hours later came the official statement that the previous notice was premature and that the dry law had again been postponed. That the Turks were preparing a line of safe retreat from their decision was shown from the following paragraph which appeared in all the Turkish papers:

> The new decision came as an immense relief. It is certain that the dry régime would do more harm than good to Turkish economy and to the prosperity of Constantinople.

This brings us to June. On the morning of the sixteenth—and I happened to be in Constantinople at the time—the following proclamation was published in every newspaper:

> 1. The Prohibition Law of September 14, 1921, will be put into force in the Constantinople vilayet from June sixteenth.
> 2. The stocks of those who have made declarations will be immediately sealed in the presence of two agents, one from the health direction and the other from the Public Debt Administration. The owners of these stocks are bound to export them within two months. At the end of two months stocks found in their hands will be seized, and they will be tried.
> 3. Alcoholic stocks in depots or shops belonging to persons who have not handed in their declarations to the vilayet, despite the repeated announcements, will be seized by the police, and the owners will be tried.
> 4. Police posts will proceed to close all taverns and alcohol or beer factories in their regions and will prevent the use and sale of alcohol in all other public places.
> 5. On the written demand of the Allied High Commissioners there has been drawn up a list of establishments which will temporarily remain open for the use of Allied soldiers and sailors. Turkish subjects are forbidden to consume alcoholic drinks in the localities which are set apart for Allied officers and soldiers.

That day I took some Americans to lunch at a well-known open-air restaurant owned by a Greek who had suddenly become a Czech national. In the eyes of the Turk, everything Greek was tainted; so the Hellenes assumed

Continued on Page 43

"THE AIR IS FULL OF THINGS YOU SHOULDN'T MISS"

When you add a Loud-speaker to your set ~ ~

An Eveready "C" Battery will improve the tone — with economy

THE use of the loud speaker has multiplied radio enjoyment in countless homes. But ofttimes the music, operas, plays and addresses coming from the loud speaker are distorted. This is not the loud speaker's fault. An Eveready "C" Battery added to the amplifiers of any set, will correct this trouble

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The Eveready "C" Battery is one of Eveready's contributions to economical, satisfying radio operation. It is the product of thirty years of experience in battery making, under the constant supervision of the greatest electro-chemical laboratory known to the industry.

The name EVEREADY on a radio battery is your safeguard and guide in battery buying. There is an Eveready Battery for every radio use—the right battery by test and proof.

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Eveready 6-volt Storage Battery

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EVEREADY Radio Batteries

—they last longer

Goodyear's Record in the Yellowstone

For five years now, Goodyear Cord Truck Tires have been standard equipment on the passenger buses of the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, each year carrying tens of thousands of sightseers in security and comfort over the trails of that mountain wonderland.

In this service, where the essentials of tire performance are safety, punctuality and economy, these Goodyear Truck Tires have traveled more than 6,000,000 tire miles and borne over 125,000 people. In this arduous duty their average mileage during every park season is as much as the usual truck tire sees in a year of ordinary hauling.

Many of them will start out again in June, this year, on their fourth season of service. All of them have a record for long, economical wear and for dependable freedom from trouble, in which both their users and makers take justifiable pride.

The Transportation Company's reports show that with each passing year the average seasonal mileage of Goodyear Cord Truck Tires has been steadily increased, until in 1923 it was nearly three times what it was in 1918.

This constantly finer performance under most exacting conditions of use is the best possible evidence of the improvements incorporated in the Goodyear Cord Truck Tires of today.

These betterments include a new and improved rubber compound, thicker and stronger sidewalls, and the beveled All-Weather Tread, making a more dependable, more powerful and more economical Goodyear Cord Truck Tire than ever before.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

GOODYEAR

Continued from Page 40

every conceivable nationality except the Abyssinian. Just to try out the dry law, we ordered some beer. To our surprise it was immediately fetched. When we expressed our concern over a possible evasion of the new prohibition law, the man replied, "They have put it off again. It is now set for August first."

When August first rode around there was again a postponement, this time on the ground that it would inconvenience the Allied soldiers and sailors. In the meantime the Hoja Mussa Kiazim, the Minister of Religious Affairs in the Angora cabinet, resigned on the grounds of health. The word "hoja," I might add, is the Turkish word for high priest. The real reason for this prelate's retirement was a difference of opinion over the dry régime. He wanted it enforced, but the government had about come to the conclusion that it was unwise to sacrifice the revenues from the sale of alcohol. They were also influenced by the protests of the vine growers, who presented a petition declaring that they would be ruined if the country went dry.

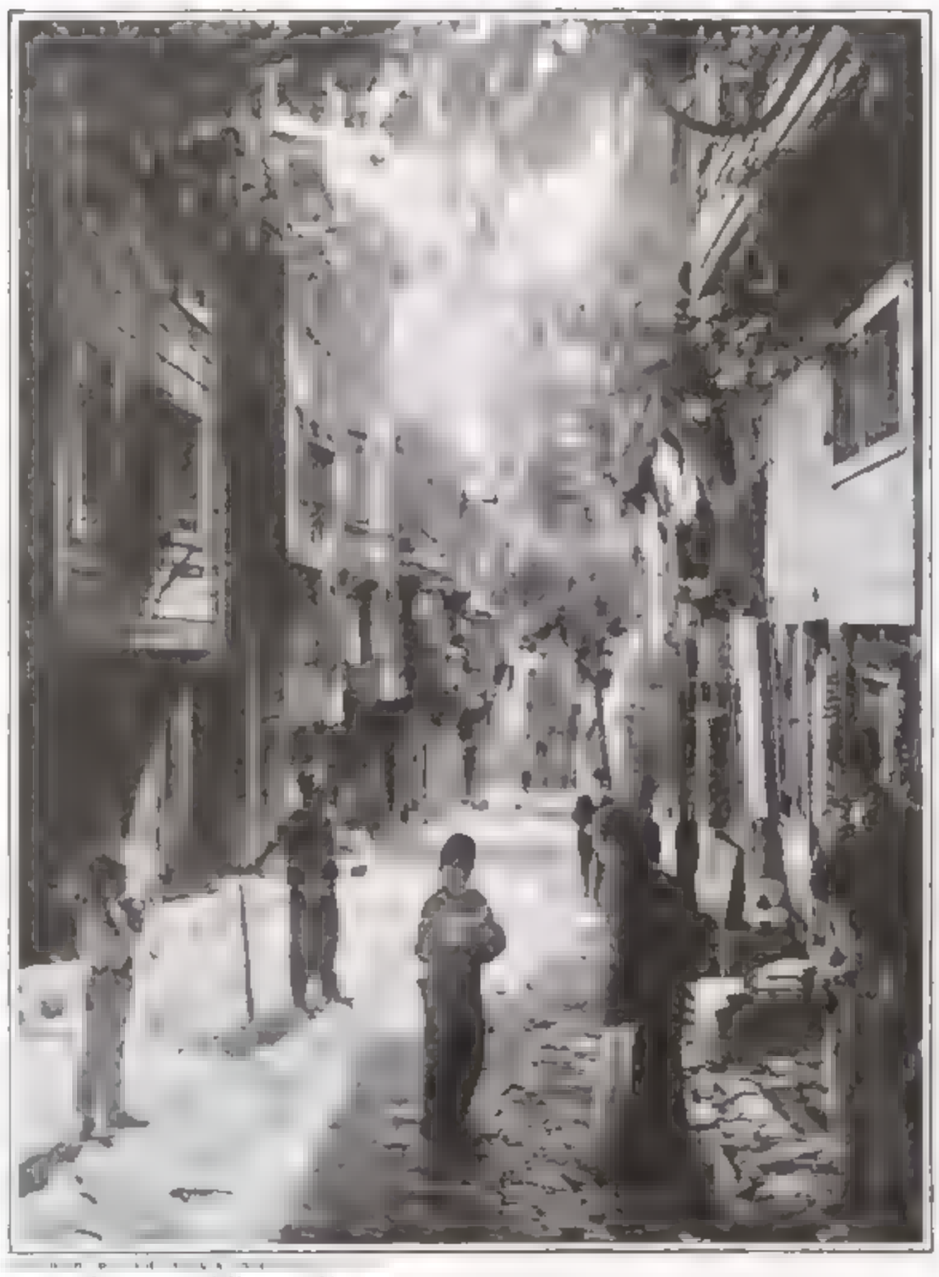
Wet, Dry and Wet

IN SEPTEMBER it was announced that prohibition, as such, would not be imposed in Constantinople, but that the law would be modified so as to quadruple the tax on the sale of alcoholic drinks. The official announcement stated:

It is forbidden to take drink openly and to get drunk.

It is forbidden to open new cabarets. Those opening new cabarets will have all their material requisitioned and will have to pay a fine of from 100 to 1000 Turkish pounds. They will also be subject to imprisonment for from two months to six years. Any person caught in the act of drinking openly will pay a fine of from fifty to 500 Turkish pounds and will be subject to imprisonment for from one month to one year.

The net result of all these months of sidestepping was that instead of looking to liquor as a hindrance to the new nationalistic régime, it became in effect a sort of fiscal aid. In the announcement of the financial program of the Angora government, Fethi Bey, the then premier, stated that the government looked to large revenues from the taxes on alcohol and salt. At first it was proposed to put a 250 per cent ad-valorem duty on all imported spirits. This was later reduced to 136 per cent. The first plan was to sell bottles bearing the government wrappers and only of a certain quality and strength. The license to sell was to be given solely to foreigners, and drinking only be indulged in private. The heavy fine on drunkenness in public remains. All these moral scruples have come to naught. Early in February of this year, the Grand National Assembly scrapped the prohibition law on the ground that the government needed the revenue from the tax on alcohol. You may be sure that there are no mourning bands on display in Turkey as a result of this decision, especially in Constantinople, where the up-to-the-minute Turk will not disdain a cocktail or spurn a whiskey-and-soda.



A Street of Harem Homes in Constantinople. This Street Leads From St. Sophia's Mosque to the Bosporus

I have told the story of the dry crusade in Constantinople not to put false hopes into the minds of optimistic Americans. Neither is there any intention to indict the Turks as consumers of alcohol. The vast bulk of the people are really abstemious, which is one of the best things in their character. It is said that many years ago a powerful sheik was asked why the Moslems did not occasionally indulge in a little liquor. His reputed answer was:

"If a drop of fermented wine would drop into a well and the well be filled up with earth, and later the grass should grow over it, and sheep should eat that grass, no true Moslem would ever knowingly eat of that sheep."

A City of Baffling Diversities

A FUNDAMENTAL defect in the Turkish character is a curious aversion to finality. As I showed in previous articles of this series, the Turk likes to leave things in the air. Prohibition therefore shows the Turk running true to form.

I doubt if all this could have happened in any other place but Constantinople, which is a city of baffling diversities as well as nationalities. It is said of her that language and religion separate rather than unite the population. Even the approach, if you go by rail, is a curious cross section of peoples and events. The Orient Express, which runs from Paris to Constantinople, is the most interesting train in the world, because it goes through more different countries than any other. You start out by dining in French, and have a succession of meals that are Swiss, Italian, Slovene, Serbian, Bulgarian and Greek.

This is bad enough, but in the dining car you pay in the currency of the country through which you happen to be momentarily passing. You get your geography from your bill. This means that from a breakfast in Swiss francs you pass to a lunch in Italian lire and to a dinner in Serbian dinars. Before you realize it you are making a wild calculation the following day in Bulgarian leva, while the next wrestle is with a Greek drachma or a Turkish pound. With European exchanges acting like inmates of a madhouse, the only recourse is to fall back on the French franc and use it throughout the trip. Incidentally, more than one dining-car steward has lost his mind making out the bills of his patrons.

Like a Faded Belle

MOREOVER, a trip on the Orient Express is rarely complete without contact with a revolution or some other kind of national upheaval. I reached Sofia, for example, on the day after the revolution that put Stambouliski, the peasant premier, out of commission and which eventually cost his life. The train was under martial law throughout our journey in Bulgaria. Troops guarded the doors and the usual harmless customs visit became a third-degree examination. At the Greek frontier every compartment was searched, because at that time Stambouliski was in flight and was believed to be making for Turkey. The Bulgarian police even searched the kitchen of the dining car, expecting the fugitive premier to be hiding behind the stove. This was a joke in more ways than one, because he happened to be a fat man, and dining-car kitchens, as travelers know to their sorrow, are notoriously small. This is not the place to dilate on the departed glories of Constantinople, once the throne of imperial power, and that new Rome whose wealth and wantonness staggered even a barbaric world. Gone are the pomp and pageant of those florid Byzantine days. Only ruin and a colossal tawdriness remain. The Turks never repair anything, not even their fortunes. Once a ruin, always a ruin. Constantinople is the shell of grandeur. Like a faded belle—she clings pathetically to the memories of past triumphs.

What interests us is the city of today, with a picturesqueness of human and humorous interest unmatched

The Famous St. Sophia Mosque Which May Yield Vast Treasures Should Constantinople Fall

The Burnt Column on Which the Statue of Constantine Formerly Stood

anywhere, not excepting Peking Just as a Chinese domicile is a group of distinct houses, so is Constantinople a collection of almost separate cities. Stamboul, on the site of ancient Byzantium, is the stamping ground of the Turk and the one homogeneous section. Across the Golden Horn is Galata, with its wharves and shipping and the lowest dregs of foreign life, which imperceptibly merges into Pera, the foreign quarter. Beyond the Bosporus lies Scutari, which is Anatolia. All these form a community of interests and are linked by that matchless series of waters, the Golden Horn, the Bosporus and the Sea of Marmora.

A View of Constantinople, Showing the Business Section

In this George Washington pie of a community is a welter of nationalities almost beyond description. On the famous Galata Bridge, which links Stamboul with Pera, thirty different languages are spoken every day. It is really the most fascinating of all international highways. Even the donkeys and camels have to pay toll. The only exemptions are beggars and soldiers. The beggars are such a curse that the first Turkish words that the foreigner learns are "*Haidee gil*," which means "Beat it."

At the hotel in Pera where I lived I had an Armenian valet, a Rumanian maid, a Greek barber, an Italian waiter and a Serbian manicure. Here is a combination difficult to match. The valet had worked for the German consul-general for twenty-five years and could best articulate in German. With the maid I had to deal in French, while with the rest of the cosmopolitan congress of servants English in various degrees of distortion was the agency.

I might add, however, that French is almost universally spoken in Constantinople. The Levantine—that is, a person born in Turkey of alien parents—is the greatest language shark I have ever known. One of the little bell boys at my hotel spoke seven languages fluently. When I asked him how he acquired them he grinned and said, "I just picked them up."

The Adventures of Thomas

THE natural, or rather unnatural conglomeration of peoples in Constantinople was bad enough, but the extraordinary influx of Russian refugees made it worse. With the evacuation of Wrangel's army, more than 200,000 refugees were dumped into Constantinople alone. I haveseen that poignant post-Bolshevik tragedy of a scattered gentlefolk in many parts of the world, but nowhere to the wholesale extent as in Constantinople. Whether you live in London, Paris, New York, Shanghai or Warsaw, it is now no uncommon thing to buy your cigarettes from a duchess or be shown to your table by a duke. Generals as restaurant keepers are common. In Constantinople the limit of this is reached. My socks, for instance, were darned by a Russian princess who only charged a dime a pair, and she was glad to get it.

One of the amusing by-products of Denikin's dream of Russian redemption is to be found in Constantinople. When that general was at the height of his power he imported a vast amount of fine paper upon which to print what was to be called Denikin money. Following his collapse, the paper turned up in Constantinople and was sold for wrapping purposes. The fishmongers in particular bagged a large quantity of it. Being of a superior quality, people then began to use it for note paper. No other paper probably ever fell from such high purpose.

The influx of Russian refugees has helped to make the pursuit of business in Constantinople even more picturesque than ever before, which is going some, because the historic bazaar there is unmatched for quaint and sharp practices. You found titled ladies trading jewels and caviar for American flour and pork and beans; defunct czarist courtiers hawking papers on the street, while former premier dancers of Petrograd and Moscow ballets were singing jazz songs and teaching the fox trot in the restaurants.

There was an American touch to all this Russian mêlée which was often so tragic as to be almost humorous. In the first rush of refugees from Siberia was an American negro named Thomas, who spoke Russian so fluently that it tainted his native Virginia accent. Thomas is a real character and his story is worth telling.

Thirty years ago, while on a trip to the United States, a Russian prince engaged him as valet. When he left New York in 1893 it was his last glimpse of America, for he has not been back since. Being apt and intelligent, he rose to be head butler in his employer's household. Subsequently he became a waiter in a Petrograd restaurant, and when the Bolshevik storm broke late in 1917 he owned one of the leading cafés of Moscow. The Soviet government put him out of business and he fled to Vladivostok. Later, he joined in the flight of the refugees. In his flush Russian days he had married a Swede and was the father of three children.

Another View of Constantinople Showing Galata and Pera

Once in Constantinople, Thomas opened a restaurant and by the time I arrived had the leading outdoor eating and drinking establishment in the city, and also the most expensive. It was always an amusing sight to watch this American negro—for he still maintains his citizenship—ordering princesses, dukes, barons and counts around, because like many another Constantinople employer he was a meal ticket for the Slavic *émigrés*.

In passing, let me say that few untraveled Americans realize how the American negro has adapted himself to the life and customs of the most remote places. At Mukden, in Manchuria, I once encountered a Kentucky darky, with a Russian wife, who was giving dancing exhibitions in a public café. Like Thomas, the man had enjoyed a day of prosperity in Petrograd and Moscow. With the collapse of law and order in Russia, he was compelled to shift in many and divers ways and regions.

This reminds me of an incident that happened to an American negro in Petrograd. His name was George, and he was the commissionaire at the front door of the American Embassy. George came from Alabama and his rich accent was like music to my ears. During my stay in Petrograd in 1917 he was the central figure of what almost came to be an international episode.

How George Raised the Wind

IT APPEARS that back in his American days George was an accomplished pugilist, and he was still a magnificent figure of a man. All his front teeth were gold, because his natural ones had been knocked out in various combats. Just after the first revolution, and during Kerensky's day of power, George found his resources running low, so he decided to open a school of boxing. Without consulting the ambassador, he inserted the following advertisement in the newspapers.

BOXING TAUGHT. Expert lessons in the manly art of self-defense at reasonable rates. For further information apply to George, at the American Embassy.

In a few days there was a string of people making inquiries about lessons. When the ambassador heard about it he was furious. His anger was not lessened when other embassies, legations, and even the Russian government, made polite but pointed inquiries as to whether the American Embassy had forsaken diplomacy for fistics and had become a gymnasium. George got a calling down and had to seek some other means of adding to his income.

To return to Constantinople. The constant mixture of nationalities has resulted in many amusing complications, especially from the mixed marriages which are the inevitable result of any international occupation. One of the prize incidents that developed during my stay related to an American Jacky who wedded a resident of the city. He had to report his impending alliance to his superior officer in order to get the necessary authorization for his papers. With some hesitation he said:

"I wonder if I could get one of the naval cars in which to take my bride to the wedding. My best friend is a sergeant in a British regiment here, and he got his colonel's car when he married."

The officer gave his consent. Just as the sailor was leaving he asked him: "What is the nationality of your bride?"

The sailor grinned and answered, "She says she's a Hellene, but confidentially I think she is a blooming Greek."

During the Allied occupation, when we had a big fleet of destroyers at Constantinople, it was no uncommon thing to hear American slang on all sides. To hear the Turk indulge in it was the exception. I had this experience, however, and in most unusual circumstances.

As everyone knows, the most historic edifice in Constantinople is the great Mosque of St. Sophia, which bears to the Mohammedan faith something of the vast and far-reaching spiritual significance that St. Peter's at Rome holds out to the Catholic. Scene of some of the most solemn anniversaries in the story of mankind, it has survived centuries of war, fire, earthquake and pestilence, and still stands, a brooding and magnificent pile that oozes history from every stone. Built by Justinian to the glory of the Christian God, it is now second only to Mecca as the shrine of shrines of the Moslem.

When Mohammed the Conqueror captured Constantinople in 1453 he rode armor-clad and in triumph into St. Sophia, his battle-ax dripping with

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The Galata Bridge Looking Toward Stamboul

NO AMERICAN MOTOR CAR,
REGARDLESS OF PRICE, EXCELS THE NEW
PEERLESS EIGHT IN PERFORMANCE,
DEPENDABILITY, BEAUTY AND COMFORT

Superior. In power, in performance, in comfort, in dependability. This is the story told over and over again by those best qualified to speak of the Peerless Eight—its owners.

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO

This Peerless Eight of mine is the sixth Peerless car I have owned, which should indicate that I personally think well of Peerless.

That this thought is shared by many others is shown by the number of chauffeurs I have had who state they would rather run and care for a Peerless than any other car, regardless of price.

An experienced driver has only to sit at the wheel for five minutes to be convinced that Peerless power and flexibility are pre-eminent.

The fact that I had the second car that ever came to New Britain, and have since driven many different makes, seems to confer reasonable competence to judge a car value.

G. E. Prentice, President,
G. E. Prentice Mfg. Co.,
New Britain, Conn.

PEERLESS

Watch This Column

"The Hunchback" Startles the Country

ERNEST TORRENCE AS KING OF THE BEGGARS IN "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"

In the many letters I have received, praising ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** some of the writers seem to think the picture was made in Paris, and never dreamed that the great Cathedral of Notre Dame and the quaint buildings surrounding it were reproductions, built at our studios in Universal City, California. Some even asked us how we got the use of the Cathedral from the church authorities. All of the writers praise the picture and the fine acting of the stars—LON CHANEY, PATSY RUTH MILLER, ERNEST TORRENCE, NORMAN KERRY, TULLY MARSHALL, RAYMOND HATTON and others.

I want very much to know what you think of REGINALD DENNY in his new play ***"Sporting Youth."*** The picture is full of romance, dashing youth and exciting episodes, and your opinion, if favorable, will guide me in the making of similar pictures in the future. It is going splendidly. DENNY likes it and I like it, but I'd prefer to know what *you* like.

Do you remember the picturesque old Bowery and its odd characters? They have furnished many an interesting chapter in New York's history. It is in this locality that MARY PHILBIN'S new play, ***"Fools' Highway,"*** is laid. She is a very sweet and charming heroine and I am sure you will like her and the picture immensely. By the way, the title ***"Fools' Highway"*** was suggested by Mrs. Cora Bohn, a Saturday Evening Post reader, of St. Paul, Minn. Naturally we paid her for it.

Another big jewel is coming, ***"The Law Forbids."*** It is a strong picture with a strong appeal to every member of the family. The splendid cast includes Baby Peggy, Robert Ellis, Elinor Faire, Joe Dowling, Hayden Stevenson, Winifred Bryson and others. Watch for it.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
1600 Broadway, New York City

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blood. The story goes that he stayed the massacre of Christians in the church and then left the impress of his sanguinary hand on one of the massive pillars. That impress is still there, or rather one like it, and it is shown to every visitor.

When I went to see St. Sophia my guide was a very talkative Turk who spoke fairly good English. I asked to see the bloody hand of Mohammed, and when he showed it to me he said, "That Mohammed was some guy with his mitt."

It was surprising enough to hear this remark in Constantinople, but to have heard it in the Valhalla, so to speak, of the Moslem race was little less than startling. I asked my companion how he had acquired his American slang, whereupon he replied, "I worked two years in an automobile factory in Detroit."

No alien can now enter St. Sophia without showing a passport. Here you have another evidence of the Turks' hostility to the Greeks and Armenians, because the sole purpose in imposing this restriction is to keep them out of their holy of holies.

The eternal clash of nationalities in Constantinople is not always audible, but other things are. Without exaggeration, it is the noisiest city in the world, capital supreme of the domain of din. I used to think that there was more tumult in Peking than in any other place I have yet visited, but it is a deaf-and-dumb asylum alongside that ancient stronghold of Constantine.

One reason why Peking is so noisy grows out of the fact that every possible commodity is sold in the streets except repose. The butcher, the baker, the fishmonger, the barber, the fruiterer and the restaurant keeper—all move on wheels and set up shop at any convenient site that appeals to their fancy. Since they cannot afford to indulge in newspaper or magazine advertising, they must proclaim their wares. Moreover, they travel in pairs and the usual vocal and vehement competition ensues. Thus sleep is a difficult maid to woo in the old capital of the Manchu emperors.

Bedlam Let Loose

All these enemies of rest flourish in Constantinople, and a good many more. As in Peking, they continue without interruption throughout the whole twenty-four hours. You can endure it during the day, but when night comes it is a horror. An experience of mine will show what befalls the visitor in this city of dreadful noise.

One evening I had just fallen asleep when I was awakened by the noise of a fracas under my window. It sounded as if a counter-revolution had been let loose. When I looked out to see what had caused all this tumult I found that three Turks were engaged in an argument on the front stoop of the opposite house. They kept it up for exactly three hours. Sleep was impossible, so I determined to make some use of this wakeful time. I began to keep a mental record of the different kinds of disturbance.

The first addition to the congress of discord on the opposite stoop was a cat fight. This, however, was a minor detail. Before it died out a brawl started on the next corner and some shots were fired. In rivalry, along came a drove of sheep just unloaded from a ship at Galata, which is no uncommon sight in the streets of Constantinople. Between the bleats of the frightened animals and the yells of their drivers I at least had a new note of discomfort.

Adjoining my hotel was a summer garden where an exiled Russian ballet held forth until nearly dawn. This meant that automobiles with honks, groans and screeches—for most of the cars were on their last wheels—came and went all through the small hours. Carriages without number also rattled and rumbled over the cobbled streets. Like the Paris coachmen, these jehus are constantly swearing at one another. Remember, too, that the electric trams run all night; and since there is little traffic regulation at that hour, they must keep their bells clanging constantly. Soon a storm broke with loud peals of thunder which seemed the last straw. During a lull came the alarm of fire and the Constantinople Fire Department, which will be described later on, ran by with a terrific turmoil. The worst, however, was yet to come.

Just as day broke over the city and the mosques and minarets became outlined against the eastern sky, a new series of disturbance was started. First came the milkmen with their herds of goats, which are driven up to the entrance of the house and milked on the premises. The Turk is assured of fresh milk in any event. To me it meant only a fresh noise.

For the explanation of the next series of ear-splitting noises you must first know that most of the marketing in Constantinople is done at the front door. After the goats came the hucksters with huge baskets either on their shoulders or suspended from donkeys. They advertise their cucumbers, apricots, oranges, cabbages, bread or water—most of the water consumed in the households by the natives is purchased from peddlers—in the most strident of voices and only stop their hawking to indulge in heated arguments with their customers. Trade in Turkey is one continuous haggle, whether on the street or in the bazaar.

Throughout this *mêlée* of noises all night long came the real stand-by of unrest in Constantinople. It is personified in the night watchman—the so-called *beckje*—who patrols the streets armed with a long iron-shod stick. It is part of his job to pound this stick on the sidewalk as he makes his progress, the idea being, I suppose, to warn off any possible burglar. The Turks maintain that by beating on the sidewalk the inhabitants realize that the watchman is on duty, regardless of the fact that as an alarm clock he has no superior anywhere. The only counterpart of the Constantinople patrol—it should be called a curse—is in Tokio, where the wrecker of sleep indulges in the same performance, except that he uses a bamboo rod, which is slightly less disturbing.

By this time you will wonder how any alien ever gets a wink of sleep in Constantinople. The answer is that most of them do not. Those who are compelled to reside there usually have some place in the country where they go for the week-end, and instead of playing golf or tennis indulge in one long orgy of quiet and repose.

The Turks, strangely enough, are able to sleep through all this turmoil. They seem to be impervious to the discord—material as well as political—that they create. Their immunity from insomnia may probably result from one of their well-known maxims which reads: "Prayer is better than sleep." My one private impression is that they are longer on sleep than on prayer. In fact, they seem to monopolize all the sleep. That the Turks have a sense of humor is evidenced by the many different brands of sleeping draughts that they offer to the foreigner.

Although the Turks are sound sleepers, they are very nervous. To calm their nerves most of them carry strings of beads in their hands with which they constantly play. At first sight these beads look like rosaries. They give an effeminate touch to the most masculine Moslem.

Turkish Fire Laddies

The one compensation in the endless succession of Constantinople noises is in the alleged fire department. As a disseminator of din it ranks near the top, but it also makes you laugh. Both in function and appearance it might be part of any comic opera. It is the one best bet in all the varied public entertainments that the city holds out.

This motley aggregation is called in French *pompiers irréguliers*, "*pompier*" being the French word for fireman. Everything public in Constantinople has a French title, because French is the language of business. There is no misuse of words here, because the motley crew that goes through the motion of putting out fires is highly irregular, as you will presently see.

Constantinople has no fire department as we know it in America. Its unit is a sort of volunteer organization recruited mainly from the *hamals*, which is a native word for porter. Fire engines or trucks do not exist, and there is likewise no fire telegraph system.

This is all the more remarkable when you realize that Constantinople is largely composed of wooden structures heated by open charcoal stoves. For decades the city has been ravaged by fires. As I have already pointed out, the Turks never rebuild to any appreciable extent. This is why you can see stately mosques looming alongside areas of blackened débris on which a few makeshift shanties have been erected. Insurance risks are high, but the real risk in a Constantinople fire is with the fire department itself.

The fire lookout is in the famous old Galata Tower, a survival of medieval times. Just as soon as a blaze is sighted during the daytime word is telephoned to every quarter of the city. A fire is as great an event as a circus parade in a small American town. Considering the huge population, the municipal area is comparatively small. Everybody rushes pell-mell into the street and tries to congregate about the scene of the conflagration.

At night the news of the fire is heralded by our noisy friend, the *beckje*, who pounds even more loudly with his iron-shod stick and yells in Turkish, "*Yanghin var*," which means "A fire there is." Just why every sleeping individual should be told that a fire exists I could never understand. This yell is part of the discord every night, because there is a fire going on in some part of Constantinople each hour of the twenty-four.

Now for the fire department: Just as soon as they hear what is to them the glad news that a fire has started, they rush to headquarters and don their uniforms. This is a very simple matter, because it consists of removing all their clothes except a short-sleeve undershirt and a pair of what athletes call running drawers. Sometimes they discard the shirt. They wrap brilliant turbans around their heads, with the ends streaming down their backs, and rush forth to be observed and to be admired.

Fighting Fires for Pay

The only piece of native fire-fighting apparatus is a small hand pump—it is really a squirt gun—which is placed on poles carried on the shoulders of the men. Some of the other fire fighters carry boxes of water. With this primitive equipment they start on a run down the street, yelling like Indians on the warpath and attracting every small boy and most of the grown-ups within a radius of miles. The first time I heard the approach of a Constantinople fire brigade I thought that a riot had broken out.

In action—or lack of action—this brigade is typically Turkish. Arriving at the scene of the fire, the foreman seeks out the owner of the house and asks him if he is willing to have his premises saved. Of course, this means the inevitable argument. Meanwhile the house burns, and incidentally odd firemen are helping themselves to various articles in the structure that they happen to fancy. This amiable confiscation is part of the legitimate loot that attaches to fire fighting in Constantinople.

If the house owner refuses to stand for the extortion, the foreman turns to the owners of the adjoining houses and inquires if they are willing to make a cash advance to have their property conserved. Should the innocent victims of the flames refuse to give up, the fire department calmly returns to headquarters with its swag and leaves the buildings to their fate.

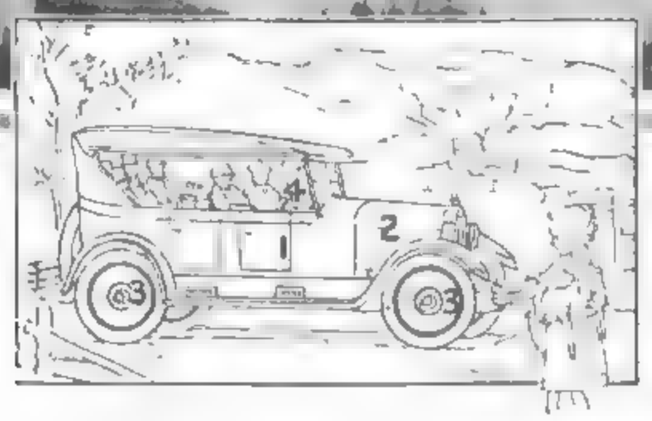
It seldom happens, however, that the firemen are refused payment. The Turk is so accustomed to giving and taking baksheesh, which is the local word for graft, that he regards the pay-before-you-save system at a fire as the accepted thing.

The only parallel of this capitalization of human need or misfortune is in China. It relates to the illicit teamwork between the mortuary magnates and the astrologers. When a Chinese dies, interment seldom follows the elaborate funeral ceremonies, because the body can only be placed in the ground when the spirits of wind and water are pacified and all the devils are exorcised. The astrologer sets the date and he usually puts it off as long as possible. Meanwhile he divides the rent of a mortuary chapel with the owner.

I doubt if the performance of the Constantinople fire brigade can be duplicated in any other city of the world. It is just one more evidence of the real backwardness of the Turk. When the Allied Army occupied Constantinople the British introduced a few pieces of modern fire apparatus to protect their property. It created a panic in the local fire department, which saw a possible innovation which would permanently destroy their extortion. With the Allied evacuation of Constantinople the modern apparatus departed. Today the ancient fire runner is back on the job, literally naked and unashamed. I might add that even when the British army engines rushed through the streets the native fire runners trailed behind, hoping to find some crumbs of graft on the outskirts of the show.

It is not generally known that in his early days Sir Basil Zaharoff, Europe's man of

(Continued on Page 48)



It's a Real Sport Car—a Six

Until you see it, you cannot adequately picture the distinctive beauty nor fully appreciate the mechanical goodness of this five-passenger Sport Touring. And the gratifying fact is that both its appearance and performance—*endure!*

Its finish (1)—a striking Oakland Blue—cannot fade nor check because it is an entirely new substance—Duco—which retains its original beauty and lustre indefinitely.

The Oakland engine and chassis are ideal for a real sport car because they assure snappy getaway, as well as sustained high speeds. Oakland's new six cylinder engine (2), because of its correct design and advanced construction, gives the Oakland True Blue Sport Car a degree of performance and endurance that will appeal to your pocketbook as well as your pride.

And how necessary and desirable, in a fast Sport Car such as this, are Oakland's safe and practical four wheel brakes (3)—and its large steering wheel on which are mounted the driving controls (4). Then, too, it has a Fisher body with Spanish Leather upholstery, special permanent top, bumpers, motometer, windshield wings, visor, disc wheels—everything that insures completeness and full value.

There is genuine satisfaction in owning a car as distinctive and able as this. Be sure to drive it before you buy any car this spring. Then you'll know why it's called a True Blue Sport Car.

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Touring Car . $995
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—because our calendar falls one-fourth of a day behind the sun each year. Therefore, every four years, we leap ahead one day to keep up with time. A vigorous rub with

Puretest
Rubbing Alcohol

makes new life leap through tired, aching muscles, so that they again feel fresh and fit.

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol is used in homes, gymnasiums, athletic clubs, Turkish baths and hospitals throughout the United States.

A bracing rub-down after exercise. Delightfully cooling and envigorating on feverish infants and bed-ridden patients. Removes perspiration odors and soothes the face after shaving.

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol belongs in every medicine chest, every locker and every dressing room.

One of 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000
Rexall
Drug Stores
There is one in your town

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(Continued from Page 46)

mystery and millions—his wealth is said to rival that of the elder Rockefeller—was a member of the Constantinople fire brigade and ran bare-legged behind that comic-opera squirt gun. The first money he ever earned was his share of the price extorted for saving a house from the flames in Pera.

Zaharoff was born in Constantinople of a Russian father and a Greek mother. This is in itself a curious racial mixture, but he is also a naturalized Frenchman with a British title. Both as financier and munitions maker he has been the real power behind the scenes in the Near East for years. Among other things, he promoted Venizelos' ill-fated venture for a greater Greece. Zaharoff, however, is a later and longer story. I refer to him here merely to fit him into that most grotesque of all municipal spectacles, the Constantinople Fire Department.

The Constantinople policeman is a more superior product, socially and otherwise, than the fireman. Many of them are veterans of the long succession of wars in the Balkans. The latest ruling of the director of police, however, may give you a hint that even with the guardians of the law some reform is necessary. The chief issued a circular decreeing that henceforth "all policemen must shave at least twice a week and not wear their police caps at the fashionable angle." A further stipulation of this order was as follows:

> Policemen while in the streets must maintain a serious demeanor inspiring respect. The qualities of the policemen are dignity, proper pride and tact.

The Constantinople traffic cop wields a striped baton that looks like a section of a barber's pole. Nothing seems to give him more pleasure than to hold up a foreign-owned vehicle. To his credit, however, it must be said that he is not so venal as his mate in public service—or rather abuse of service—the fireman.

Although the work of the Constantinople firemen is more or less of a frolic, the revelation of their piracy—for such it is—naturally leads to the subject of labor in the ancient capital and elsewhere in Turkey. Here you have a unique disclosure not inappropriate at a time when the question of union domination is an international issue.

There are no unions, as such, in Turkey. As in China, there have been guilds of a kind for centuries. In Constantinople each of these guilds has made its headquarters in a certain coffeehouse. The porters congregate at one; the carpet weavers at another; the donkey drivers at a third. So, too, with the men from the various vilayets, or provinces. If you want to find a man from Smyrna you have only to go to the coffeehouses frequented by Smyrnans to locate him.

One quaint custom of other days survives. Specific tasks are allocated to people hailing from various districts. It is a tradition, for example, that only Mohammedan Albanians shall put down pavements; that only men from Iran shall drive the builder's donkeys; that only the Christian Albanian shall work on railroad construction; that only natives of Konieh shall peddle the *yo'ourt*, the much-consumed native food which is a sort of fermented milk.

In the contemplation of common labor you find another of the many parallels between Turkey and China. As in the Far East, the average worker is merely a beast of burden, performing well-nigh incredible tasks of strength and endurance. Formerly the Constantinople porter was almost exclusively Armenian. Since the deportations most of them have gone, while those who remain are in daily fear of their lives.

This reminds me of a quaint remark made to me one day by the Armenian valet at my hotel in Constantinople. Every morning he asked me if I thought there would be a massacre of Armenians after the Allied evacuation. I usually tried to cheer him up, but one day, after making the usual inquiry, he made the following naive comment:

"People abuse Abdul-Hamid as a terrible man, but I lived with greater security under him than under these new Turks. In Abdul's day you could pay your price and escape with your life. Now you pay your price and you are likely to lose both your money and your life."

Although Turkey has no incorporated unions as we know them, the whole country today is what might be called one huge union. In the frenzy of self-determination the new régime is trying to drive out every alien and make itself a copper-riveted racial trust.

With superstition you always find ignorance. The prize story about the ignorance of the usual Turkish official was related by Sir Edwin Pears, for many years the leading British advocate in Constantinople. It appears that a young Greek protégé of Lady Pears who had learned the printing trade was thrown into prison for being an accessory to the failure of a foreigner to register. Behind the arrest was this episode:

In the office where the young man worked the rules of a printers' benefit society had been published in Greek. On the title page were printed the words of Saint Paul: "And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." With the quotation was the usual text reference to the Galatians.

The police had seized a copy of the rules and then demanded from the young man the address of the Paul who was mentioned, on the ground that he had not registered as a printer. The young man replied that Paul was dead, whereupon the Turkish official insisted that he must be in Galatia, because there was a reference to the Galatians! In vain did the young printer protest that Paul was a Biblical character and had long since passed to his just reward. The Turks refused to believe it and the printer went to jail, where he remained until two well-known Greek citizens made affidavits that Paul was not only dead but that they would pay a large fine if he were located.

It is with an average official intelligence of this brand—it savors more of czarist Russia than the Near East—that the Turks now face the problem of running their own national show. With ignorance and superstition has been linked an almost medieval prejudice. In a previous article I told how Abdul-Hamid practically forbade the introduction of electricity because he thought that dynamo and dynamite were associated in some way. It was a typical example.

AN ELUSIVE PANACEA

(Continued from Page 15

An executor of one estate amounting to $16,000,000, regarding which first-hand inquiries were made, informed me that the taxes paid had been just under $3,500,000, which is between 21 and 22 per cent, not counting the debts, losses due to the sale of securities when the market for them was very low, and the expenses of administration, which in the larger fortunes always constitute a substantial amount.

Everyone knows that the liquidation of such a proportion of a given property is always a serious undertaking. If a rich man dies shortly before the beginning of a bull market, if that is the moment when his estate is shaken loose, his heirs get off very easily indeed, because any of his holdings can be sold at a profit. Exactly the contrary is true if he dies just before a bear market is coming on.

But somehow the fact that the degree of reduction of swollen fortunes, in response to the public opinion which reprobates them, should depend so much on the accident of death in a bull or a bear market smacks of the grotesque.

The Wishes of Testators

It was said at the beginning of this article that death is the one subject which most men are reluctant to consider. On the other hand it is characteristic of most successful men to contemplate with abhorrence the possible maladministration of their property after they are gone. They don't want enterprises they have built up manhandled or slaughtered either by incompetent heirs or by lawyers and trust companies, to raise money for taxes.

No man wants securities which he has bought knocked down in a falling market. Often he is just as reluctant to have them sold in a rising market, for then his judgment is confirmed, and he expects still higher prices. The wills of successful men frequently disclose their reluctance to have the stocks of companies which they have built up and controlled sold, and properties are often left in trust for this reason.

Another evidence of the same fact is contained in the instructions to life-insurance salesmen, which always assume that men wish to leave their estates intact. Then, too, it will be found usually that where executors are named in wills the owners of business enterprises frequently name one of their more trusted associates or employes, as the private secretary, who is especially familiar with business details.

A further evidence of the same human trait is that rich men who have more than one son usually leave control of the business in the hands of the son who has shown the most business ability, a fact which incidentally gives rise to endless family jealousy.

"I take very advanced views on this subject of inherited wealth," said an old man who had been expressing his ideas to the writer. "If I am as rich as they say I am I don't care how many millions are taken from my estate in taxes. My children will have enough anyway, and more is only trouble. But I don't want my estate ruined."

"What do you mean by ruined?" I asked.

"It is solely a question of liquidation," he replied. "Some of the inheritance-tax rates are confiscatory in respect to liquidation. If only the Government would become a partner then I wouldn't mind. I sold one big block of stock because it was not readily marketable, but my friends are always getting me into new ventures which are unliquid."

A few years ago a member of Congress appeared before the Ways and Means Committee to advocate a bill which doubled the rates of the Federal estate tax. The committee was in a great hurry, it had only a few minutes left, and one of its members said: "Have you thought about the difficulty of collecting the tax if you make the rates too high, for the reason that many times the estate is not liquid? Do you not think it would be necessary to be rather cautious about the percentage that must go to the Government, because if you put it very high it might break the estate?"

"My bill does not offer any amendments to the administrative features of the law," said its proponent. "I realize the difficulty you suggest, but I made no attempt to meet it in this bill."

"Do you not think some attention ought to be given to that matter?" asked the committeeman.

"I think you are correct about that," admitted the congressman, whereupon the committee proceeded to further business.

It is obvious enough that when inheritance tax rates go much above 5 or 6 per cent, and certainly when they exceed 10 per cent, they become an actual capital levy. Under the Federal law a rate of 10 per cent is imposed on the third $500,000, and an ascending rate until 22 per cent is reached on the last $2,000,000 of the first $10,000,000. All beyond that pays 25 per cent. These rates, of course, do not take into account any state taxes, which are additional.

Cutting Into Capital

But the financing of a capital levy following the death of the owner or chief executive of a going business enterprise either means very heavy life insurance, which must of course be paid for in premiums, or it means some form of borrowing, refinancing, a preferred-stock issue, or the like. All these devices, however, involve the forced turnover of capital assets, which in the course of sound business must be amortized.

The point is that no matter how the liquidation may be effected, there is a taking by the Government of actual capital. "The nation, just as the individual, should not use up its capital in payment of its ordinary expenses," says Secretary Mellon. "The money which is taken by way of such taxes is, to a large extent, the capital which is in use and necessary in carrying on the business of the country, and just to the extent that the Government seizes upon and takes this capital for its own income its loss must be made good out of the thrift and savings of the people of the country."

Economists have long realized the possibility of danger under high death duties, if the proceeds are used by governments merely for current expenses. More than fifty years ago John Stuart Mill suggested

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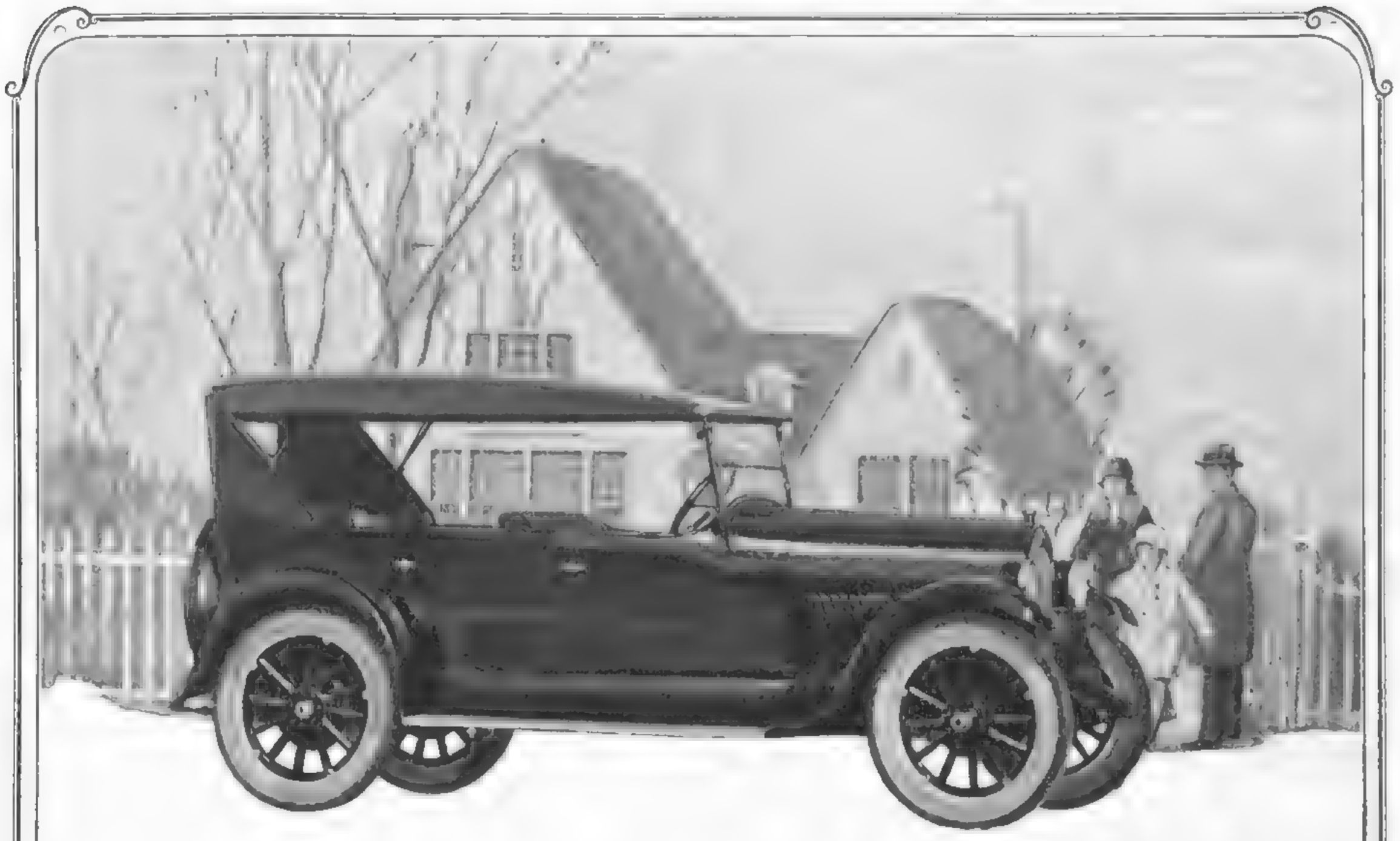

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that all such revenues be used to pay off public debts. Efforts have been made here and there to use the proceeds for particular purposes, such as school funds, road building, and the like. But, broadly speaking, inheritance revenues, like other taxes, have simply gone into the general pot.

In other words, the governments have followed the example of the unthrifty heir whom moralists so love to condemn for squandering his inheritance. I do not mean, of course, that the expenditures are necessarily wasted—far from it. A man does not waste money because he buys himself a good dinner or a night's lodging, but he is not getting ahead in the world if he uses capital funds for that purpose.

The excuse of every individual who uses capital for current expense is that he will make it up later on. Governments are much the same. Of course many of the expenses of government are useful and productive, but the principle remains true that there is an element of danger in using capital to pay current expenses. It is so insidiously easy to keep going from bad to worse, to increase both the expenses and the rates of the tax.

It is clear enough that if the Government took securities in payment instead of cash at least the evils of forced liquidation might be averted. Already the Federal Government takes Liberty Bonds, and the states might well adopt the same practice, accepting not only Liberty Bonds but their own and perhaps even municipal securities. The British Government has been able to enforce very heavy death duties partly because it accepts several forms of property besides cash.

When Estates are Liquid

It has been suggested more than once that the Government should accept any and every form of property, thus avoiding at one stroke all the evils of forced liquidation. In other words, the Government would merely share with the citizen in his titles, and not force a sale with its resulting distress. It has been pointed out that at rates much like those now in effect, or only slightly higher, the Government could within a comparatively few years accumulate a fund to be used in general business operations far in excess of that possessed by any corporation or combination of corporations now in existence in the world, provided of course it kept the revenues intact and did not use them for current purposes.

But we have no evidence that the people want the Government to enter business on any such stupendous scale as this or that the Government is in the least degree fitted to engage in such operations. To accept all sorts of property in payment for the tax would multiply to an incredible extent the already extraordinary difficulties involved in valuation.

Nothing is farther from the intention of the writer than to give the impression that all large estates have difficulty in paying their inheritance taxes. Such, of course, is not the case. Numbers of them pay enormous sums with comparative ease. I asked a partner of a deceased member of a Wall Street banking firm whether the dead man's heirs had been embarrassed in meeting the taxes.

"Certainly not," he replied; "all they had to do was to write out a check."

Later I looked up the appraisal of the deceased banker's estate and found that it contained more than $17,000,000 of the most liquid of government bonds.

Then there is the case of the estate of a man who built up a chain of stores widely known throughout the country. Taxes of between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000 had to be paid, $7,500,000 being the Federal tax. Fortunately the founder of this property owned a large and profitable office building which had cost many millions to erect and which was free from mortgage. It was very easy to get several millions of mortgage money on this building. The estate also owned several other office buildings which were in no way needed in the store business, and which could be sold to advantage at the time.

Even these deals, however, would hardly have supplied the requisite cash. But it so happened that the store company was in a position to retire an issue of preferred stock, $2,000,000 of which was held by the estate. It was thus possible to raise sufficient cash without sacrificing any of the large holdings of common stock, which the executors knew was valuable and likely to appreciate in price within a year or so.

On the other hand, consider the case of a Connecticut capitalist who left between $34,000,000 and $35,000,000, or about $2,000,000 more than the store owner. This man had great sums invested in enterprises which were not paying at the time. He was heavily tied up in a power company which had a franchise to manufacture power, but with an uncompleted plant upon which $1,500,000 had to be spent at once. He also had left a contract to build a house to cost something like $1,000,000. Then, too, he had been involved heavily in an electric railway which was losing money. There was still another very large investment which might eventually turn out well, but showed a loss at the time of the owner's death.

On top of all this he owed $5,000,000 to banks when he died.

But the taxes would not wait, and the executors found they must have $15,000,000 in cash within a very short time. Not only was it necessary to sell securities and borrow—the franchise to manufacture power had to be sold and the electric railway thrown into receivership.

Another instance is that of a Massachusetts capitalist who left some $20,000,000, which was invested in such odds and ends as an entire but none too profitable railroad and a metropolitan newspaper. This estate being left to a friend who was of no blood relation, there was an unusually heavy state tax to pay, as well as the regular Federal tax, and the property had to be disposed of in driblets, so to speak—first the railroad and then the newspaper.

Probably there has been more comment regarding the affairs of Henry C. Frick's estate than any other. Already nearly $10,000,000 has been paid in taxes to the Federal and nearly twenty state governments, and there remain many disputed points still to be settled. It has been said, although the writer cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement, that this property has lost as much if not more from forced liquidation than it will pay out in taxes.

Mr. Frick owned extensive coal and coke properties which, so it is stated, he considered worth $50,000,000. But the institutions, largely educational, to which he made bequests, partly in this form of property, could not well undertake their proper management and development. Possibly in the entire country there is only one corporation large enough to buy these coal and coke properties *in toto*, and it does not need them badly enough to pay the price which Mr. Frick thought they would some day be worth, and which he no doubt would have secured in course of time had he lived.

Secretary Mellon's Views

As a result the amount which the educational institutions will receive is almost certain to be less by many millions of dollars than Mr. Frick hoped and intended they should have. In addition, the estate was obliged to sell great quantities of securities to pay the taxes and meet other urgent cash requirements, the common understanding in financial circles being that this forced liquidation was on a scale sufficient to break the stock market at the time.

Prof. Thomas S. Adams, who possibly is more responsible than any other one individual for the details of the Federal income and inheritance tax laws, in discussing the Frick case with the writer, said that this property had been caught at the beginning of the heavy inheritance taxes, and that such distress would prove a passing phase as rich men learn to adjust themselves to such taxation.

He feels that pressure of this kind will induce business men not only to buy more life insurance but to maintain larger liquid resources in the form of government securities, which will add to their credit.

On the other hand, Secretary Mellon has said: "An estate consisting principally of government bonds or municipal securities is of less real value to the community than is the estate that is invested in property in any line of productive industry. . . . And yet the estate invested in tax-free securities would be much less affected by the tax than the estate invested in real estate, in manufacturing plants, in merchandising, in farming or in any line of productive industry."

It is commonly supposed that the purchase of tax-exempt securities by those who have to pay large surtaxes is solely to obtain relief from the high income-tax rates. To an increasing extent, however, these purchases are being made for inheritance-tax purposes. Not only does the Federal Government accept its own obligations in payment for the estate tax but there are few other forms of property so easily convertible into cash as Liberty Bonds, especially the 3½'s.

Here indeed is a curious paradox, that the idle heir who has had an opportunity to convert his inherited investments into liquid tax-exempts, or the man who has sold out his factory and bought such securities, should leave an estate which suffers less from the reducing process than the properties of those who at the time of their death are still in the game of working and building.

As pointed out in a previous article, the severity with which the tax falls upon any given estate depends quite largely upon whether the investments are spread out or concentrated. Now we observe that even where the area of exposure is the same, the same rate of tax may mean a marked difference of shrinkage as between two estates of the same size, because of the relative liquidity of the investments.

There are enough purely accidental twists to this form of taxation without having the basic social purpose so perverted. Think for a moment of what happens when there are several successive deaths in a family within a few years. There are said to be cases where a property has been wiped out by two successive deaths, notably that of a woman who died on the Lusitania and whose son was killed in battle not long after.

An Astonishing Case

In some jurisdictions the law provides that no second tax shall be imposed within five years, but this is not a uniform provision of all such laws. It is argued that a different heir pays the tax each time, and of course the rates diminish as the estate is broken up. But such consolation is cold comfort to a family which pays for the second or third time and sees the property wiped out; and, wherever justice may lie, successive deaths certainly inject a distinctly artificial as well as accidental element into the processes of taxation.

Consider this astonishing case. Several years ago a man left a very large fortune. Nearly $10,000,000 in taxes was paid. One of the heirs is now a hopeless invalid; in fact there are only a few vital functions left, mentality, sight, hearing, taste and smell having gone. This person, well advanced in years, is kept alive because of the best of care, there being a constant attendance of two nurses day and night. Life may linger on for years to come.

If this heir dies within the next few months there will be no second tax imposed on this estate under a certain jurisdiction, because the inheritance-tax laws of that jurisdiction provide that no second tax shall be imposed within five years, and the five years will not be up for several months as yet. But the estate has increased so enormously in value in recent years that if the spark of life in the worn-out body should continue after a certain day this spring there will be another tax, this time of perhaps as much as $15,000,000.

If I am correct in my understanding of these amazing facts, the payment of nothing or of this vast sum depends upon whether a few vital functions continue in one practically unconscious human body for a few minutes only. If any metaphysician can reason out the economic, social or ethical meanings and implications of such a set of facts he is welcome to do so. I admit freely that my brains are unequal to the job. I give it up, beyond saying that it shows what a gamble laws may at times become.

Among persons of means the high rates of income and inheritance taxation have naturally stimulated gifts during their lifetime, or *inter vivos*, to use the Latin and legal phrase. In view of the graduated and progressive rates it is obvious, of course, that anything which serves to split up either the income or the estate reduces the amount of taxes.

This splitting-up process may take the form of actual gifts or the setting up of trust funds. Secretary Mellon has stated on a number of occasions that this is one of the commonest methods of legally reducing taxes. A typical case would be that of a curious old recluse in one of the Eastern cities who owned, so it was supposed, real estate valued at $50,000,000, all within the

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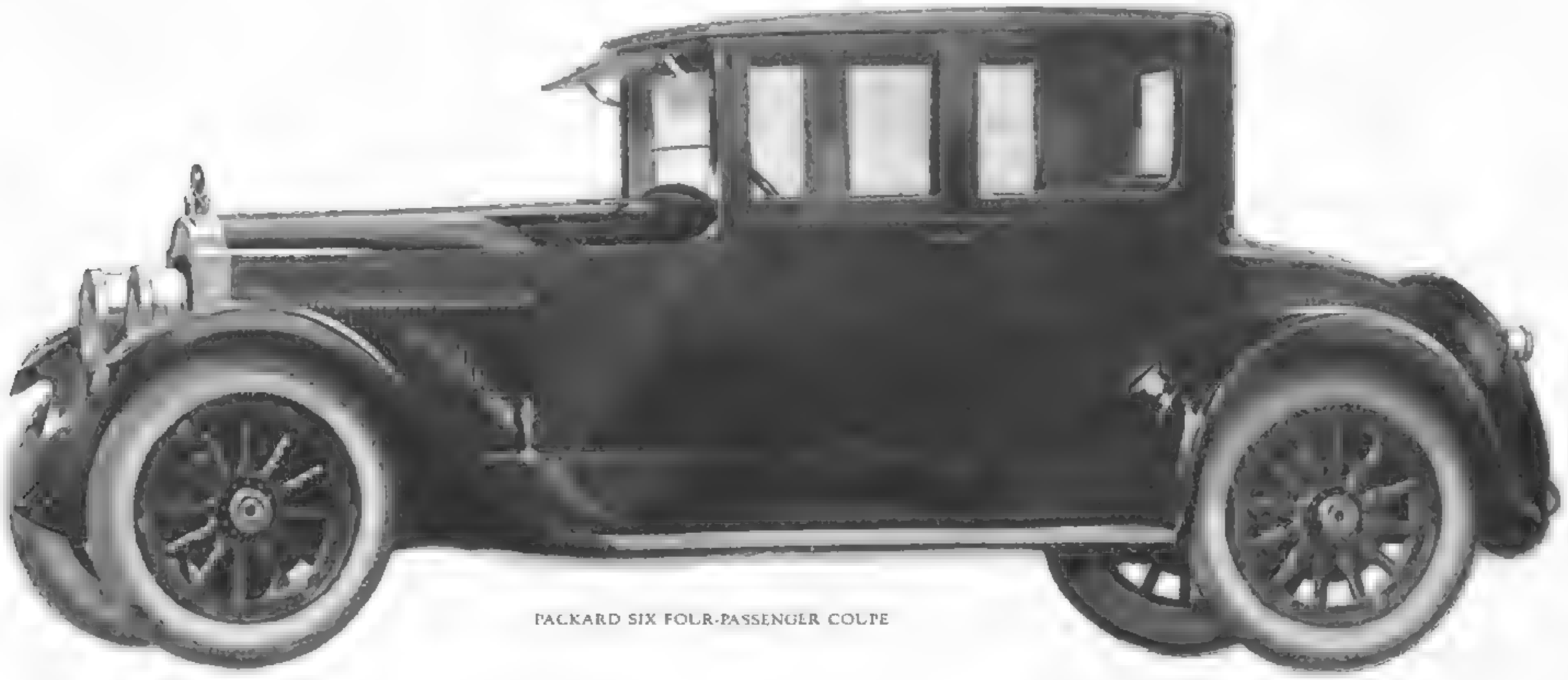

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"I have driven my Coupe 10,000 miles, with no expense, so far as upkeep goes. Carbon has been removed once and the valves have never been touched.

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Great! Your Ford is the sturdiest little boat—and the finest sort of a friend—in the world.

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Now, a spark plug is a little thing that can cause big troubles. In fact, it's so small that there's no good reason for using any but the best.

Lots of people feel the same as we do; so they are using Fyrac Z Spark Plugs.

They find the Fyrac Z puts more fun into motoring—because it takes trouble out of it!

The Fyrac Z is made especially for Ford motors—with full allowance for what a spark plug must do in a Ford. The porcelain will stand up under a blast furnace of heat. The "spark" is as dependable as Naval Observatory time. It's a *two-piece* plug—easy to take apart.

Soiled hands, spoiled clothes and roiled tempers don't go with a good time. Never let a Bolshevik spark plug ruin an otherwise perfect day. Do away *now* with the Bolsheviks—put in Fyrac Z Plugs.

60c each—or $2.40 for a set of 4 in a handy carton. Ask your dealer. Fyrac Manufacturing Co., Rockford, Ill.

Fyrac Night Guide, the Super Spotlight, $12.75

(Continued from Page 50)

city, and naturally taxable within the state. But after he had died it was discovered that six years before he had placed most of his property in six different trust deeds for his sisters and other relatives, and only $2,979,933 stood in his name.

At first sight it might seem as if a man would prefer to pay taxes on his entire income, or contemplate payment to the Government by his heirs, rather than actually part with the property during his life. And this is true of great numbers of rich men.

One of the commonest traits of human nature, of rich and poor alike, is a disinclination, a reluctance to part with one's own. There are exceptions of course, but most rich men prefer to die visibly rich. Much as they dislike to have the state demand a large share after their death, most of them contemplate such an event with more composure than any parting with title while they are alive. Vanity, love of power and other motives, all incline us to hold on to what we have, whether it be much or little.

"There is something in human nature, even in the nature of a parent, a father or a mother, that leads them to cling to their possessions and their wealth and not distribute their money until death comes," said a member of the United States Senate a few years ago when a bill increasing the inheritance-tax rates was up for discussion.

The senator then went on to say that a member sitting near by had just whispered to him that by making gifts to his children he could save $60,000 a year in taxes, but that he didn't care to do it.

"When one learns how to give, wealth becomes less burdensome," said a man who is credited with much of it and who is noted for his philanthropies, "but it is terribly hard to let go." This is natural because many of the richest men had to be very economical in their youth, and it is difficult for them to realize they are now in a position to give money away. In an interview which the writer had with John D. Rockefeller, Jr., published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST several years ago, Mr. Rockefeller said:

"My father says to me, 'It is easier for you, John, to recommend my giving away $10,000,000 than it is for me to give away $50,000.' That is easy to explain, however, because I have always had to think in millions while he began to think in dollars."

Thrifty Liberality

A noted philanthropist—not Mr. Rockefeller—once gave $10,000,000 for an educational object. The university president who had charge of the spending of the money was astonished when the bonds failed to arrive at the time set for their delivery in the fall. Several days went by and he became more and more worried. Finally he telephoned the office of the philanthropist and asked one of the secretaries what had happened.

"Oh, don't say a word," exclaimed the secretary in perturbation. "Don't you understand, Mr. X wants to collect the October coupon."

This is not the place to go into all the reasons why rich men do not wish to part with property before they die, even to their own wives and children and even when it effects an enormous saving in taxes. The one great club which a rich man has over his family is his wealth. The tastes of his children may be, often are, different from his own. They may show an inclination toward idleness and luxury which is abhorrent to the industrious and frugal founder of the fortune, but as long as he holds title to the property he can club them into a semblance of industry.

An officer of a trust company which handles thousands of trust funds for persons of wealth, and a lawyer with experience both in a state tax department and in private practice in the settlement of estates, each made independently almost identical statements, as follows:

"Even a man well along in years may live for a long time, and God help him if he has to live on the bounty of relatives to whom he has given away his money. They may be the loveliest relatives in the world before they get the money, but how they do change after they get it!"

But not all relatives are of this character, and besides a rich man can give away enough to reduce his taxes and still have plenty to live on. Despite all the natural reluctance to let go, there is no question but that high rates are forcing an increasing number of gifts and trust funds. One estimate has placed the loss to the Federal Government through this means of avoidance at $600,000,000 a year.

"Why, there are so many ingenious forms of deeds of trust and gift being arranged by the trust companies," said a tax expert, "that the next thing you know the trust companies will be breathing for their customers, buying theater tickets and pressing their clothes for them."

A shrewd, experienced lawyer in charge of much of the work for the inheritance-tax bureaus of one of the wealthier Eastern states told the writer that swollen fortunes are decreasing because of the gifts made to avoid the high surtax rates of the income tax.

"The breaking up of large fortunes is on the way now," he said, "but not primarily because of inheritance taxes. People resent the high income-tax rates and think they will beat the Government by splitting up their holdings. They think they are mighty smart in so doing, but they are serving a social purpose behind these Federal taxes. It makes them sore to have the Government take so much, but they are giving it away themselves."

Thirty years ago, when it was proposed to increase the British death duties, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer was told that the rates would be evaded by increased gifts. "I am on the side of the sons," he replied. Possibly this is not the sort of distribution of large fortunes which the public demands, but there is no denying that it is distribution of a sort.

"In many instances men feel that they ought to give their wives and children something," said the trust officer of an institution which specializes in trust funds, "but they want to hold the money over their relatives' heads as a club. The high taxes are an incentive for them to do what they know they should do but have delayed. I think if you asked these men whether the fact that there is now a profit in making such gifts has quickened their sense of responsibility to their wives and children, they would deny it, but such is the case."

"I will say to you frankly that I don't like the high rates of the income or inheritance tax," said a financial leader. "But they have had one good effect—they have forced the making of gifts. Take my own case. I have given large sums to my grown children, and what do you suppose one of my daughters has done? She has adopted six orphan boys. Now I should never have thought of doing that, but I am glad that she has."

But it must not be supposed that the reduction of either income or inheritance taxes through the medium of gifts is so simple as it sounds. It may be that the Federal Government loses $600,000,000 a year in this way, and that the state governments also lose heavily. But let no one suppose that the tax officials or the lawmakers are wholly asleep at the switch. Not so that you would notice it.

Gifts With Strings on Them

What great numbers of rich men have tried to do and are still trying to do is to eat their cake and have it too. We all realize that this is a difficult undertaking if the laws of physics are to be believed. But now and then the clients of very clever lawyers get away with it in the realm of taxation, especially if they are willing to fight it out to the limit.

Speaking in plainer terms, what many rich men attempt to do is to make Indian gifts or trust funds. They do not part with the money in reality. The gifts lack bona fides. What they are pleased to call trust funds are often merely wills. The rich man keeps the income and control of the securities to himself, although nominally and formally turning the property over to someone else. He hopes that he may thus reduce taxes and yet retain the property.

An old man put $300,000 of bonds in a safe-deposit box, and one fine day when he thought he could venture forth without danger to his asthma and rheumatism he led his three sons around, and handed to each son $100,000 in bonds, saying, "These are yours. Remember that I give them to you now, and remember the date."

Then the bonds were put back in the box and locked up. The sons never saw them again until after their father's death, and the father collected the interest on the bonds and kept the money for himself. The sons argued that the bonds should be exempt from taxes, but of course the courts ran through their contention like a team of wild horses. This they usually do if the gifts or trust funds are revocable. It is the irrevocable gift or trust fund which gets by.

There are cases, I believe, where courts have held gifts of a distinctly revocable character to be free from taxes because they never were revoked and the donor never showed the slightest intention of revoking them. Such were several of Andrew Carnegie's gifts. But, generally speaking, the man who wants to cut down his taxes by splitting up his wealth stands a far better chance of getting away with it if he frees his mind wholly from the childlike Indian-giving attitude.

But the most puzzling aspect of the avoidance of inheritance taxes by means of gifts and trust funds is the question of contemplation of death, a phrase which appears so often in the laws. If the courts hold that gifts and trust funds are made in contemplation of death, then they are void as far as escaping taxes is concerned.

To quote the language of one court decision: "If expectation or anticipation of death in either the immediate or reasonably distant future is the moving cause of the transfer," then it is taxable. But a question of this kind is very difficult to trace. Men of strong character do not talk much about their serious maladies, and even if they know that death is not far off they do not tell their friends and relatives of their fears. Even if the heirs do know facts which tend to show that the deceased expected death, it is difficult to compel them to divulge such information.

A Matter of Intention

To prove contemplation of death the state must to a large extent prove the intent of a man's mind, and that is always difficult. Some of the facts or conditions which tend to show motive are extreme age, an incurable disease like cancer, departure on a hazardous undertaking, the universal transfer of property on the part of the deceased, and the making of a will one day to be followed a few days later by the transferring of property.

If the state can prove the concurrence of several of these factors or conditions it then has a prima facie case, and the courts usually shift the burden of proof to the heirs who claim that the property is not taxable.

Several of these conditions may concur, but on the other hand the estate may be able to prove that the gift was in the nature of a marriage portion. A man worth several millions gave his children Christmas presents of $5000 and $10,000 each, not long before his death. But the court held that the gifts had not been made in contemplation of death because they were not a sufficiently large portion of the estate. Nor is there any doubt that a man often establishes a trust fund for his wife, not to avoid taxes but that she may have an immediate and constant income in case anything happens to him. Many gifts are made in real token of love and affection.

A man might give away his property at an advanced age and be suffering from a fatal malady, but if accidentally he should be run over by an automobile the following day could it be said that he contemplated death at that time? A man with cancer of the throat gave $17,000 to his daughter four months before he died, but the heir was able to prove that her father never knew he had cancer.

One trouble is that courts interpret a given set of facts differently. One court says that a certain set of facts shows that a gift was made in contemplation of death, and another court says that the motive was of a different character.

Governments protect themselves by a very arbitrary device, namely, a fixed time limit. With the Federal Government it is two years, with the British Government three years, and with the state of Wisconsin, one of the more advanced in these matters, six years. This means that if the donor dies within the time limit the presumption is that he made the gift in contemplation of death, which is, of course, a purely arbitrary assumption.

In other words, if a man dies within two years after making a gift the burden of proof that he did not make it in contemplation of death is on the estate, as far as the Federal Government is concerned; whereas if he should live three or four years the burden of proof would be on the Government. Very few governments seek to impose taxes

(Continued on Page 54)

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(Continued from Page 52

if the donor lives more than five or six years after making the gift. One result is that expectant heirs do their best to keep bedridden parents alive if gifts have been made but a short time before.

But this arbitrary time limit is an extremely crude measure. The official in charge of the inheritance-tax bureau of one state, a man whose business it is to collect all he can from gifts as well as from other sources, told me that the reason many elderly men make gifts to their sons is not at all because the father is getting old, but because the son is getting older. A moment's reflection will show the plausibility and reasonableness of this apparently paradoxical statement.

These gifts are made in many cases because the son has at last reached an age where the father can trust him. The father rarely has any confidence in his son at the age of twenty. But often when the son reaches thirty-five or forty he shows he can manage the business and has some common sense. About that time he begins to relieve his father of the responsibility of the business and shows ability to take it over. As a younger man he sowed his wild oats, irritated the father by being cocky and know-it-all, and was probably nothing but a financial drain on the old man. To argue that such gifts are made in contemplation of death is contrary to facts.

Consider the well-known case of John D. Rockefeller, now eighty-five years old, and his only son, who was fifty years old on January twenty-ninth of this year. Testimony of Standard Oil officials before a Senate committee two years ago showed that the elder Rockefeller no longer owns stock of any amount in these companies, but that the son is the largest owner in numbers of them. At that time the younger man owned stock in one such company alone having a market value of nearly $90,000,000.

Gifts for Family Reasons

There is the best of reason for stating that the largest portion of the Rockefeller fortune, not given away to charity, has now passed into the hands of Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., amounting, according to the more conservative estimates, to at least $500,000,000. Indeed the writer's understanding is that the Rockefellers are quite willing to let the public know that this transfer has taken place.

"Do you regard this as a move induced by the drastic inheritance taxes?" I asked a man who has had extensive experience in both public and private finance.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that such a thought had not occurred to the persons interested," was the reply, "but what could be more natural and human than to make this transfer? Such a fortune involves not only great responsibility but carries with it vast power. Mr. Rockefeller's health was such when he retired from business many years ago that he lacked the strength to enjoy such power. For a man who was in poor health when he was seventy to retain such responsibility until he is eighty-five, when he has a son of fifty whom he believes in, would be narrow-minded, unreasonable and bigoted."

A New England manufacturer died a few years ago, leaving a fortune of $8,000,000. On $6,000,000 the heirs have paid taxes without question, but on $2,000,000 they are contesting the state's demand. This man had two sons by his first wife, the elder of whom died some years ago. The younger son, although only about thirty, had shown great ability in helping his father manage the business.

Only five months before his death the father turned over to the only son $2,000,000 of stock in the family business, a controlling interest. The stock was put in a vault, where the son had access to it, and the father warned him not to tell a soul of the transfer, the only persons who knew about it being the father, the son and the father's chief legal and financial adviser. The father was then well along in years, had just had a serious operation following many illnesses, and a few days after making the transfer departed with his adviser for a trip through the battlefields of Europe, dying soon after his return.

Offhand it would seem as if the state had a cinch collecting taxes on this stock, especially as death within six months after making a gift constitutes a prima facie case for the state in that particular jurisdiction. But the facts are not so simple as they appear. It is probable that the real motives for making the gift were partly the father's confidence in the son's demonstrated business ability, and even more a desire that if his second wife should remarry after his death control of the business should remain with the son, who had worked so hard, rather than fall into the hands of a rank outsider. Personal and family reasons, not tax evasion, were the real motives.

Thus it will be seen that taxing gifts and deeds of trust is not at all simple, nor would the complexities of the question be disposed of entirely if Congress should place a special tax on gifts, irrespective of whether the motive is contemplation of death or not. Such a tax may go through the present session of Congress, so it is said at this writing. Nor are arguments lacking for it.

Why should the son who inherits $10,000,000 at his parent's death pay a huge tax, while the son who is given the same amount seven years before his parent's death escape taxes altogether? The possibility of making gifts means that one man is caught and another is not.

"We have all been misled by the fact that we impose a tax on the occasion of death," said Professor Adams several years ago. "The intrinsic occasion for imposing this tax is that somebody gets something for nothing. This is a sound, logical argument for a tax on gifts."

But such a tax might lead to new forms of evasion through fake sales at nominal values. It may be necessary as a revenue producer. But it is rather serious to tell a man who has accumulated money through sacrifice and self-denial that he cannot give any substantial portions of it to his loved ones without paying an additional tax. Such a measure hits the wholly innocent along with the guilty.

Although the names of numbers of persons of very large and even conspicuous wealth have been used in this article by way of illustration, the subject is one which has a far wider bearing. The writer was asking a Wall Street banker about the reputed difficulties of the Frick and one of the Harkness estates in raising cash to pay taxes, and he replied:

"What does it matter anyway? They don't count, they don't run business enterprises. If it costs them a little more or a little less to settle taxes, what difference does it make? Such fortunes are freaks, anyway, and it is their business to be liquid, to have securities which can be sold readily on the Wall Street market. But they are the rare exceptions, they are not typical of the average factory, store, wholesale firm, coal mine, newspaper, real estate or farming venture. The owner of the small or moderate sized manufacturing, mercantile, mining or real-estate concern is often tied up to the hilt in debts. Or at least his property consists mostly of a controlling interest in the business. Yet such an interest must frequently be liquidated at the very time when the business has lost the man who built it up, and the problem of converting such an interest into cash is far more important than what happens to the millions of a Frick or a Harkness."

Life-Insurance Protection

It is impossible to say how much of the shrinkage which often takes place in business partnerships and small corporations at the death of the founder or chief executive is due to the loss of this personality and how much is due to taxes. Clearly the rapid growth in the use of life insurance for the twin purposes of replacing the loss of a dominant personality and for payment of inheritance taxes, indicates an increasing and wholesome realization of the importance of both factors in business success.

In any case the coming of heavy inheritance taxation has been followed by a marked increase in life insurance. Not only have the companies carried on vigorous campaigns on the basis of the inheritance-tax argument, but there is a marked tendency toward the taking out of larger policies. It is said that 120 Americans carry policies of $1,000,000 or more apiece. Also the tendency is for individual companies to increase the limits of the policy they will carry on any one life, recent increases being as much as $50,000 or $100,000 in the case of several companies.

Yet the great fortunes whose contents have been exposed to public view in recent years, following the death of the owner, do not seem to have contained much life insurance. It may be unwise to generalize, but I am inclined to think that the larger life-insurance policies have appealed more to active men engaged in making fortunes than to the owners of the fortunes already made and already invested in more or less liquid and tax-exempt form. This is as it should be, for the active executive whose money is tied up in business is the one who should most fear the tax.

Trust funds are cheaper to set up than is the purchase of life insurance; that is, they constitute a cheaper method of reducing taxes. The rate of interest on a trust fund is perhaps a shade higher, and they have the great advantage over either life insurance or an outright gift that the wife and children are not able to get hold of the money and waste it. But on the other hand one must have actual accumulated capital to set up trust funds and to make gifts; one needs only income, not capital, to buy life insurance.

Life insurance is not a complete protection against the dangers of forced liquidation, which inheritance taxes have brought into being. Many persons are not in the physical condition which makes life insurance feasible, and numbers of those who most need such protection are too old to get it. Then, too, the Federal Government taxes life insurance itself in excess of $40,000.

But, after making every allowance, it remains true that life insurance is a protection in most cases against the forced sale and sacrifice of assets, the incurring of debts, the loss of control, the interference with a going business, and other similar economic disturbances caused by heavy death duties. Where life insurance is taken out, the very act which creates and matures the debt, death itself, discharges it.

A Prudent Arrangement

Life insurance provides a cash fund to pay the taxes which the Government demands, and at the same time permits the property to be passed on without reduction. Advantage can be taken of the discount for prompt payment. The estate remains intact, and the Government gets its money. Life insurance pays the tax for the estate and not from it.

I asked William J. Graham, vice president of one of the larger life-insurance companies in charge of its inheritance-tax and business insurance, whether he thought most business men are really prepared for the present scale of inheritance taxes. He replied that the best evidence that most men are not so prepared is the fact that when urged to buy insurance for tax purposes they say they haven't the money. But if they can't pay one year's premium now how, then, is their estate to pay from twenty-five to thirty times as much after they have gone?

Assume a property of $2,000,000 left by a hardware manufacturer to his wife in New York. Total taxes would be about $232,000. To provide that amount of insurance at age forty-five would cost considerably less than $10,000 a year, but most men reply that they can't afford as much insurance as that.

To which the life-insurance agent makes this crushing and complete rejoinder: "If you can't afford about $8000 a year now with your intimate knowledge of the hardware business, how are your executors, who know very little about running such an enterprise, going to raise $232,000 in cash?"

Life insurance has been used extensively in England to facilitate the payment of death duties, and will no doubt be used for the same reason to a constantly increasing extent here. The premiums paid for such insurance may be regarded as in a sense an addition to the income tax. In other words, a man simply pays taxes out of his income while living instead of having his heirs pay it out of principal after he has died.

It may be said that a man who buys insurance for inheritance-tax purposes names the public as his beneficiary. He really takes out the insurance for the benefit of the Government, just as much as if the agent wrote in the policy, "United States of America, Beneficiary." The man who pays for the insurance can look upon the expense in such a light if he cares to, or he can regard it as just another fixed charge added to his business, which, in fact, taxation tends more and more to become.

In any case, life insurance simplifies administration of the estate, and both facilitates and guarantees payment to the Government.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles on inheritance taxes by Mr. Atwood.

Stone Age Weapons Were Made of Champion Sillimanite

Back in the Stone Age, the cave men of what is now Europe fashioned crude, but sturdy weapons of sillimanite.

Today Champion scientists process this same rare mineral into the wonderful core that makes Champion the better spark plug; better because it always delivers a full, intense spark to the firing points.

The Double-Ribbed Champion sillimanite core is practically immune to breakage. That quality makes possible the exclusive Champion semi-petticoat tip, which remains free from carbon under the most trying engine conditions.

The wonderful insulating properties of the Champion core assure a full intense spark at all times. Thus more complete combustion occurs. That means better all around engine performance and a marked saving in oil and gas.

No other spark plug can have a core of sillimanite because Champion controls the world's *only known commercial supply of this rare mineral.*

Motorists everywhere now recognize that Champion is the better spark plug. That is why Champion makes more than two-thirds of all spark plugs produced—why seven out of every ten cars on the road are Champion equipped.

You will know new motoring satisfaction and you will be practicing real economy if you install a full set of Champions at least once a year. The seven Champion types provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine.

More than 90,000 dealers sell Champion. Any one of them will allow you to compare Champions with other spark plugs. The Champion guarantee on every carton is your assurance of complete satisfaction. Champion X is 60 cents. Blue Box 75 cents. (Canadian prices 80 and 90 cents).

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CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Why do babies Cry?

Every mother knows—"for literally hundreds of reasons". They cry for good reasons, for bad reasons—and sometimes, for no apparent reason at all.

But when the reason is a painful accident or irritation of baby's tender skin, there is one best way to relieve the baby—and baby's mother.

Pain and discomfort of the skin cannot always be prevented.
They can usually be stopped—quick!

HOW many things happen to baby's skin? Your own too. It may be an *accident* like a burn or a bruise today—a *condition* like a rash or chafing tomorrow. You should know in such cases what to do at once.

Do you know Unguentine?

In millions of homes, Unguentine is the first thought for skin accidents or irritations, a real "friend in need"—always handy in the medicine chest.

Unguentine is unusually effective. These are the reasons: 1. It *stops pain promptly*; 2. *prevents dangerous infections* because it kills germs in a few moments; 3. *heals quickly*, stimulating rapid growth of healthy cells; 4. *prevents needless scars* because it heals from the bottom and sides, upwards. Remember this about Unguentine.

Some of your friends probably know Unguentine. You should know it, too. When you do you will be glad you read this advertisement.

Put Unguentine on your shopping list today. Ask your druggist, he knows what Unguentine will do. Price 50c.

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Return this coupon. Test Unguentine yourself

THE NORWICH PHARMACAL CO., NORWICH, N.Y.
Enclosed find 3c for trial tube of Unguentine and booklet "What to Do" (for little ailments and real emergencies) by M. Webster Stofer, M. D. 58

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AFTERMATHS OF THE ARMISTICE

(Continued from Page 29)

Rosenhagel, a Village Built by the House Owners Themselves

black figures like columns of ants, pulling up the beet roots, trimming off tops and dirt and piling them in neat rows along the brown earth.

The whole landscape was dotted with tall round golden wheat stacks in rows along the borders of the stubble fields, or clustered thick and cozy around the old gray farmsteads. Certainly a land flowing with bread and sugar, if not with milk and honey.

There was a pathetic preponderance of women and girls among the workers in the fields—much larger than in prewar times—straining to make good war's terrible wastage of man power. But in the villages and towns this balance was partially redressed, for the work of rebuilding and repairing the ruined houses, shops, public buildings, factories and railroad stations, calling for heavy pick-and-shovel work and skilled artisans, was being done entirely by men.

And such cheerful, whole-hearted, intelligently directed work as it was! Everywhere that the twisted, shattered skeletons of the old buildings remained for comparison, the new factories, such as the sugar-beet mills for instance, were at least 50 per cent bigger and better planned, with every modern improvement to boot. The new houses are higher ceilinged, larger windowed, better lighted and ventilated, more healthful in every way than the old ones.

Conditions in France Improving

The new railroad stations are models not only of convenience but of simple architectural beauty and good taste in decoration. France is rebuilding for the future. And an admirable sense of practical proportion is maintained. In several of the smaller towns, for instance, the passenger station was housed in an old war hut, or wooden barrack, such as soldiers slept in along the Front, while the fine new freight sheds rose near by in the stately dignity of reënforced concrete, with domed glass roofs and traveling cranes and great steel-framed windows. Business before luxury is their motto, and a true one it is.

And what is most basic and vitally important of all, to the biologic eye, the human workers in this busy ant hill, crushed by the Prussian hoof, are vigorous and hearty, clear of skin, bright of eye, well fed and comfortably clothed; though, of course, as elsewhere in postwar Europe, clothes acquire merit with years and are valued for their length of fellowship like old friends or old wine, and visibly or audibly new raiment is considered bad form. Food is abundant, and by postwar standards moderate in price; and everyone seems to have a job, a place to sleep and three square meals a day. Nor is this appearance of simply astounding recuperation merely a superficial impression. It is absolutely supported by facts.

First and most fundamental, the official records show that the death rate of France today is actually lower than it was in 1900 and only one-sixth higher than in 1913. The great vital machine of the nation, the heart of the race, has regained its balance after the staggering shock of war and is throbbing normally once more.

Two things have made this triumphant comeback possible—food and control of infectious diseases. It is estimated that during the war more than one-third of the wheat land of France went out of cultivation or into enemy hands. The great Department of the North, most of which was *pays occupé*, alone furnished one-fifth of France's entire wheat crop before 1914. Now government reports show that three-quarters of this has been brought back into bearing and that, at present rates, in two years more the country will be reaping its full prewar harvest! The increase, for instance, between 1922 and 1923 was 20 per cent.

What is even more encouraging and significant, the yield is increasing faster than the acreage brought under plow. This means better and more up-to-date methods of cultivation are being used, and as one travels through the country one sees the reason why. On every hand the stubble is being turned under for next year's harvest by modern motor gang plows, which plow twice as deep and ten times as many acres in a day as the old ox or horse drawn plow. The brown furrows are smoothed and pulverized by disk harrows, and the winter wheat planted evenly and at precisely the proper depth by up-to-date machine drills, instead of being picturesquely flung abroad by hand at the mercy of the winds and the birds of the air, after the fashion immortalized by Millet in his Sower.

On inquiry we found that the peasants in many of the communes had clubbed together, at the suggestion of American and English war-relief workers, and bought all these modern agricultural implements, including mowing machines, reaping machines, steam threshers and farm motors, taking turns at their use, thus striving to make good their war loss of man power.

We were particularly struck with the fine quality and splendid condition of the horses and cattle seen in the fields; indeed, rather puzzled by it, knowing as we did—and as the records show—that 90 per cent of these animals, like everything else that was loose or worth its freight, had been eaten or carried away by the Germans, and the remnants left were not exactly pedigree stock or in prime beef condition. But it was quickly found that the government had wisely decided to restock only with improved breeds or high-grade animals in good condition, again looking toward the future. And it had taken a grim pleasure in enforcing these standards upon the yearly quota of cattle, horses, sheep and pigs which Germany agreed to deliver under the Treaty of Versailles. The German officials—of course—attempted at first to fill the quota with culls and crow baits and bags-o'-bones, but the French officers politely but firmly turned them back, insisting upon nothing but the best—and got it.

Rebuilding the Factories

Even with these high standards, two-thirds of the cattle, three-quarters of the horses and half the sheep and pigs owned in the invaded departments in 1914 have already been replaced. And when you add to this recapture of the sacred soil and its products, that more than 430,000 destroyed or badly damaged houses have been repaired or restored, and nearly 150,000 new ones built; that 7771 factories have been rebuilt and exactly 7771 are now running, with 70 per cent of the workers that they had in 1914; that every mile of railroad has been replaced; and that of 209 coal mines wrecked and flooded by the retreating enemy in 1918, 205 are now in full operation, some faint idea can be gathered of the superb recovery France has made in five short years.

Everywhere you go in France today you are faced with evidence that there is an aftermath of the war which is of high hope and promise for the future, particularly in the devoted care thrown around young children. The milk supply is carefully supervised and controlled and special preferences of earliest supply given to households with growing children. In districts where the supply is limited, selling not merely skim milk but even cream is prohibited under heavy penalties, so that all children and the mass of consumers shall get only full milk and not be deprived of their quota of cream by the few who are able and willing to pay high prices for it. In most of the hotels the visitor now can get only bottled or canned cream from Normandy and other dairying districts, which have such a surplus of milk

(Continued on Page 58)

A Section of Tergnier, Northern France, an Important Chemical Center, Rebuilt by the Nord Railroad Company for its Employes

Published every other week. Inquiries which your theatre manager cannot answer regarding players and directors, will be answered by John Lincoln, Editor, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from Associated First National Pictures, Inc

The purpose of this nation-wide cooperative organization of theatre-owners is to foster independent production, develop new talent and elevate the standards and art of the screen.

"Lilies of the Field"

AGAIN Corinne Griffith and again Conway Tearle this time in a rich drama of society, "Lilies of the Field." Pictures like this come only too rarely, for seldom does the screen catch the atmosphere of those dizzy heights of wealth.

Beginning March 17th this dramatic picture—the story of a devoted wife, a set of idle "lilies," pretty hot-house flowers of society, and a man cynical of the nobility of womanhood will unfold itself in many of the most splendid theatres in the country. Entertainment like this—staged in such surroundings—can bring the charm and beauty of a June evening into a blustery March night.

Who or what could fill the void when her baby was taken from her? Was there anything big enough or strong enough to hold her? Problems such as these make this fascinating story, "Lilies of the Field," ideal screen entertainment.

A strange contrast here—this young mother whose heart is held fast in the tiny hands of her baby, cast in the midst of the gay "lilies," richly gowned and jewel bedecked. Drama, threatening and swirling like a storm cloud, hovers over this luxurious dinner party—a scene from "Lilies of the Field"

"Sundown" Grows Bigger

BEN ALEXANDER, that lovable ten year older, has found an important place in the cast of "Sundown," epic of the passing of the old West. The big cast of favorites now includes Roy Steward, Bessie Love, Hobart Bosworth, Tully Marshall, Hal Wilson, Charles B. Crockett and Ben Alexander.

"Sundown" will be proof that the history of the present holds as much romance as the story of pioneer days

"The Perfect Flapper"

COLLEEN MOORE'S next picture? We've had so many people ask us folk who saw "Flaming Youth" and "Painted People" and wanted more of dainty Colleen. The news is out at last—it is to be "The Perfect Flapper." And who would better fit in such a picture than pretty, vivacious Colleen?

It looks like a duplication of the success of "Flaming Youth," for plans call for Milton Sills to appear again as Miss Moore's leading man.

The Great Screen Jury

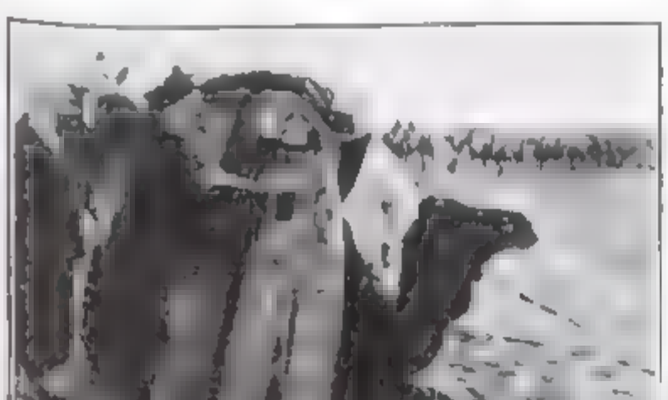
THE highest paid jury that ever sat in judgment of a case will appear in "The Woman on the Jury," a tense drama which will appear soon.

The jury box will be filled with eleven good men and true and one woman, even truer. Sylvia Breamer will be there—the central figure in the whirl of drama—and Frank Mayo. Others in the cast will be Lew Cody, Bessie Love, Hobart Bosworth, Mary Carr and Ford Sterling.

"Flowing Gold" in Flames!

FILMING a burning oil well is a lot of fun if only conscientious firemen don't come to put out the blaze. This is what happened to Richard Walton Tully when he was photographing "Flowing Gold" and it took half a dozen permits to argue the fire fighters out of the picture. But the thrill remains, including the daring rescue.

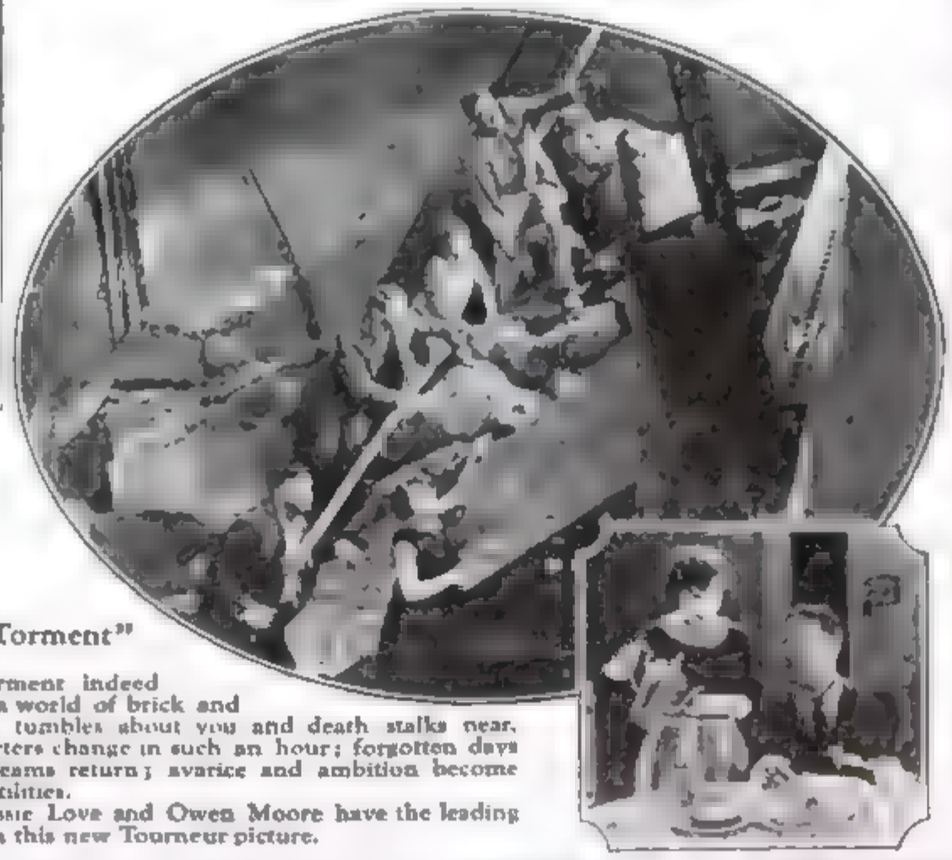
Count on Rex Beach any time for thrills and adventure. He has done nothing better than "Flowing Gold."



Movies in the Sahara

And now the eye of the camera's lens appears in the Sahara. This is no Hollywood camel; nor is it Arizona sand. Edwin Carewe sends us the picture from Algiers, where he is filming "A Son of the Sahara," and fortunately wrote us the name of the soldierly cavalier who does his romancing in the shade of the camel's back. It is Bert Lytell, bewhiskered and uniformed almost beyond recognition.

The Carewe company will return any day now with the completed picture, and "A Son of the Sahara" will soon be at your theatre.



"Torment"

Torment indeed when a world of brick and mortar tumbles about you and death stalks near. Characters change in such an hour; forgotten days and dreams return; avarice and ambition become silly futilities.

Bessie Love and Owen Moore have the leading rôles in this new Tourneur picture.

Entertainment Ahead!

"A Galley of Spain, or so it seems!" The adventurer mounting the rail of the English frigate sights danger and the burly navigator scents the fray. A hot chase is coming and a hotter fight, with ships lashed together and knives working at close range.

Adventure there was in those sixteenth century days and adventure today off Catalina Island, where Frank Lloyd has his movie fleet with 600 warriors and galley slaves performing before a battery of cameras—all for "The Sea Hawk," Rafael Sabatini's novel which he is filming.

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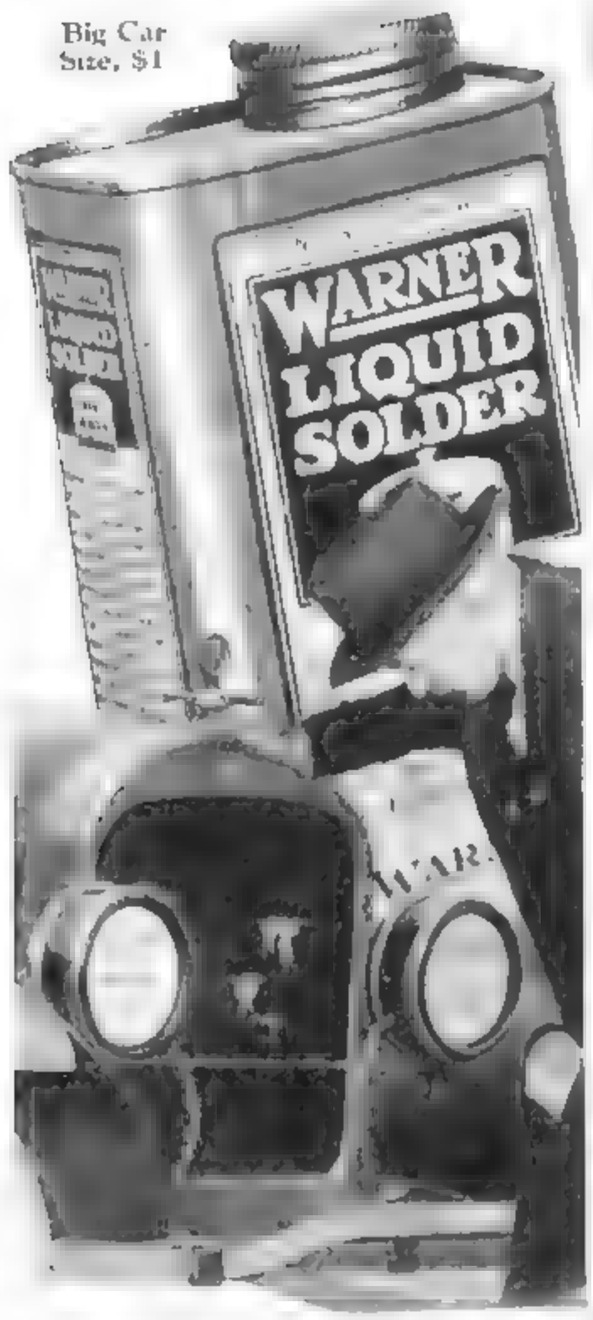

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(Continued from Page 56)

that certain second-grade types of cheese making with the skimmed residuum are profitable.

In almost every city one sees the *gouttes de lait*—literally "drops of milk"—milk stations with mothers' classes attached; beautifully housed *ecoles maternelles*, or maternal schools; admirable crèches, where the children of mothers who have to work in the factories are taken care of during the day. Most of these were in operation before the war, but have been spurred to a higher activity by its stern pressure; while since the war, and largely as a result of American relief agencies, many clinics for pretubercular children, with fresh-air homes out in the country, have sprung up.

One other by-product of the war, though of apparently minor importance, may mean much for coming generations. This is the greatly increased interest in the care and condition of the teeth, particularly in children. This was due in part to the Red Cross and other war-work organizations, but far more to the literally shining example set by the smiling and popular American doughboy. His stature, his athletic prowess and his good nature made him at once the hero and the exemplar of French childhood, to be copied and imitated in every way possible.

These children might not be able to grow so big, but they would at least have strong, white, shining teeth like his.

Well-Fed Londoners

This wave of emulation was promptly joined and reenforced by another of much more practical origin, started by the victorious *poilu* returning home from the war. Although there were some admirable school and other public dental clinics in France, a large part of the dentists before the war were of the imported or American type, with fees to match, and were regarded by the great mass of the workers as exotic luxuries of the rich and well-to-do. But during the four years of the struggle Jean and Henri had had their teeth treated and filled and put in first-class condition by the army dentists to increase their efficiency as fighting machines. The result was so much more comfortable and more effective for assault upon the crisp crust of the war bread that on coming home they at once began to look about for dentists who could keep up this enjoyable condition and extend it to their wives and children, who were more than willing. So these twin waves have continued to spread with rising intensity and in widening circles, until just recently grave and reverend professors and presidents of medical academies and colleges have been holding council as to how an adequate supply of dentists is to be provided to meet this new and unheard of demand for pretty teeth on the part of the youngsters and young ladies, and for good grinders by their fathers and mothers.

The British constitution, both legal and psychological, has always been proverbially replete with apparent anomalies and contradictions; and England is still running true to form. Her foreign trade is still far below prewar levels; her wage scales are vastly higher than before, and refuse to down with all the obstinacy of Banquo's ghost; she has a terrific war debt, still more appalling taxes, and an official record of more than 1,250,000 unemployed. As a result, those who indulge in England's favorite indoor sport of predicting gloom and disaster for their beloved country have certainly had some impressive figures to work with—and they have not neglected their opportunity.

To the innocent eye of the biologic observer, utterly devoid of economic or financial vision, there are some most curious contradictions. Whatever trades may be slack or dull in England, the business of eating in public is emphatically not one of them. To one familiar with London before the war, one of the most striking changes is the extraordinary growth and multiplication of food shops and tea rooms—even greater than the similar development in New York City since prohibition, and perhaps for a like reason, for the consumption of alcohol in England has fallen to about 50 per cent of its prewar level. At all events, they have sprung up on every corner, in the middle of every block and at intervals in between—tea shops, lunch rooms, restaurants, dairy lunches, bakeries, soda-water fountains serving lunch, and confectioners' shops with a wide range of eatables.

Their increase in size and splendor is almost equally striking. Former simple tea shops now occupy handsome and even magnificent four or five story buildings of their own, with an orchestra on every floor, and accommodations for from 500 to 2000 customers at once. And yet they keep their prices so moderate that they hold the same class of patrons as before. In addition to teas, they furnish substantial breakfasts, hot lunches or dinners, meat teas and suppers, including after-theater suppers, and some remain open all night. And seldom if ever is a single glass of liquor even seen.

One feature they all have in common, little, middle-sized and big—they are busy all day long, and at mealtimes crammed to the doors, so that it is difficult to find a seat and scores are often seen standing in line waiting their turn. When you do get a place you find your neighbors are doing themselves very well, as the English vernacular hath it; consuming not merely tea, bread and butter and scones or plain buns, which would have been their limit in prewar days, but quantities of rich, sweet little cakes and pastries—Napoleons, sultans, cream puffs, layer cake, Dundee cake, chocolate cake, and a special slice of delight called the *gâteau du jour*, to say nothing of fruit tartlets, sandwiches, French pastries, jams of all sorts, and even ice cream, and all of the most substantial and excellent quality. There is no gorging, but no economical skimping either; and whatever troubles of his own the English worker of the office force and sales force may have, he is certainly not underfeeding himself.

Nor, for that matter, does his industrial brother seem to be very badly off. If he has found work, he is generally getting good wages; and if he has not, he can almost always go on the dole and receive a sustenance allowance from the government while he waits, like the immortal Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up.

Indeed, a large part of the rather acrimonious protests of the heavily taxed are directed against this feature of the situation. "Why should a man work," they demand, "when he knows he will be paid for doing nothing? He will soon make unemployment his regular profession!"

It also helps to explain the enormous official total of unemployment in Great Britain; for, if a man who is out of work can get a small sum each week by simply reporting that fact to the proper authorities, he is naturally going to do so as often as the occasion arises. Thus Great Britain's unemployment figures probably come much closer to the absolute total than do those of most other nations. Moreover, all out-of-works over fourteen may be counted as unemployed laborers and draw the dole; also, England's total working population is about 13,000,000; so that a 10 per cent total of unemployed, especially when counted over such a long stretch of age, is really not so serious as 1,250,000 workless would at first seem. Indeed, the average unemployment, including seasonal trades, ran from 4 to 6 per cent in most countries before the war, as stated by Mr. Baldwin in a recent speech.

In the London Shopping District

Of course, there are shabby as well as shining exceptions to every rule; but, broadly considered, to the observing eye the average English worker seems better housed, better clothed, better fed and generally more comfortable than before the war.

The more well-to-do classes, though bitterly protesting against the really most formidable taxes that are laid upon large incomes, seem somehow to have enough left to exist on very comfortably indeed. Regent Street, the Fifth Avenue of London, is in the throes of a rebuilding period, and so looks at present as though it had been hit by an air raid; but to judge from the really beautiful buildings that have already emerged it will be so much improved that it will hardly know itself when all is finished. Huge department stores, feeling the need of more room, but not wishing to lose an unnecessary farthing's worth of their wonderful trade, keep their display windows going till the old building has been torn down to the level of the awnings, then knock up another set as soon as the new ground-floor framework has been erected, and start in again. To all outward appearances, at least, the Tight Little Isle is quite a long way from being *Spurlos versenkt!*

Belgium, the heroic little bantam cock of Europe, has also been coming back to normal with most surprising rapidity. The Ypres salient, of course, was so completely demolished that an absolutely fresh start has had to be made; and a wonderfully good one it is. Nearly all the new houses are solidly built affairs of brick and stone, embodying the latest developments in heating, lighting and plumbing; and they have been erected so rapidly, and the countryside cleaned up so thoroughly, that the signs of war are almost gone.

Other war-smitten towns, notably Louvain, whose wanton destruction was the high-water mark of kultur unadorned, have risen, phoenixlike, from their ashes and started on once more. The library and the buildings all along the main street of Louvain, as well as the houses surrounding the station square—now called La Place des Martyres, from the murders which took place there—have all been replaced with handsome, well-built and thoroughly up-to-date buildings. So the citizens of Louvain who survived that ghastly week in 1914 have actually a newer and better town than they had before. Nor is civic architecture the only type that is being triumphantly restored. Most of the shell-battered cathedrals of Northern France are undergoing a slow but splendid reconstruction.

Ruined Churches Rebuilt

The local limestone, when it is fresh from the quarry, can be cut with special handsaws and ground into final shape with a heavy knife; yet in a short while it will become of adamantine firmness, due to oxidization of the surface. This helps account for the century-long preservation of the Gothic carving in all its rich detail, while the plasticity of the material in its earlier stages explains the really extraordinary patches that are being put into partly shattered structures. The local masons, who know and love this docile yellow limestone as if it were part of their own family, will use it almost like a dentist would use an amalgam filling, slipping all sorts of odd-shaped blocks into exactly the spaces desired, and then working them and carving them until only their fresh color distinguishes them from the older work adjoining. All church rebuilding is being carried out with the utmost care and caution so that everything will be replaced, as far as possible, in just the same shape as it was before the war. The total amount of art destruction due to the war is going to be far less than we might even have dared to hope a few years ago. The cathedrals of Rheims and Soissons, for instance, as well as that Paris church which was half-wrecked by a Big Bertha shell, are but the most shining examples of this wonderful new system of restoration.

A rather rapid trip through Italy and along the battle fronts in 1922 gave one a distinct impression of general exhaustion, coupled with a vague dissatisfaction that went far to explain the subsequent triumph of Mussolini. The huge loss in killed and wounded had been out of all proportion to the property damage, to judge by western-front standards of destruction at least; and a single look at almost any part of the battle line showed the reason with tragic clearness, for a war zone more absolutely destitute of possible cover would be difficult to imagine. The arid, treeless, sun-baked levels of the Carso plateau, lying just west of Triest, quickly gave place to sharp-sided, cañonlike gorges no wider than a fair-sized boulevard—and about as easy to take cover in. Soon the line swept up into the towering heights of the Alps, 10,000 feet and more above the sea; and there it stayed. So that the heaviest fighting was above the villages and cultivated fields.

Some of the Italian exploits along this mountain battle line surpass the wildest dreams of fiction; and like their *teleféricas*, or flying cable railways, upon which the writer went aëroplaning from one soaring peak to another in 1917, must almost be seen to be believed; but all this wonderful work represented a staggering cost in money and a still more appalling toll of men. For not only was the cover of the worst, as no adequate trenches could be dug in the solid rock, but the very mountain sides, as if enraged at this invasion of their solitudes, scattered death and destruction far and wide.

As a cousin of the writer, who drove a Quaker ambulance on the Belgian front, and later was transferred to the Isonzo and Piave, explained it, "Up round La Panne,

(Continued on Page 60)

Announcing

A NEW HUDSON SEDAN

of Greater Beauty and A Finer Super-Six Chassis

In closed cars especially, Hudson has offered many beautiful types But never, we believe, has there been a model of such richness as this new Sedan. The upholstering is a different material than has heretofore been used.

But as pleasing to you as the Sedan will surely be, your greatest satisfaction will come from the chassis. The famed smoothness of Super-Six performance has been made even more attractive by refinements which assure prompt engine starting even in the coldest weather, as well as a greater improvement in gasoline and oil economy

We concede no smoother performance in any motor car A steady vibrationless flow of power gives to the new Hudson chassis an individuality that all motordom concedes.

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10 Shaves
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My Life Work

The finest Shaving Cream you will ever know

By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist

GENTLEMEN:

I have devoted my life to soap chemistry. We have here developed some of the greatest soaps created. One of them—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world.

Our greatest ambition for years has been to perfect the supreme Shaving Cream. And we have done that, beyond question. Millions of men now concede it.

1,000 men consulted

Our first step was to ask 1,000 men what they most desired in a Shaving Cream. All of them agreed on four things.

But one requirement, and the greatest of all, is something no man mentioned. They were not scientists. They did not know the prime requirement in a shaving soap. That is, strong bubbles which support the hairs for cutting.

We made 130 failures

We made up 130 formulas which we discarded. Each was better than the one before. But none, in our opinion, reached the utmost in a Shaving Cream.

Then we attained a Shaving Cream which met even our exacting requirements. Someone may make a better one, but not much better. Today Palmolive Shaving Cream is monarch in its field. It is winning men by the millions, as they try it.

* * *

Don't change from the cream you like now until you see what Palmolive Shaving Cream does. But make this test. You owe it to yourself and to us. Try ten shaves, and let the results show if we have excelled the rest.

Excels in 5 ways

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so one-half gram suffices for a shave.

It softens the beard in one minute. No hot towels, no finger rubbing.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

Super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting.

The palm and olive oil blend acts as a lotion, leaving fine after-effects.

PALMOLIVE
SHAVING CREAM

Follow with Palmolive After Shaving Talc.
An invisible way to that well-groomed look.

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(Continued from Page 58)

if a fair-sized shell hit more than ten yards away—well, you might get a lovely sand bath, but nothing more; it would bury itself peacefully and decently. But down near Gorizia, if a shell hit on one of those rocky hillsides 200 yards up above you, you were done—that's all!"

And then came the sickening collapse at Caporetto and the retreat almost to the edge of the Venetian lagoons. Small wonder that even the final victorious sweep into Triest and the annexation of Italia Irridenta failed to bring back Italy to full and vigorous national activity and life once more. But even then the workers who had gone back to the soil had promptly taken root again and were producing their own food and a good surplus for others, as their race had done so many scores of times before in their war-scourged history.

And now Mussolini, with his unerring appeal to the dramatic instinct of his countrymen, has drawn his nation out of this state of apathetic dissatisfaction and seems, as someone crudely remarked, to have jazzed it up to a surprising degree, so that its national outlook has once more become energetic and progressive. Its factories are humming, their output of goods rapidly increasing; food is plentiful, trade growing by leaps and bounds; while the white coal of water-power electricity to which she was driven by the coal shortages of war is proving a regular godsend and literally galvanizing her industrial activities into new and victorious life.

One example of the new national spirit may be seen in the reported plan to establish adequate playgrounds near every school in Italy, each with an adequately trained physician or school nurse in attendance. These latter will not only guard against minor accidents, but will also try to spread health information through the children to their families, so that the playgrounds will become centers of community hygiene as well as places of happy, well-directed play and activity.

So much for the Allied powers—but what of the lands beyond the Rhine? They have not been noticeably reluctant in calling attention to their own supposed sufferings; and, indeed, conditions were certainly bad enough at the very beginning, just after the Armistice. As has been said, the whole economic and physical frame of Germany began to crumble soon after the great *Friedensturm* of 1918 had ended so disastrously for its originators, and the general death rate exceeded by 20 per cent even the terrible holocaust of 1915; everything appeared to be headed straight for disintegration and chaos.

American Relief Work

Yet such is the recuperative power of the human system that in a surprisingly short time a fairly comfortable level was reached. The death rate dropped even faster than it had risen, and, despite the collapse of the mark and the constant threats of revolt and war, has stayed down ever since. And while death rates have gone down crop rates have gone up, until, according to latest reports, last season's wheat harvest is ample to feed the entire nation—if the farmers could be persuaded to sell for paper marks. For this really amazing return to normalcy the utmost credit must be given to the various charitable organizations, and particularly the American Relief Association, for the prompt and efficient assistance, chiefly in the form of food, which was given to the children of our late enemies. If it can be said of anyone that "his name shall endure forever," that man is Herbert Hoover, the head of that magnificent organization which counted the recipients of its charity not by the hundred or even the thousand, but by the million.

But while our organization was quite properly the largest and most powerful, smaller nations were equally generous in their own way. Several of the neutral countries which had a fair surplus of food and no war damage to repair took over thousands of half-starved, undernourished children from the Central Empires and fed them, clothed them and rested them for months on end, until they were as plump and rosy and happy as those of their own age in the lands to which they had come—and in some cases that was saying a good deal.

Switzerland, as might have been expected, welcomed thousands of them.

Many of these little ones, coming from Austria—which had suffered far more than Germany—were sent even as far as Denmark, Sweden and Norway, where, with the true internationalism of the very young, they promptly devised an infantile Esperanto of their own and got along famously with the children of their kindly hosts. Last year, as was found, they did not come. The necessity was past; their own country was at last producing food enough for everyone. All these new experiences, coming at the most plastic and impressionable age of life, can hardly help but have had a lasting effect upon the minds of these little strangers from a far country. If they have taken back with them even a part of that utter freedom from belligerent national conceit and that quiet sanity of outlook, which are among the most pleasantly prominent characteristics of the modern Scandinavian, the ultimate effects of this children's pilgrimage may be even more happy than the immediate ones.

And the Austrian temperament is in many ways well inclined to accept this new and more peaceful attitude towards the world in general. When the writer visited Austria in the summer of 1922, just before that country was, to its own immense relief, taken over by an international commission, he found the entire community working quite as hard as the treasury printing presses, whose unending stream of beautifully engraved notes were rapidly acquiring a purely artistic value, quite unconnected with any basic monetary utility.

Austria's Come-Back

But much of this Austrian energy had, alas, to be devoted wholly to the wild pursuit of the fugitive krone, for saving was quite impossible. The proprietress of an excellently run and very well patronized tea room in a mountain resort told us that though business had been good from the very start, the actual value of all their savings from the profits had gone down so fast that they could not even take a vacation of two weeks when the season was over, but must immediately hunt up some work for the winter to keep from absolute privation.

And yet in spite of such disheartening setbacks, such positive penalties on saving, the Austrians kept pegging steadily ahead. They are the only race the writer has ever found that could lament and labor with equal vigor at the same time.

The Austrians knew extremely well who lost the war; and while they naturally sighed for the good old days, they seemed resigned to the fact that they had passed. If they bore any special resentment towards the foreigner, they kept it very well to themselves. Everywhere we went we were treated courteously and fairly, and many even took occasion to express their gratitude for the work done by the American relief organizations after the war. It was only when we came close to the Bavarian border that the general attitude began to change and the *Ausländer Preis* came into evidence, together with various other small flare-ups of ill feeling.

Any nation which can come up smiling from under such a crushing load as the Austrian Republic has done well deserves the sympathetic admiration and support of the world that it has received. It is a genuine pleasure to know that such a hard-working, pleasant-tempered people, who were really doing their best to get ahead, are being put solidly on their financial feet once more, while the once-fugitive krone has become one of the most staid and respectable inhabitants of the international exchange lists, not having altered materially in value for more than a year and a half.

Last year, as has been said, they no longer needed to depend on charity, however willingly offered, to care for their little ones; and it is typical of them that as soon as they could get along without it they ceased to seek outside aid. For in spite of the desperate poverty that was so close at hand, beggars were a positive rarity in Austria—and, it may be parenthetically remarked, this is equally true of most parts of postwar Europe which the writer visited. One might naturally have thought that the havoc of the war, coupled with the economic tangles that have followed it, would have left a veritable swarm of widows, orphans, cripples and war wrecks to line the streets and dog the footsteps of the traveler wherever he might go; on the contrary, mendicants are generally conspicuous by their absence, and the few who do appear are mostly old-timers of the prewar vintages.

(Continued on Page 62)

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Our Representative calls at your home with samples and takes your order. Your mail man delivers the hosiery

Our Representative calls at your home with samples. You *save money* by buying fine, perfect-fitting silk hosiery *direct* from our mills at manufacturer's price.

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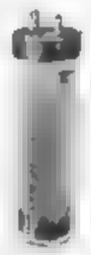

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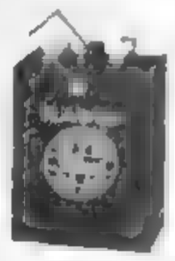

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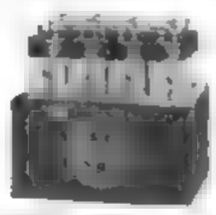

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The Leading Broadcasting Batteries

Because of their performance and economy, Willard Rechargeable B's are the outstanding batteries for broadcasting use. They have been adopted by 104 stations.

Willard
Rechargeable Batteries for Radio

[Continued from Page 60

Now, as never before, is the whole world realizing how infinitely precious are all the little lives that come into it every year. They are far and away the most treasured crop of any nation, the one upon which its whole future depends; and the attention now being paid to this field is, most appropriately, little short of worshipful. The nations are all out to make their country such a safe and pleasant and healthful place for the little newcomer that he'll want to stay right there and grow up into a sturdy and useful citizen.

With what vigor and success this campaign has already been waged in certain countries was almost whimsically shown by a case recently reported in the English papers.

An undertaker in a London suburb had gone into bankruptcy because, as he explained in all seriousness, the Infant Welfare Clinics were so numerous and active that they had simply ruined his usually profitable summer business of preparing and conducting babies' funerals, which filled in an otherwise slack season.

But though every care is being taken of the rising generation, there would seem to be a great and terrible gap torn through the very fabric of our civilization by those four awful years of carnage. How can the terrible crushing loss of life, the monumental, staggering total of 10,000,000 men killed in battle, swept away in their prime, possibly be recovered from short of a century or two?

Difficult as it is to believe, with the horror of it fresh in our minds, Europe was not a whit worse off five years ago than she was at the close of the Napoleonic wars, a century before, or than Germany after the Thirty Years' War in 1648, or France after the Hundred Years' War.

In the Thirty Years' War, for instance, instead of a loss of 10,000,000 lives out of a total population of nearly 500,000,000, the population of Northern and Central Europe is estimated to have fallen from 20,000,000 to less than 8,000,000! A loss of 60 per cent of its total inhabitants as against 2 per cent in 1918.

Our powers of recuperation are simply astounding, and one single comparison will give an idea why. Everything in this world is relative, and was even before Einstein's day.

This staggering total of 10,000,000 lives lost only equals about two yearly crops of babies born in the warring countries. So that for every man killed during the Great War two tiny babies, involuntary volunteers, were born to take his place.

Control Over Disease

But the greatest factor in the extraordinary recovery Europe has made in these five years has been our control over diseases and the causes of death. The lowering of the infant death rate alone, for instance, has been so striking as to go far to balance the war losses; so that the populations of England, France, Italy and Germany—allowing for lost territory and inhabitants—have already come surprisingly near to their prewar levels. Indeed, in England, during two years of the war itself, the saving of infant and child life by vigilant care and the good feeding from high wages in the munition works was so great as actually to exceed the war losses, so that the total population slightly increased, incredible as it may seem.

But this, though the greatest, is only one of many such influences at work. Nearly all previous wars have been followed by terrific epidemics of disease, such as typhus, typhoid, smallpox, cholera. Not only have these been conspicuous by their absence since 1918, save in unhappy Russia, but on the contrary modern methods of treatment and prevention which triumphed on a huge scale during the war, and won public confidence, have been brought back into the home community and continued, to save life and lessen sickness and disability. Typhoid fever, for instance, has declined markedly in both France and Italy, and become largely a disease of old men and children, because so many of the men were protected by the vaccine in the army. And the latter were so impressed with its value that since their return home they have been urging vaccination on their wives and children.

Some of our state boards of health are taking advantage of the spread of this war experience by returned doughboys from the front and the training camps to organize campaigns to clean up typhoid by vaccination in country districts where it is difficult to control the water supply, and with such gratifying success that they hope erelong to make typhoid as rare in the country as it is now in the cities.

In the case of typhoid's twin, camp fever, or typhus, our knowledge that it is spread solely by the bite of the louse enabled us not only to bar it out of all our camps during the war, but afterward to attack it and exterminate it in its native lairs in Eastern Europe; also to build an impassable *cordon sanitaire* of delousing plants along the Russian border, which alone unquestionably prevented a frightful westward epidemic sweep over all Europe, and even possibly to America, costing more lives than did the war.

Actually, and contrary to all expectation, some of the Allied countries are reporting since the war the lowest death rates in their history. So that the dazed and war-shaken peoples of Europe in their struggle back to normal conditions and comfort have had lifted from their shoulders a considerable part of that burden of sickness and premature death which is the greatest cause of poverty and crippler of working power.

Not only has our grip upon infectious and general diseases been tightened, but our dearly bought experience in the bitter school of war has greatly increased our ability to repair and restore the victims of industrial accidents of all sorts—burns, explosions, machinery, railroad wrecks while our improved treatment of broken bones and fractures has been almost revolutionized by the discoveries of the war wards in regard to splints, fracture beds and bar frames.

Reminders of a Noble Past

Last and by no means least, the high wages earned in munition works and the splendid rations supplied in the camp messes have set a higher standard of living and comfort which is not going to be lowered, and have already distinctly increased the vigor and health of the workers in several countries.

But, encouraging and hopeful as all these efforts are, it must not be forgotten that much of this apparent improvement marks a recovery rather than scores a new advance; only now, and very slowly, are we obtaining some conditions that are better than they were before the war. Though this is a consolation, it is but the slightest one for the fearful losses we have suffered which we cannot and should not ever forget.

In the beautiful old cathedral of Amiens, only a few miles from the front beyond the Somme, there are battle flags and memorial tablets from almost every branch of the English-speaking race—America, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and Newfoundland, that heroic little island which has been raised from the status of a province to that of a dominion in appreciation of its courage in the war. These emblems will remain there always to remind generations yet to come of the heroism and self-sacrifice of the 400,000 Allied soldiers who sleep forever on the quiet rolling hillsides of the Somme. From all the world they came, and now all the world will make their graves a place of pilgrimage. The traveler of the present needs no reminder of the fearful days that have passed; the crumbling ruins, the piles of débris that were houses, the twisted chaos of the old factories, the jagged, shattered stumps of trees—all these bear witness to the hurricane of death which raged over these fertile plains for four unbroken years. Yet even in the midst of the ruins life has begun again; new, well-built houses rise on every hand; factories, larger and better built than before, find excellent railway equipment all ready to serve their needs; the trenches are being leveled or caving in; the trees are growing up once more. Nature is more forgiving than man, and in another decade it will be hard to realize the horror that has vanished so completely. So it is well that the inscriptions in the cathedral of Amiens will serve as everlasting reminders long after all other signs have passed.

Perhaps this very thought was in the mind of the erectors of the Newfoundland memorial, for they have closed their inscription with words from the Holy Writ which might have been spoken by all who fell:

"Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us."

NASH

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN.

1924 Nash Sales Are Already Setting New High Records

January rolled up the greatest volume of business ever credited to any January in the history of the company.

And as this publication goes to press there are on our books actual, bona fide orders guaranteeing February a sales total that will outstrip the best previous February Nash has ever enjoyed.

Comment upon these impressive facts is scarcely necessary.

They paint their own inimitable picture of the powerful influence the refinements and improvements now embodied in Nash cars are exerting upon the buying preference of the American public.

569

(2688)

Send for this booklet

You can escape the dirt and noise of the congested city without sacrificing comforts that have made city life so desirable.

Modern plumbing—bathroom with hot and cold water, shower, lavatory, toilet—may be yours in the suburbs as well as in the city.

Any home—anywhere—may have running water under pressure—just like city water service with a Duro system. No longer are you restricted to the limits of the municipal water mains.

DURO
Water Systems

Are built in many sizes—for bungalow or country club; for cisterns, for shallow wells, for deep wells. They may be either electric motor or gasoline engine driven. They are compact, powerful, automatic—nothing to attend to or watch.

And to make it easy for you to select the best water system—the one that will give you the most service for the least money—we have prepared the booklet "*How to Choose a Water System.*" It takes the guesswork out of buying a water system. *Send for it today.*

The Duro Pump & Mfg. Co.
503 Monument Ave. Dayton, Ohio

Largest Manufacturers of Water Supply Systems, Water Heaters and Water Softeners

Tear off and Mail

Duro Pump & Mfg. Co., 503 Monument Ave., Dayton, O.
Send me your booklet "How to Choose a Water System."
Name
Address
City

THE POETS' CORNER

At Night

WITH your oar touch the lake
Quietly, or it will break.

See the little ripples spread!
See the big stars, overhead!

See the mountains and trees float
Upside down under the boat!

Throw your head back, and just stare
Up and up for worlds are there

Millions of them – dipped in Sun
When God made such things for fun.

Do not speak. Tonight I know
What love is and why and so

You need only touch my hand
Silently – I'll understand

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Progress

THIS is the tale that the lonesome wind
On a lone night told to me,
Where I made my bed in a forest thinned
By the white man's industry,
Out by the western sea.

Black tree skeletons on the ground;
Black tree skeletons all around,
Gaunt and pitiful in the night,
Held bare arms to the weird moonlight.

Ashes there and the ghosts of things;
Whispering leaves and the flush of wings
Things that were, till the White Man came
And wrote the history of his shame.

High in a charred crotch propped the moon;
I lay and harked to the mournful croon
Of the lonesome wind as it told to me
This tale of the White Man's infamy:

II

Out of the east, when the land was new,
Over green valleys I blew and blew;
And the land was good and the streams were sweet,
And the blossoming hillsides ran to greet
The sparkling edge of the river's brink,
Where the ignorant Wild Man stooped to drink.

But a Civilized Man came out of the sea,
And he tamed the land with his industry.

Good-by, beauty;
Progress comes!
(Sewered slime from his reeking slums
Lying awash on the sparkling brink
Where the ignorant Wild Man stooped to drink.)

III

Westward I blew till I found a place
That was still unknown to the grim white face;
Billowing prairies aflame with bloom;
But the White Man came with his cry,
"Make room!
For Progress marches; and in her van
I carry the banner of Civilized Man!"
Good-by, beauty! Hello, plow!
(Three blind pigs and a poolroom now
Stand on the spot where the goldenrod,
In the Wild Man's day, smiled up at God.)

IV

Mourning the vanished sweetness there,
Westward I blew to a land more fair,
Where the warm sunshine and the gentle rains
Fell like a benison on the Plains.

Here were the wide fields that I knew
When the world was young and the land was new;
I laughed in the sweet grass, and I blew
Down the mighty sweep of that glorious place,
Seeing the splendor of God's own face.

But the White Man came with his cry,
"Make room!
For Progress comes with her changing loom,
And the warp she weaves with her skillful hand
Will make a Paradise of this land!"

Good-by, beauty! Hello, greed!
(Old tin cans and the stinking weed
Cover the glade where the gentian blue
In the days of the ignorant Wild Man grew.)

V

Sadly I blew to the great green hills
Of the farthest west, where the morning thrills
To the first bird song, and the eagle's nest,
Sentinel-like on the skyward crest,
Watches the great sea flowing west.

Trees – a myriad wonderful trees;
Springs, and a myriad humming bees
In a myriad blossoms; and over all
The joyous song of the waterfall.
I thought at last I had found a land
Safe from the Civilized White Man's hand.

But he came again; and the heart of my west
He hacked from its bosom. . . and burned the rest.

Good-by, forest! Hello, death!
Out of the red fire's blighting breath –
Listen! . . . The charred old skeletons say,
"Misnamed Progress passed this way!"

VI

Here and there they have set aside
A few old trees, with their arms still wide
To the winds of God; and the reverent hears
The whispering tongues of a thousand years.

Old? They were old when the world was young!
The mating song of the spring was sung
In the kindly heart of each brave old tree
When the good Christ walked on Galilee.

But the years creep by and greed creeps in,
And the specious law with its sophistry thin,
And the stealthy ax. A noisy town
Clamors for shingles. A brave old crown
Stoops—and a patriarch crashes down.

Dust –and the hiss of the following fire;
Smell of the grave and the funeral pyre;
Progress comes with a boom of drums,
And the sawmill shrieks and the mill wheel hums,
And the black smoke hangs like a ghastly pall
Where the sweet wild rose once covered all.

VII

What will the Civilized White Man say
On the awful morn of the Judgment Day,
When voices up from the Future roll,
Shaking the core of his guilty soul—
"We are the voices of Those to Be,
The good green land from sea to sea,
The tree ranks marching mile on mile,
That the good God loaned you for a while

"We are the heirs to a bounteous age;
What have you done to our heritage?"

Ashes and dust
From the altar fires of our money lust!
Money was God, and we served him well;
We entered heaven –and left it hell.

—*Lowell Otus Reese*

To a Friend

HOW unutterably far
You are!
Even when you draw near, I know
You stand where I can never go.

How unutterably fair
Your hair!
And I am sure that when you smile
All of the angels do, awhile!

There is a something vaguely sweet,
And fleet,
And beautiful, and true, and frail
In you. I love to watch your pale

Young face –I would guess each thought
That's caught
An instant in your mind and heart;
Blunderingly I play my part

And but in this alone I'm wise:
I prize
In you not that which I can see,
But what eludes, and saddens me.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

Music, Darn It!

MY TONGUE discoursed of world affairs,
Of ills that were or might arise,
Of diplomatic wiles and snares
And clouds of war in foreign skies.

"You know," said he—why should I know?
"That march by Karl Kollentikum
Those grand crescendo bars that go
'De-dum, de-dum, de-dum, de-dum'?"

With eloquence and wit I told
Just why the rent was going up,
Just what I did to cure a cold,
And how I won the Stewards' Cup.

Said he, "Now, there's a haunting thing,
A fugue of Estipol Charee
With such a vibrant lilt and swing!
It runs 'Da-dee, da-dee, da-dee.'"

I spoke of science, letters, art,
Of sport, of what and where to eat,
Both table-d'hôte and à la carte,
Of winter frost and summer heat.

Said he, "I just adore that theme
In Gobuloff's The Padishah;
He calls it Zorohade's Dream;
It goes 'Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la.'"

From prunes to politics I turned
And sagely weighed the vote of Maine;
My thoughts that breathed in words that burned,
Or should have burned, I poured in vain.

Said he, "The Danish cellist, Skrent—
You really ought to hear him play ——"
Before he told me how that went
I went away, away, away.

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

A SOUTH SEA BUBBLE

(Continued from Page 5)

cutlets were practically washed away; and inasmuch as the chicken which I have ordered to follow them is in no sense a water fowl, I thought ——"

"Oh, go to the devil!" said Vernon.

He had lost his sense of humor for the first time on record. His soul was in danger.

There is only one further incident to add to the score of the day's disasters. It took place at a rather rowdy pothouse known as the Seven Seas Club, where a number of men had gathered together for the purpose of expressing, through the medium of alcohol, rejoicing at the success achieved by a certain Mr. Atwood in finding the winner of the Grand National. Mr. Atwood had made a pot of money; it bulged from him everywhere. In his own picturesque speech he described himself as being "all over the stuff." The liberality of the entertainment he provided proved him to be a good fellow; nay, more, the very best of fellows. Nearly everyone was drunk, and with that strangely limpid vision, which is one of the greatest blessings drink bestows, they saw in Atwood qualities of grace and excellence [illegible] undreamed of. Again and again was he called upon to reveal by what miracle of foresight he had picked the winner.

"My dear boys, I got sixty to one five weeks ago. Planked on a hundred with old Johnny Dive. And on the course I was so

Continued on Page 66

The finest thing in the world a happy *healthy* family

A Health Beauty Talk by the Health Doctor

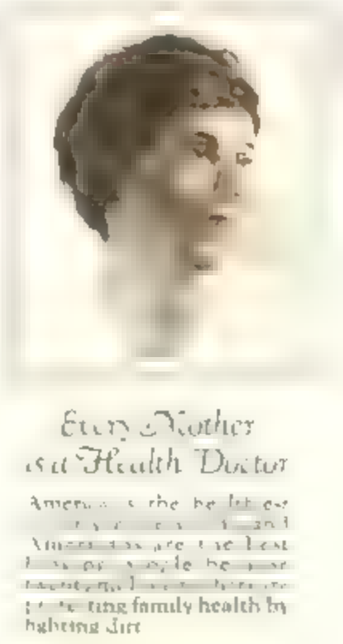
I SIMPLY cannot find the words to express the emotions aroused by this lovely picture. The original painting is before me as I write—I wish it could hang in every American home. So I am going to be intensely practical instead.

It was meant that everyone should be well. Sickness is unnatural—and to a large degree preventable.

I think all the great doctors and health commissioners would approve the following statement:

There would be little sickness
in a perfectly clean world.

We mothers can't avoid *all* the danger. We can't wash other people's children. We can't prevent "carriers" of disease germs from depositing bacteria on the things our children and husbands constantly touch — money, books, telephones, car straps, door knobs, etc. But we can see to it that our loved ones constantly *purify* hands and faces with Lifebuoy Health Soap and millions of mothers do just that.



Because we *know* that Lifebuoy removes germs from the skin. We know that ever since Lifebuoy entered our homes we have had fewer colds—we have been saved from the midnight terror of sudden fevers.

Only healthy skin is beautiful

And more than that, our skins have been softer and finer textured. The little ones have not developed ugly rashes or pimples. And our own mirrors reveal that lovely underglow which is the secret of a radiant complexion.

I know Lifebuoy to be as fine and pure as any soap ever sold at any price. I firmly believe that it is the surest everyday protection that any family can have against the danger in dirt.

It agrees with your skin.

The Health Doctor

Send 10 Cents for
My book "Health Beauty"

I am sure that it will be a real help to you in protecting the health and beauty of yourself and your children. It is charmingly illustrated in color and bound in stiff covers—a regular library book. It will be mailed to you if you will send 10 cents to Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The wholesome odor vanishes but the protection remains

Stacomb

Controls Unruly Hair

even after washing

All kinds of unruly hair is controlled by STACOMB.

Men need no longer have soft, fluffy hair that "flies;" stiff, wiry hair that stubbornly stands straight up; or dry and brittle hair that looks untidy. STACOMB keeps the hair combed—just as you want it—no matter how unruly it has been before.

Spread but a little on the finger tips when you comb your hair in the morning, but rub that little well into the scalp. Then comb and see the difference, if your hair has been unruly.

Delicate Luster

STACOMB adds a soft, delicate luster that "livens" up the hair. Almost a necessity after a shampoo, for it replaces the luster lost when the natural oils are washed out and leaves the hair soft and pliable so it's as easy to comb as before.

Women Like It, Too

Women have found that STACOMB controls short, stubborn locks and loose, vexing strands. It is the finishing touch to a carefully prepared hairdress for women. Fine, too, for the popular "Egyptian Bob." Supplies the gloss and keeps the hair close to the head.

Valuable in training children's hair. Boys like it for their pompadours.

Send coupon for free trial tube today—only one to a family.

STACOMB is for sale at all drug counters. In tubes 35c or larger jars 75c. Men will find the tube a handy convenience for traveling. Demand STACOMB—the original—has never been equaled. In black, yellow and gold packages.

Tubes—35c
Jars —75c

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New York, St Louis

Standard Laboratories, Inc.,
113 West 18th Street, New York City, Dept. A-24.

Please send me minature free trial tube

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(Continued from Page 64)

plumb sure it was the goods I took a chance and put up another two fifty at a hundred to six."

"Did you?"

Everyone in the room heard the quiet, menacing voice that spoke out of the shadows by the door.

"Two fifty, Atwood, I think you said."

"Hullo, V. W.," said a voice with a hiccup. "Wha's the trouble with you?"

But Vernon Winslowe paid no heed to the question. He walked straight up to Atwood and dropped a hand on his shoulder. Curiously purple Atwood had become all of a sudden. His smile of welcome was sickly.

"Five weeks ago, eh?" said Vernon. "Five weeks ago, Atwood? I didn't ask you for that tip, you remember. You offered it—you remember that, don't you? You gave it to me as a friend. I suppose you took my bit yourself, eh?"

The courage of alcohol stimulated Atwood to reply.

"What's wrong if I did?"

"Nothing in the world," said Vernon slowly. "Nothing in the world. It's sound finance to give a man a certain loser and collar his stakes. Nothing wrong if you can find a man who's fool enough to stand for it." His voice suddenly broke upwards. "I'm going to tell the lot of you what I think ——"

The ring of inflamed faces turned toward him in anxious expectation.

"You—you ——" And suddenly he stopped short and threw up his head in a kind of laugh. "You clever gentlemen! I suppose I should be grateful for the lesson, and profit by it—and profit by it."

His departure was as unexpected as his arrival.

III

THERE is a song which in recent months has achieved popularity mainly on account of possessing a doleful and plaintive last line. Each verse recounts pithily a series of disasters resulting in the decline of some unhappy victim from virtue into vice. The tidings of fall are recorded by the simple phrase, "Another good man gone wrong," and in no single instance would the fallen appear to be to blame. A concatenation of unkind incidents—incidents over which he had no power of control—was responsible. Now the case of Vernon Winslowe was in point, for he was a generous and chivalrous gentleman brought to ruin through no other fault than credulity and a desire to improve the lot of his fellows. Granted ability to express oneself in verse, it should have been possible in four metric lines to have said all that has been recorded in the earlier chapters, and thus have advanced more rapidly to the point at which this story takes a more unusual turn. In the absence of a lyrical gift, let it be said in plain prose that Vernon Winslowe, D. S. O., D. S. C., was beyond question a good man for all that uncharitable circumstance twisted him out of the straight course into the crooked.

For what follows, heredity may to some extent be held responsible. The archives of the house of Winslowe provided plenty of parallels in which Vernon's forbears had acted with more violence than tact. Dotted down the ages were records of wild deeds carried out by Winslowes both on the side of law and against it. Fletcher Winslowe, after a gallant career as a sea rover, ended his days unhappily in a brush with a Russian sloop somewhere in the Baltic. He was captured, faced his trial ashore and subsequently was hanged on a raft gibbet with a couple of iron hooks beneath his ribs. For sixteen hours he lived, swinging from his chains, while the raft drifted downstream past town and village toward the sea. It was a cruel end for a man who everyone admitted had been a genial rascal.

Then there was Roger, who in his day had been one of the hardest riding, hardest living, hardest drinking and most generous of Cornish squires. A portrait of Roger hung over the mantelpiece at Vernon's rooms in Duke Street. A keen, cold-eyed man with a mouth like a steel trap and a mighty pair of hands. Roger had lived in the old gray house at Peranporth where Vernon had spent his boyhood. Roger's body lay in the little graveyard at the back of the village. Beneath the creeping mosses that wove a green coverlet over his granite headstone were engraved the words: "Roger Winslowe, 1589–1643. Gent Adventurer." Time had effaced the line that followed: "His Sins Were Many—His Virtue Was in Courage."

A yellow MS. set forth how, after being the darling of the duchy for a matter of sixteen years—a man beloved by great and humble, a very pattern amongst squires he had suddenly disappeared, taking with him the plate from the family church, a horse and a few trinkets from a neighbor, and a bag of money belonging to a cousin.

On the morning of his disappearance a tragic discovery was made of three dead bodies in the walled-in garden at the back of the house. All three had died of rapier wounds in the throat; their swords lay on the grass beside them. The bodies were identified as belonging to the family lawyer and two other gentlemen well known in the district. A terrified servant made a deposition to the effect that the two gentlemen seconded a duel between Roger and his lawyer. The duel arose out of an argument in which Roger charged his lawyer with a series of frauds against the estate. The affair was short and sweet and ended in Roger's favor. Whereupon he turned to the two seconds and engaged them.

"Gentlemen," he is reputed to have said, "you have witnessed the dispatch of one who violated a trust. You, too, have violated a trust even more sacred—the trust of friendship. Thanks to my friends, I am a ruined man. Guard yourselves'"

In three minutes it was all over, and half an hour later Roger Winslowe, on a stolen horse and with the church plate in a sack strapped to his saddlebow, was galloping across the country towards Plymouth.

The identity of Roger Winslowe with that of a famous pirate who some time later made an unwelcome appearance on the trade routes in China Seas was only established after his death. He had grown a beard and much of sweetness had gone from his voice. The one man who recognized him and foolishly cried out his name was, with expressions of the deepest regret, constrained to spend his remaining years marooned upon an island in the South Seas, such as provided an example of the eloquence of silence.

For ten years Roger Winslowe harried the China trade and amassed an immense fortune, the bulk of which was believed to have been buried in a hiding place known only to himself. During that period he earned a reputation of being the Robin Hood of the seas, for despite his austerity and predatory habits he rarely if ever committed a brutal or unchivalrous act. He took money and jewels and he left behind a sense of privilege and a pleasant memory. Fever and ill health pursuing him, he returned to England, bought back the old house in Cornwall and occupied it under a false name until the date of his death.

Many there were who thought they recognized in the black-bearded, one-armed man the light-hearted and cavalier young squire who had disappeared a score of years before under such exceptional circumstances. These thoughts, however, they kept discreetly to themselves, for many blessings flowed from the granite house and there was that in the eyes of the old man which argued danger for whosoever should prove traitor against him. One day he announced his intention of taking a voyage to the South Seas for an object which he would disclose to no one. Indeed he was actively engaged in fitting out a ship when the hand of death closed upon him.

He left behind a full confession of his misdeeds, a forgiveness for the friends who had brought him to ruin, and a handsome bequest of plate to the church he had despoiled. But of his hidden treasure there was no mention. The secret of its hiding place died with him.

It was to the portrait of Roger Winslowe that Vernon addressed himself when at an A. M. hour of the night he entered his chambers. The new generation spoke to the old across the gulf of separating years in a tone that was bitter and angry:

"History repeats itself, Roger! They've served me as they served you, but there are no dead men on the grass to show what I feel about it."

The same cold glint in the painted eyes was reflected in Vernon's—the dead and the living were strangely alike.

After leaving the Seven Seas, Vernon had marched through the streets fiercely struggling with the savage and revengeful impulses. A desire to hit back obsessed him—to hit back not with his hands, but with the same cruel and invisible weapons that had brought about his own destruction. At about one A.M. he had found himself before the doors of the Midnight Legion Club, and acting on a sudden impulse he entered, seated himself at an empty table and ordered a bottle of wine. In the past he had spent many jolly evenings at the Midnight Legion, amused by its smart-set naughtiness and air of tired but determined gayety. Tonight the complexion of his thoughts warped the easy view he had been used to take and endowed the entire gathering with an air of cynical vice.

He saw no humor in the spectacle of a famous actress, who that morning had appeared in a successful suit for divorce, taking supper and dancing with the husband of whom she had rid herself. He saw nothing but false values in a system that made such an anomaly possible. It was a hideous phantasmagoria made up of married men who whispered passionate insincerities into the ears of other men's wives; dudes who driveled in loud falsettos, braying of love affairs, of caviar and Russian vodka; young men tremendously strong and silent and possessed of the rare gift of dropping their voices to complete strangers; women with pink lips and brown, smudgy eyes with drooping lids that were only raised at the provocation of a direct affront.

The Midnight Legion! The very flower and chivalry of England's manhood and womanhood disporting themselves at the rate of about a shilling a second, making shameless confidences to shameless confidants, drinking too much, talking too much and thinking never.

The Midnight Legion! The smart set the best people! What a travesty it was what a midden! The very scent of the place was enough to turn a man sick. Leaning against a wall, dabbing at his mouth with the wet butt of a dead cigar, rolling his head from side to side and breathing the slow, staggering breath of half drunkenness, was one of England's most brilliant men. Clinging to his arm, laughing into the sodden face, was a girl—a thing with bobbed hair—a child almost. A child? A crook! Taking advantage of the great man's weakness to advance a pretended acquaintance.

And this was life—and these were men and women—of such as these was the world composed. Tricksters, libertines, laughing liars and frauds. The same everywhere. Vernon Winslowe's desire to be avenged on those immediately responsible for his ruin and the loss of his faith suddenly developed a wider application. Why should the weapon be discharged at a limited few? What did it matter who should be struck when the shot was fired? One man or woman was as bad as another. Yes, it was fair enough—and even if unfair, what matter? He would cram the barrel to overflowing, loose off blindly and let fall who might. How best to do this thing was the question; how best, how cleverest.

He rose, beckoned a waiter and signed his bill. It was the first time he had signed a bill with no intention of paying. As he passed out he wished the bill had been larger. This trivial piece of brigandage gave him a queer sense of satisfaction. It was an act against his conscience and he was as glad as a sneak thief who has picked his first pocket.

The cool night air chilled his anger and his mind began to work clearly. He had got his plan.

In a flash it came to him. One second not there, and the next—matured. A working plan and clever, clever, clever!

He rolled his tongue round his mouth and laughed. How easy it was to swindle people! How simple, how attractive! One had merely to decide how much one would filch from unsuspecting pockets and the thing was done. There were no difficulties to overcome except conscience, and conscience was asleep—dead for all he cared. How much!

There was a new moon and Vernon addressed it.

"How much? Mustn't overdo it. How much?" Perhaps the moon was responsible for the notion that came to him. It affects the ocean tides, and why not tides in the affairs of men?

Vernon rapidly added up the sums of money he had recently lost through the advice of and help given to his friends. The total was roughly eight thousand pounds.

"Eight thousand! Good enough!"

At his rooms we know how for a while he looked at the portrait of his ancestor, Roger Winslowe. After that he rummaged in a store cupboard at the end of the passage and dragged out an old tin uniform case. This he unlocked and took from within a rusty iron cylinder and a book, the cover of which was protected with American cloth.

(Continued on Page 68)

Paramount Pictures

NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURES
Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"
A WILLIAM de MILLE Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod La Rocque. Screen play by Clara Beranger. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street and play by Hubert Osborne

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
GLORIA SWANSON in "THE HUMMING BIRD"
A SIDNEY OLCOTT Production. From the play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forrest Halsey

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
Zane Grey's "THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"
An IRVIN WILLAT Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shelby Le Vino

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"FLAMING BARRIERS"
A GEORGE MELFORD Production with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno and Walter Hiers. By Byron Morgan. Written for the screen by Harvey Thew.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
THOMAS MEIGHAN in "PIED PIPER MALONE"
By Booth Tarkington. Written for the screen by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
POLA NEGRI in "SHADOWS OF PARIS"
A HERBERT BRENON Production. Supported by Adolphe Menjou, Charles de Roche and Huntly Gordon. Adapted by Fred Jackson from the play by Andre Picard and Francis Carco. Written for the screen by Eve Unsell

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"BIG BROTHER" by Rex Beach
An ALLAN DWAN Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Sloane.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
Kate Jordan's "THE NEXT CORNER"
A SAM WOOD Production with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"THE STRANGER"
A JOSEPH HENABERY Production with Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall. From the story "The First and the Last" by John Galsworthy. Written for the screen by Ralph Block and Edfrid Bingham.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"ICE BOUND"
A WILLIAM de MILLE Production of the Pulitzer prize play by Owen Davis. With Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. Screen play by Clara Beranger

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
"MAGNOLIA"
A JAMES CRUZE Production with Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Cullen Landis, Phyllis Haver, Noah Beery. By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Walter Woods.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present
CECIL B. De MILLE'S PRODUCTION "TRIUMPH"
With Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque. By May Edginton. Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson.

A
Reliable Guide to Screen Entertainment of Quality
—the name Paramount!

What is there to go by, after all, but one thing?

Individual names and faces come and go, personal reputations wax and wane—where is there something lasting?

The brand name, the leading brand name, is the lasting guide. In it is concentrated every imaginable form of responsibility—creative, artistic, ethical and financial.

Paramount provides the great and lasting stage upon which every kind of screen genius and fame may rise. The best talent seeks the greatest resources and the greatest audiences assured by the name Paramount.

Behind the scenes goes on the hardest kind of creative effort, and the result is the wonderful spirit of screen romance identified always by the one name that lasts and leads.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

STATE
PARAMOUNT
PICTURES
The State Theatre, Minneapolis, has a fine record of successful photoplay presentation and Paramount Pictures have always figured in its presentations
TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT
NEW YORK CITY

"Don't expect any sympathy from me, Edward; you know I begged you to stick to Kellys."

THE freedom from tire trouble, the long wear and the safety from skidding which Kelly-Springfield tires assure make them an invaluable asset on any car, new or old—a fact which many leading car manufacturers are recognizing by sending out their new models with Kellys as original equipment.

It costs no more to buy a Kelly.

KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRES

Continued from Page 66

With these he returned to the sitting room, switched off the center light and turned on a reading lamp at the writing table. Next he took the cylinder; and after removing a length of soap plaster from the junction between the top and the base, he shook out from inside a rolled-up chart and spread it on the table before him. The chart had been drawn up with rough seamanlike skill on fabric which had slightly perished. There was a kind of clumsy accuracy and assurance in the lines and occasional lettering. Despite the fading, for which time was responsible, the essentials were plainly visible. In the top left-hand corner under the arrow of orientation and the divided scale was written, "Trefusis Island. North 159. West 23." There was very little detail in the body of the map, other than the outlines of a lagoon, a dotted demarcation of some reefs and soundings, and three small circles denoting fresh-water springs. From the scale, the island was shown to be three miles across by a mile and a half.

There was no explanation for what purpose the map had been made. It was signed R. W. and dated 1637.

It was many years since Vernon Winslowe had found the cylinder and the old book which accompanied it. He and another boy, Ralph Whitaker, were expending their energy in tunneling a disused cellar in the old Cornish house in which Roger Winslowe had dwelt. Ambition to discover an underground way alleged to have been used by smugglers inspired the operation. Profiting by the fact that Vernon's father was distant by a full county's length in pursuit of a stag, the two boys, armed with picks and crowbars, attacked the granite skin of the cellar to such excellent effect that at the end of an hour's labor the business end of Vernon's pick went clean through the masonry into a black void beyond. After that they worked like galley slaves, slashing and levering, until there was a hole big enough to enter by

Being versed in the proper procedure of such affairs, as set forth in the Swiss Family Robinson, and other books of a similar kind, they did not attempt an entrance until the evil gases of the tunnel should be dispelled. To speed the work of purification a treacle tinful of gunpowder was exploded in the cavity, which unhappily detonated ahead of expectation, with the result that hands were scorched, faces blackened and eyebrows singed. But what matter. The adventure was great enough to warrant a small disaster.

Possibly the explosion would not have been so violent if the space disclosed had been actually a tunnel. The intense white light of combustion, coupled with subsequent investigation with a stick, revealed the fact that their discovery amounted to no more than a small square space, no larger than an ordinary cupboard.

The disappointment of the adventurers at this inglorious end may well be imagined, but their spirits rose to a fever pitch in finding within the recess an iron box about two feet long by eighteen inches wide. The box was secured with a hasp and padlock, the latter being so rusted as to resemble a piece of brick. There seemed small likelihood that any key would ever again turn the wards of the poor perished thing, nor were the two boys in a mood for delay. Their desire was to see what the box contained, and in this matter a crowbar was helpful. A connoisseur of seventeenth century relics would have despaired at the rude treatment that unhappy box sustained at the hands of these youthful enthusiasts; they destroyed it with their beatings and burstings.

When at last the lid was racked back on its twisted hinges little of the original form remained. And within was nothing but pulp—green, mildewed pulp which filtered through the fingers that sifted it like wet sand. It was clear the box had contained papers—the key perhaps to the hidden treasure, the memoirs perhaps of a man sorely bruised by the world. Impossible to conjecture what those papers might have been or estimate the loss their disintegration had occasioned. All that remained were the corpses of written words and paper leaves which had rotted into musty-smelling particles through the steady corrosion of time.

Not a doubloon, not a gold moidore, not a piece of eight. Dust and nothing but dust.

The two boys had looked at each other dismally.

"Stinking luck! Tip it on its side. There may be something underneath."

This they did, and found their reward. Beneath the pile of decayed papers was the rusty iron cylinder and an old ship's log book protected by wrappings of cracked and perished oilcloth

To a couple of boys properly equipped with adventurous spirits that log book was joy complete. It set forth details of hair-raising exploits on the high seas, written with a simplicity of style truly remarkable. Of course they decided at once that the map in the iron cylinder was of a treasure island; but this gay hope was banished by the discovery of an entry in the log book which stated the island had been named Trefusis Island after a certain John Trefusis, who, on a point of diplomacy, had been marooned there. There could be very little doubt that the map had been drawn up so that after the death of Roger Winslowe the unhappy man might be released from captivity.

These, then, are the circumstances in which the iron cylinder and the old log book, after lying hidden for a matter of three hundred years, came into the possession of Vernon Winslowe. With a boyish love of secrecy, neither Vernon nor his friend Ralph Whitaker breathed a word to a soul in regard to the find. The whole matter was placed under a sigillum and was only broached under conditions of the greatest privacy. With the passage of time, Ralph and Vernon drifted apart, their old comradeship fading out as their ways in the world divided.

For a full hour Vernon Winslowe turned the pages of the old log book and stared at the map that was spread out beside him. The success of his plan lay in its simplicity and in its natural appeal to young and old. It was based on enthusiasm and the assumption, so readily proved on the first day of any war, that a yearning for adventure lives in every heart. He would dangle a bait such as could not be refused. The man or woman does not exist who is insensible to the lure of hidden treasure and the call of the South Sea Islands. Hidden treasure—a pirate's hoard. Romance rings in every vowel and consonant that compose the words. The very sound of them sets the blood tingling and quickens the slow pulse of every day. Be he never so old who is insensible, who has outgrown and can resist the magnetism of doubloons and pieces of eight in a frame of coral and waving palms. It cannot be done. The thing is ingrained irresistible. Buried treasure is part of the world's real estate, a legacy to young and old alike, a link between age and youth. Stevenson knew, when he wrote a masterpiece that will gladden every age down all the ages. He knew he had discovered a master word in the title of his book that would release scores from the bondage of cities to sail the seas in tall ships of imagination. And Vernon Winslowe knew—knew beyond shadow of doubt that he would sound a call that the north, south, east and west could not choose but answer. But Vernon Winslowe was angry and his thoughts that night were distorted. He was baiting a trap for the people's greed and did not see the real direction of his appeal. The words "romance," "adventure," were forgotten.

He poured a few drops of India ink into an egg cup and diluted it with water until it was the same pale brown color as the writing on the map. In the center of the map he made a cross and in one corner wrote, "X marks cache. Needle Rock meridian point of shadow 15 paces due north, 3 west and under."

With the exception of the words "X marks cache," he copied the rest from an entry in the log book which had been casually scrawled across an empty page, without any explanation as to why or wherefore.

This delicate work was undertaken with the greatest care and a very pretty piece of penmanship it was. The tone of the ink and the character of the letters were identical with the original.

When he had finished, Vernon Winslowe sat back in his chair and shivered. There was sweat upon his forehead and his hands were clammy. With a nervous movement he threw a quick glance over his shoulder as though expecting to find someone in the room. But it was empty. A shadow from the table lamp spanned the ceiling like a black cloud riding across the sky toward him. Somewhere in the flat a water pipe

(Continued on Page 70)

Some Recent Road Runs

Some of these runs were made by Franklin owners in the course of regular use. Others, by Franklin salesmen while demonstrating the car to prospective owners. In only five cases did the driver start out with the purpose of setting a record. All were made with stock cars.

200 Miles in 4 Hours 22 Minutes. Averaging 45.78 miles per hour. E.A.Witte of Camden, N. J.

432 Miles in 10 Hours 30 Minutes. Louisville to Cincinnati to Indianapolis to Louisville. Averaging 41.14 miles per hour. E. G. Coffey of Louisville, Ky.

501 Miles in 10 Hours 48 Minutes. Averaging 46.38 miles per hour. Ora Zimmer of Champaign, Ill.

773 Miles in One Day. Over Illinois roads, starting from Champaign. Two prospective buyers who had never before driven a Franklin alternated as drivers.

478 Miles in 11 Hours 15 Minutes. Averaging 42.48 miles per hour. Dr. Durham of Louisville, Ky.

Across the Continent in 13 days. Syracuse, N. Y. to Stockton, Calif. Total of 3720 miles—averaging 286 a day. Car just delivered—brand new. E. P. Llewellyn of Stockton, Calif.

683 Miles in One Day. 20½ hours, actual running time. E. C. Hunt, Jr. of Flushing, N. Y.

3518 Miles in Seven Days. Averaging over 500 miles per day. E. L. H. Stevens of Flushing, N. Y.

10,265 Miles in 24 Days. Averaging over 429 miles per day. Ora Zimmer of Champaign, Ill.

778 Miles in One Day. Over California and Oregon roads. Rupert Larson of Los Angeles, Calif.

402 Miles in 10 Hours 12 Minutes. Syracuse to Ottawa, Can., and return. Charles Huddleston of Syracuse, N. Y.

331 Miles in 7 Hours 33 Minutes. Detroit to Grand Rapids and return. Averaging 43.84 miles per hour. C. B. Messmore of Detroit, Mich.

455 Miles in 14 Hours. Canastota, N. Y. to McKeesport, Pa. Dr. G. M. Pierce of McKeesport, Pa.

The Franklin can out-distance others over a day's run because it can maintain a faster average pace over all going. Its safety and easy handling permit this—its riding comfort encourages it. This is particularly so with the 1924 model—the greatest car Franklin ever built.

FRANKLIN

"This is the BUMPER~the WEED that's going to protect and enhance the appearance of my new car from the very start-off!" says thewisemotorist

WEED BUMPERS are famous for their strength, resiliency and beauty. They *reflect* the wisdom and good taste of thousands of motorists from whom they so faithfully *deflect* accidents.

There is a Weed Bumper for every car made. Ten styles in addition to the Weed "Sturdy Spring-Bar" Bumper pictured herewith. Priced from $11.00 to $28.00.

Write for folder describing and picturing the complete line of Weed Bumpers.

AMERICAN CHAIN CO., Inc.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

In Canada:
DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, LIMITED
Niagara Falls, Ontario

District Sales Offices:
Boston Chicago
New York Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
San Francisco

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains For All Purposes

Continued from Page 68

was gurgling and hissing. The sound resembled laughter a long way off and down. And suddenly he felt very sad.

IV

VERNON'S determination to hit back at the world was still firmly fixed when he rose the following morning after a few hours' unrefreshing sleep. It had, if possible, solidified in his mind and become part of his general equipment. He reflected agreeably on the task that lay before him, running over the points of his great offensive with a cool daylight intelligence. There were eight thousand pounds to be collected and then he would vanish. It would be farewell to London and his clever associates. When his fraud had been discovered there would be an uproar in the papers, a stir at Scotland Yard and a hue and cry. But before the arm of the law should reach him he would have gone.

His line of flight took him, in imagination, through Spain, across the Straits of Gibraltar to Tangier, and thence south into the desert, with perhaps Timbuktu as the objective. Likely enough he would never reach there, for Morocco is an awkward country for the lonely traveler, especially if it comes to be known that there is money in his wallet. This consideration, however, did not weigh with Vernon, who never concerned himself with matters of personal safety. The future could look after itself. It was the present that needed attention.

Throughout breakfast he busied himself composing an attractive announcement for the Times. He sketched it out in a dozen different forms. The difficulty was to find an effective start. "Buried Treasure," "Hidden Treasure," "Pirate's Hoard"—he tried them all and dismissed them all. Somehow they failed to strike the right note. He bit his pencil and the idea came to him in a flash: "Adventurers Wanted." That was the quality. Sketched out in block lettering, it caught the eye, arrested the attention. After that the task was easy. A word about a seventeenth-century map, hidden treasure, South Seas—and the thing was done. The line "small capital and deposit essential" was sandwiched between such alluring companions and sprinkled with such exciting possibilities that it never for a moment revealed the jaws of a trap.

Vernon smiled at the finished composition, crammed it in his pocket, called for his hat and stick and went out.

At the advertising bureau at the newspaper office was a queue of men and women. Singularly unconscious of what was going on around him, Vernon filed up and waited his turn. He rather wished he had had a drink before coming in, for his throat felt sticky, and acrid, and his fingers had developed a nervous twitch like those of a man who is going off a very high dive for the first time. At the moment his turn came to hand the slip of paper to the clerk a sudden doubt assailed him that he had made a mistake and muddled the text of his advertisement in such a manner as would inevitably reveal it to be a fraud. With a muttered apology, he stepped away from the grille and hastily read over what he had written. There was no mistake; it was perfectly all right—as honest a piece of excitement as a man could wish to read. But how about that last line—"Correspond with V. W."? Surely it was rank folly to give away his initials. But he had been over that point before and had decided in favor of doing so. V. W. was a fairly well-known man, and if one of the applicants should recognize him and find he was masquerading under an assumed name the fraud would be instantly exposed. When exposure eventually came, as it inevitably would, Vernon wished it to be known that it was he who was responsible. The new false pride in him claimed this much of notoriety—to convince those who had tricked him that he himself could turn the tables and play a winning hand at their own game. The initials should remain, his identity should be fixed.

Vernon was not the only person in the office that morning whose behavior was out of the ordinary. Among the crowd was a little old man who seemed equally reluctant to conclude his business. He was a quaint little man with a small body and the thinnest possible legs. He had a large dome to his head, which was almost bald, and deeply sunk eye sockets, out of which a pair of very bright eyes twinkled restlessly. His hands, which were like a child's for smoothness and whiteness, were never still. In his left hand the wisp of paper fluttered, while the forefinger and thumb of his right hand moved in ceaseless revolutions one against the other. The little old man was making bread pills. It was his habit, his hobby, his invariable custom, a vice almost, and certainly a passion. When he had worked a pill to his complete satisfaction, secretly and unobserved he would press it until it adhered to the under side of chairs and tables, into pieces of carving or moldings. Sometimes, years afterwards, he would find an old pill and be very glad. In his waistcoat pocket he carried a new roll—not too crusty—from the heart of which he extracted munitions for his sport. When one pill was finished and disposed of, he started on a second. Other men smoke cigarettes. These things are a matter of taste.

It was not his habit of making bread pills that draws attention to the little old man; but rather his appearance, his modesty and a kind of shy nervousness which interfered with his capacity for getting his task done. He was forever stepping aside and giving his place to the next comer, forever apologizing for being in front and hastening to put himself behind. "No, no, really; I would wish you to go first." Then he would dart back to the end of the queue like a linnet on a perch.

"I want a few seeds—that's all, that's all." He constantly piped this remark as though in extenuation for his reticence. Yet despite his piping and fluttering there was something oddly alert and attentive in his manner; a certain indefinable air of awareness to be remarked sometimes in persons with unnaturally good hearing. Every action seemed caught and registered by his bright twinkling eyes, and a response to every sound, however slight, rippled across his wrinkled cheeks like a puff of wind over a pool. Smiling, innocent, attentive, he was here, there, everywhere, listening, peering and absorbing. There was not a soul in that office that had not come under the censorship of his bright, twinkling eyes; there was not a characteristic that he had not thoroughly mastered and for which in his own quiet way he had found an explanation. His thoughts seemed to pierce the heads of complete strangers and with uncanny insight solve the little riddles contained there.

But Vernon Winslowe puzzled him. A dozen times he had flecked his eyes over Vernon without finding an explanation for the mass of contradictions written on his features. Something in the set of Vernon's mouth and the droop of his brows mystified the curious little man very much indeed. He noticed the twitch of the hands and a roving restlessness in the pale-blue eyes. He caught once a sudden over-shoulder glance that definitely betrayed alarm or apprehension. It was all most complex and intriguing. The little man scratched his nose, fixed a well-rounded pill into an angle of ogee molding and peered afresh as Vernon read and reread the sheet with its scrawl of words.

No, he could find no possible excuse for the sly and malevolent expression which had been printed, as though with still wet ink, on a countenance every line and contour of which argued frankness, honesty and good intent. Of one thing he was very sure—the sinister expression was new to its wearer, for at present it only shaped his face and had not lined it. Therefore it was a mask—a mask assumed for some purpose that he could not attempt to divine. Puzzling, perplexing, intriguing.

When Vernon Winslowe eventually rejoined the queue the little old man was immediately behind him, and when his turn came to hand his slip to the clerk the little old man was peeping under his arm at the written words. And when Vernon Winslowe put his money on the counter and without waiting for change hurriedly walked out of the office the little old man was only a few feet behind. His intention to advertise for some seeds was quite forgotten.

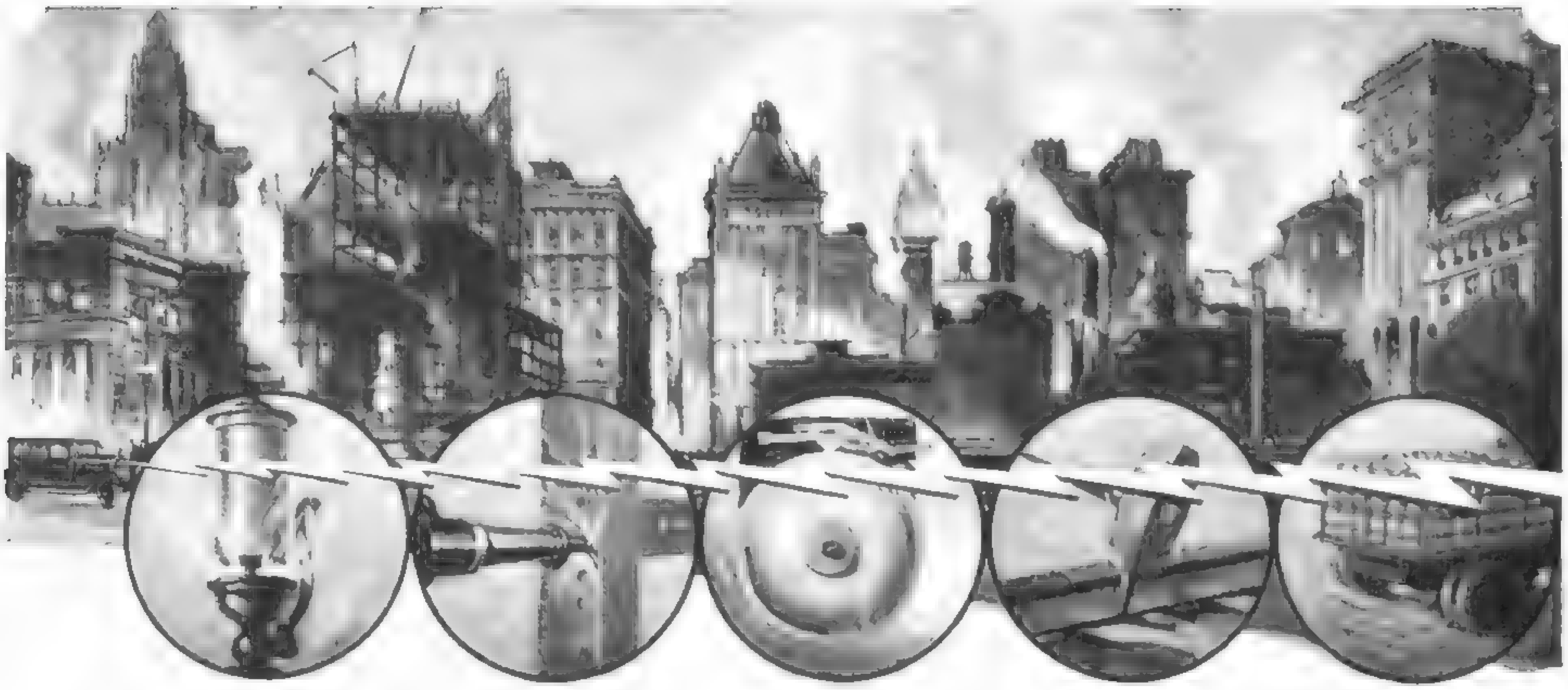
In Fleet Street, Vernon Winslowe got into a taxi—so did the little old man. The first taxi deposited its fare at some chambers in Duke Street, St. James's. The second taxi passed by, with its passenger scribbling a number on his shirt cuff. It did not stop until it reached Jermyn Street.

"Do you want me any more?" said the driver.

The little old man shook his head a trifle sadly and answered, "All I want is to be quite alone for a little while—quite, quite alone."

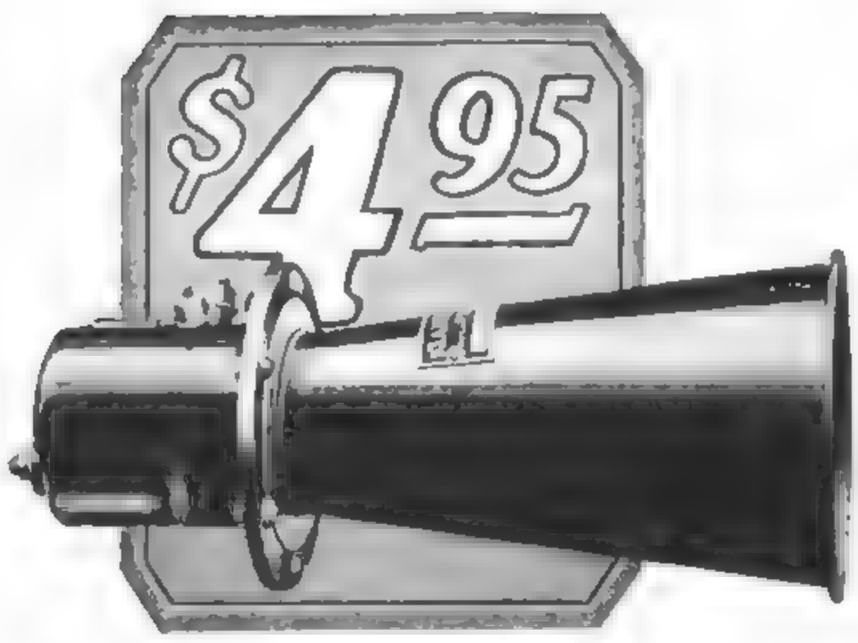
So he entered the Geological Museum, where a man may find peace and solitude.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



KLAXON'S Note Penetrates —

despite the din of traffic, or the loudest confusion of sounds!



KLAXON-7

In an effort to ascertain the life of a Klaxon-7 one of the large motor car manufacturers recently sounded it for 63 hours without stopping, or 198,000 blasts. This is the equivalent of about *twenty years* of normal use. It was still in good working order.

KLAXON-8, $7.50 KLAXON-12A, $10.00

Klaxon's powerful and unmistakable note is the most *penetrating* sound ever invented.

Despite all surrounding noises, over and above the din of traffic—the full Klaxon note sounds clear and loud!

Yet in ordinary city driving where you wish to warn pedestrians or motorists who are near at hand, a slight pressure on the button will give the low-toned "town roll" which warns without frightening.

Whenever and wherever sounded, it will be heard and heeded! Klaxon gives you perfect peace of mind—perfect confidence—real protection in all traffic conditions.

And with Klaxon—you're sure! Because of its precise manufacture, you know your Klaxon will always sound.

Drive safely! Don't delay—call on your nearest Klaxon dealer and buy your Klaxon today! There is a style for every taste, at a price to suit every purse.

KLAXON *quality is safety insurance*

Genuine KLAXON Horns made only by

KLAXON

Warner Plant Newark N.J.

Hot Breakfasts Quick

Quick Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Steaming oats, the world's premier vigor breakfast, hot, flavory and enticing! Have them now every day.

Quaker Oats experts have perfected a new Quaker Oats Quick Quaker. And this new style makes oats the *quickest* breakfast dish.

Quicker than toast!

Quick Quaker cooks perfectly in three to five minutes. Quicker than toast—ready to serve before the coffee.

Simply ask your grocer for Quick Quaker. He has two styles of Quaker now: the style you've always known and the Quick.

* * *

Quick Quaker is the same as regular Quaker Oats. Same queen oats, big and plump, from which we get but 10 pounds of flakes from the bushel.

The only difference is that the grains are cut before flaking, rolled very thin and partly cooked. And these small flakes cook faster.

All that rare Quaker flavor. All the good of hot breakfasts, quick.

Today, try Quick Quaker. But be sure you get the real Quaker brand. So look for the picture of the Quaker on the package.

QUAKER OATS PEANUT LOAF

2½ cups Quaker Oats	1 teaspoon salt
2 cups flour	5 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup chopped peanuts	1¼ cups milk or water
1¼ cups molasses	1 egg

Put oats and peanuts through food chopper. Add flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Add molasses, egg and liquid and stir well. Place in well greased loaf pan, let stand 10 minutes and bake 50 minutes in a medium oven (350 degrees).

Quick Quaker — *Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes*

Quaker Oats — *The kind you have always known*

WATCHING THE PORT OF NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 23)

heavy draft of freight like a bolt of lightning. Many a thoughtless watchman has gone by this route. Unless one is a so-called good fellow and falls into line with the established customs along the water front one had better watch one's step.

Standing on a pier watching a pile of cargo assigned to me I saw a hook manipulated by a hairy hand prying open a case containing a well-known brand of safety razors. The hook and the hand were the only visible tools. The owner of them was not in view. He imagined himself under cover. I leaped in the direction of the hand and the hook and grabbed the former and twisted the hook from it and landed on the culprit's jaw. Immediately two other dock workers sprang from somewhere and pounced upon me. It was close quarters and tough going for me. They got me down, they gave me the boots. Up again, down again several times. I still retained the hook I had twisted from the hand of the first one. I used it freely and without stint. I saw an iron bar in the hands of one of my assailants, swung for murderous action. I shouted for help and made a leap for the arm of the one who was trying to bring it down on my head. I succeeded in thus checking the main force of the blow and saving funeral expenses, but I got a little bit of the force, just enough to put me out. Help came, but I knew nothing about it until I came to a few hours later in a hospital. On a bed next to mine lay one of my assailants, his head swathed in bandages. It seems that in the scuffle he had contrived to get his own hook rammed into his cheek, tearing a big hunk out of it, big enough to mark him for life.

I remained in the hospital for two weeks, under arrest; a charge of felonious assault had been lodged against me by the dock worker with the torn cheek. I made a counter charge of assault against the three. When the case came up in court the magistrate discharged the four of us with a few well-chosen remarks pertaining to watchmen and longshoremen in general.

Easy Money on the Side

It is generally accepted as a truism that when a man becomes a watchman he has lost all his ambition. Not so. As it seems to be the height of ambition of most New Yorkers to get a seat in the Subway, so it is the height of ambition of most watchmen to become a gateman. A gateman functions at the head of a pier. He usually wears a uniform with the business escutcheon of the private-detective agency he is rented out by pinned on his blouse and on his cap. As a rule he is impressive, being selected purely on a beef-and-bone basis. The more he weighs the more pay he is apt to get. One might say he is paid by the pound -or should I say by the hundredweight? A two-hundred-pounder will probably bring three dollars and fifty cents a day, while a three-hundred-pounder may safely remain on the block until the bid reaches four dollars. Then again, a gateman on a busy pier falls in for excellent pickings. There is always someone who wants a favor done, a privilege, a concession of some sort. To let an unauthorized person down a pier to a ship is worth from a dollar up, depending upon circumstances and conditions. Most of the time during daytime, and sometimes at night, loaded and empty trucks are lined up by the dozens, one behind the other, for blocks and blocks waiting to get in on a pier either to deliver or to pick up freight. To allow a truck to break line is worth anywhere from two to five dollars. And it is worth it to the operator. It is a big loss to an operator for his trucks to stand in line for hours and hours waiting for action, and if his drivers are able to buy their way through at a reasonable figure he will be making money. On some piers where he does a big business an operator of trucks or some of his lieutenants will personally see the gatemen with twenty-five dollars or so once or twice a month. Big truck operators don't care to have their trucks held up if they can help it. A five-ton truck is easily worth twenty-five dollars an hour. If you don't believe it, just try to move your trunk for a couple of blocks in New York City. At Christmas a gateman on a good pier is good for a big gold piece from the boss stevedore, a ten-dollar bill from the company operating the pier, and several turkeys and hams from provision houses supplying ships docking there.

But if he is a real gateman a gateman's job is not a sinecure. He has many responsibilities. He is, for one thing, supposed to check and count every parcel passing through the gate of which he is the boss, on trucks or otherwise. The parcels on a truck going out must correspond in number, marks and description with the pass issued to the driver by the delivery clerk of a pier, and if the load and the pass jibe the driver is allowed to take his truck out. A live gateman scrutinizes the signature of a delivery clerk on a pass as carefully as a paying teller scrutinizes the signature on a depositor's check presented for payment. Many a load has been taken from piers on forged passes. These passes are very specific: The number of the truck; number of state license; number of Custom House license; kind of truck, horse drawn or motor, single or double, capacity, owner, private or public stores, in fact every detail helpful towards identification; kind of load—cases, crates, bales, casks, kegs or what not; how many of each, their contents, the marks.

Water-Front Gangsters

If a gateman is known to be easy, a good fellow or a little bit light in his top piece though heavy on his feet, there are plenty of people on the piers who take genuine pleasure in putting it over on him, who ram it down his throat and grin exultantly. They love to get something for nothing at the expense of someone else, and they consider a sloppy gateman their best medium. They have many ways to beat the game. Their favorite one is when they see a truck that has been loaded and checked standing somewhere on a pier waiting for its driver to sign for the load in the office of the pier's delivery clerk. If the coast be clear they will throw on top of the load a few parcels of the kind with which the truck is loaded, and take a chance on the gateman letting it pass either through carelessness or through inability to count and check the load correctly. This is invariably done in collusion with crooked truck drivers, and forms a profitable source of income for the crooked element along the water front—crooked, near-crooked and beginners; dock rats, shannangoes, longshoremen, pony-crazed watchmen, and sporty chaps of the white-collar brigade.

I was gateman for six months on one of the toughest and most desperate piers on the water front. The pier is in the lair of the notorious Gopher Gang with tributaries oozing into it from the Hudson Dusters and the Gas House Gang farther south and southeast. Some members of these gangs join the longshoremen's union and go to work on the docks for the sole purpose of looting. They are not a cheap lot, these mixed-breed water-front buccaneers. Very seldom, if ever, do they bother with petty nibbling, such as breaking open a case and filling their pockets and the inside of their shirts. Ordinary pilfering does not appeal to them. They believe in and practice mass action in both looting and fighting. Individually they are timid, rank cowards, but collectively they are bold, brazen, unmerciful. They never operate singly, only in groups. They specialize in whole cases, bales, bags, crates, casks, and so on, and in the course of their regular work as longshoremen they hand-truck them on a pier until they get them to their confederates, who are waiting in a boat under the pier on which they are working, by removing previously loosened planks of the pier's flooring and lowering their loot into the waiting pirate craft. On piers with cement flooring the pirate boat is loaded from the stringpiece by lowering the loot between it and ships moored there. Floating fenders three or four feet wide to keep ships from rubbing against the side of a pier give ample space for this performance.

These operations are not so difficult as they may seem. Say, for instance, four ships are berthed at a pier, two on each side, all working, which is frequently the

(Continued on Page 74)

PIERCE

One frequently hears the comment that forty miles an hour in a Pierce-Arrow seems no more than twenty.

It is true that one is apt to doubt the speedometer, so smooth and effortless is Pierce-Arrow performance.

Certainly no car in America is so widely favored for touring as the Pierce-Arrow Seven-Passenger open model. It is roomy, comfortable and easy to drive.

Added now to an ability to travel almost incredible distances in a day's run, is the new mastery of control afforded by Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes.

An hour's study of this long-lived car at the showrooms of any Pierce-Arrow distributor will reveal many interesting reasons why Pierce-Arrow ownership is an investment in *lasting* satisfaction. A demonstration will be given gladly.

Pierce-Arrow Four-Wheel Safety Brakes are offered as optional equipment at an additional charge.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
BUFFALO, N. Y

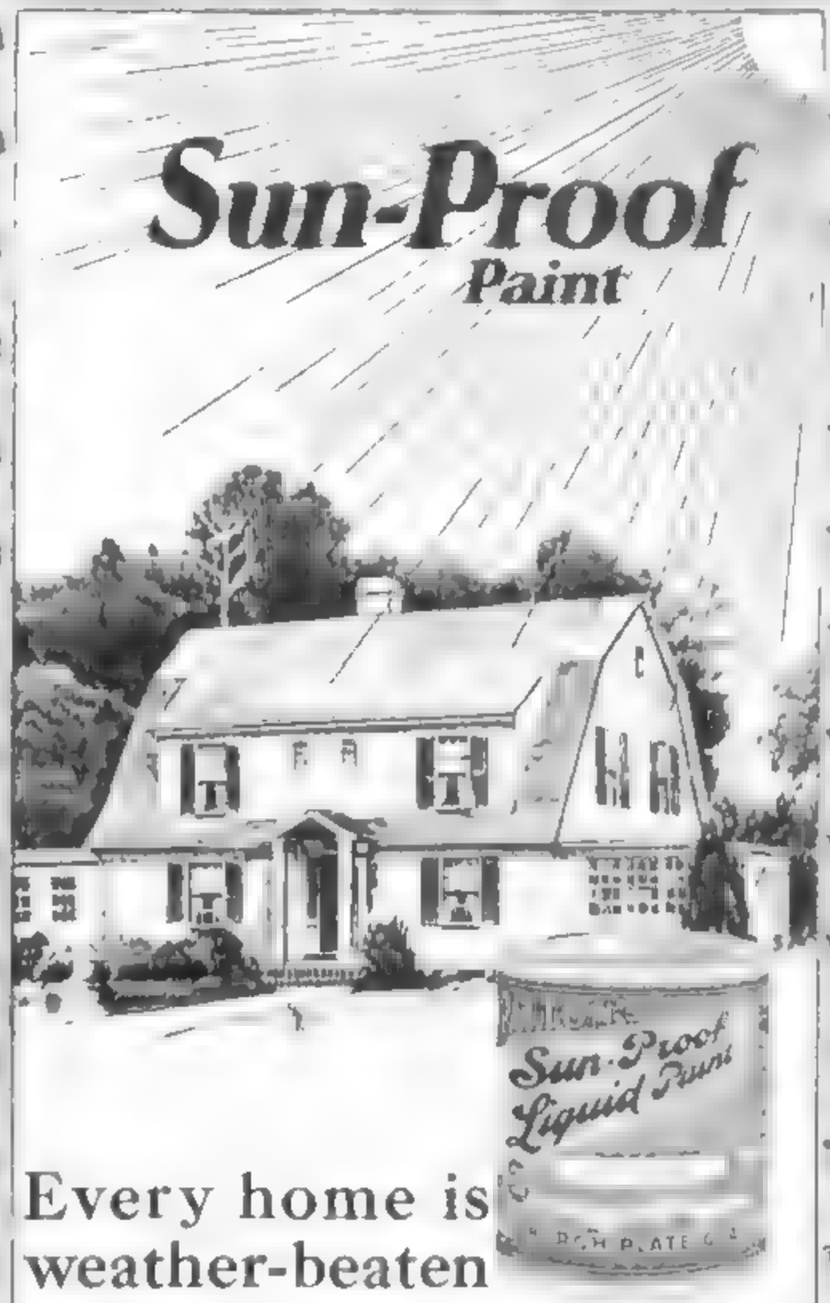
"Pride of its makers makes you proud in possession."

When in Buffalo, visit the Pierce-Arrow factory. Courteous guides will show you how Pierce-Arrow cars are built

The services of the Pierce-Arrow FinanceCorporation, a Pierce-Arrow banking institution, will gladly be placed at the disposal of Pierce-Arrow customers who prefer to purchase their cars out of income rather than capital.

ARROW

Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint



Every home is weather-beaten

BUT only some of them show it. Many an old house retains its youth through years of storms, years of beating sunshine.

It all depends on the paint!

The sun's burning rays blister and burn poor paint. Rain and the moisture of early morning creep in the crevices. Soon the house *is* weather-beaten, for decay and rot have started their work.

The home that is painted with Sun-Proof Paint is protected—covered with a non-porous coat that defies the elements. Sun-Proof Paint contracts and expands under the sun's heat and winter's cold. It will *not* blister.

Sun-Proof is economical. It is long-lasting. It covers an unusually large surface per gallon.

Sun-Proof is a "Pittsburgh Proof Product." Velumina, the wall paint you can wash, Pitcairn Waterspar Varnish, Banzai Enamel and many other famous "Proof Products" lead because of the same high quality. Whatever you need in the way of glass, paint, varnish and brushes the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product that will fill your requirements exactly. For sale by quality dealers everywhere.

Good paint is worth a good brush

The charm of mahogany and white enamel. How to finish bedroom furniture to harmonize with mahogany beds, how to get the best effects from the furniture that you have, how to spend your house decoration money to the best advantage are questions that are answered by an authority in the book "What to do and How to do it"—a guide to better homes. Send ten cents for a copy to Dept. 4 Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

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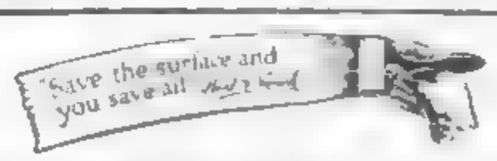


Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint · Varnish · Paint ·

Now,

Overland Sets a New Economy Standard in Delivery Cars

A NEW standardized delivery car in *one complete quality unit*—all-Overland—reducing operating and upkeep costs so low that all past notions of delivery economies seem high by comparison.

The closer check you keep upon your delivery expense, the more amazed you will be by the big savings you net in the use of the Overland Spad—singly or in fleets.

Gould Business Reports and the records of owners show an astonishingly low cost per ton mile. You owe it to your business, your bank balance and yourself to give your delivery service the benefits of Overland Spad reliability and economy. And the greater benefits in appearance. The Overland Spad helps bring in business while delivering your merchandise.

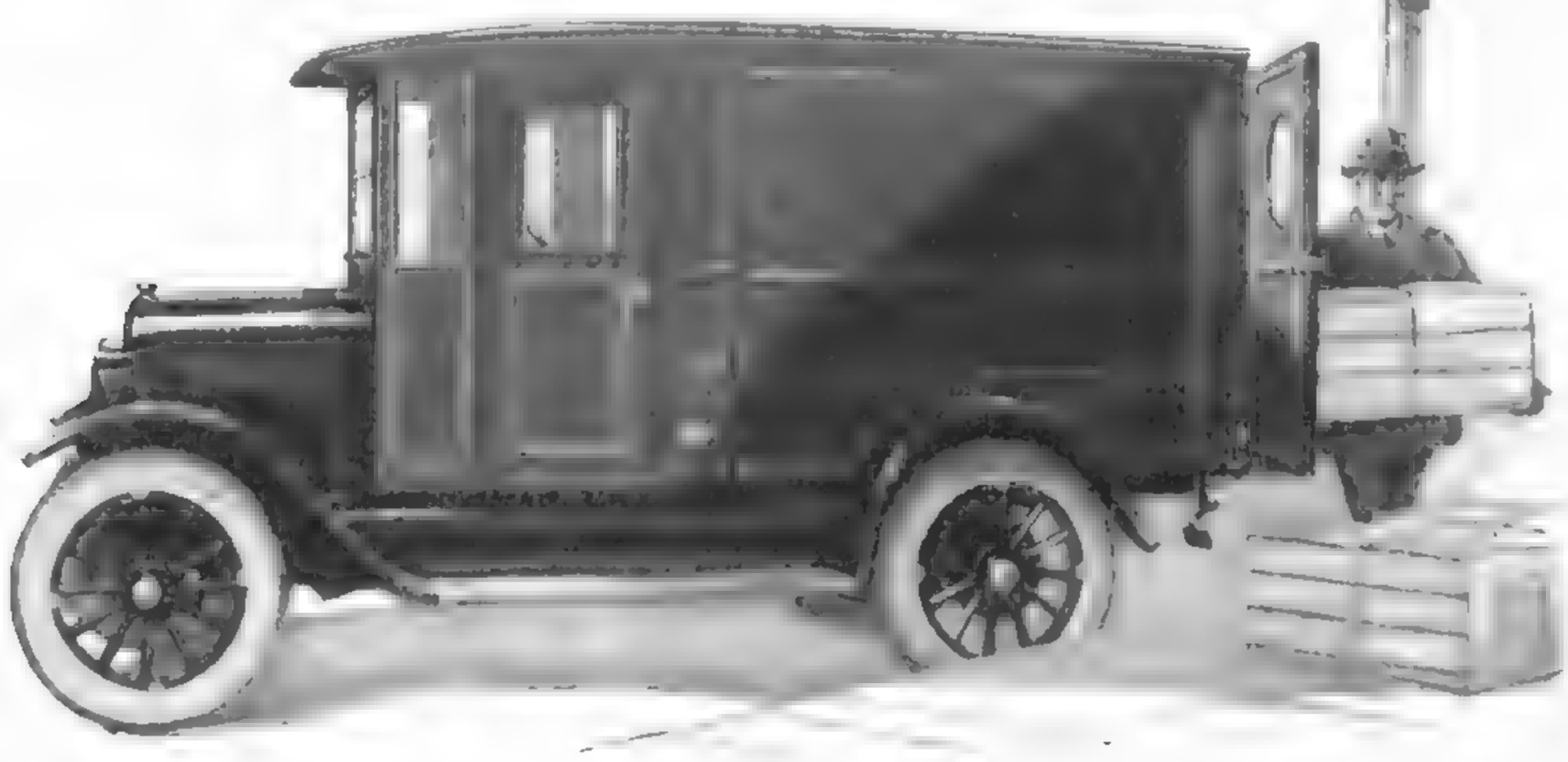
New body types designed by Overland fit every business need as accurately as they fit the strong, dependable Overland commercial chassis. Bodies built of tough ash, oak and maple! Strapped and paneled in steel! Braced like a man-o'-war and cradled against bumps and jars by Triplex Springs (Patented). Two express bodies, two panel bodies—with combinations and variations equivalent to 16 models!

Easy access for the driver from both sides. Clear vision in all four directions. Full protection from the weather. Comfort!

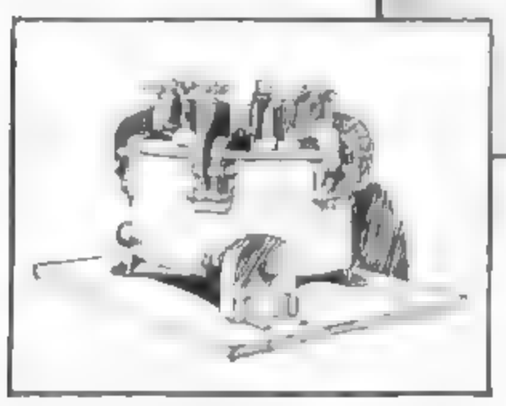
Big mileage and long, long life of reliable service. Big power. The bigger, more powerful Overland engine is amazingly light on gasoline and oil, and on tires. The Overland Spad is built to earn good-will and save good money!

Overland Chassis $395; Spad No. 10 (Open express body) $523; Combination No. 15 (Express body with vestibule cab) $542; Combination No. 20 (Closed panel body, open cab) $542; Combination No. 25 (Closed panel body, vestibule cab) $558; all prices at Toledo, bodies mounted. Unmounted, knocked down and crated, deduct $5 each price. We reserve right to change prices and specifications without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio • Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Canada

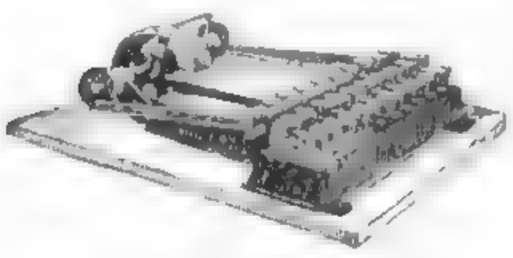


Human dynamos! No wonder they're hard on rubbers!



Wearing rubbers out by machine

This remarkable machine gives rubbers the same test for wear that they get in actual daily use. In it, sections from the sole and heel of "U.S." Rubbers are tested for wear to the finest fraction of an inch.



Discovered before the eye can detect them

Where it bends, poor rubber is apt to break. In the above machine strips cut from "U.S." Rubbers are bent *double* thousands of times and examined through a magnifying glass for the first signs of cracking or checking.

A "U.S." 4-buckle Arctic for women. "U.S." Arctics are made to fit the current types of shoes snugly and accurately.

When small feet set the pace *-and larger ones profit!*

When it comes to wearing out rubbers —children certainly set the pace.

To meet the hard tests of children's wear, the rubber that goes into "U.S." Rubbers and Arctics is specially prepared and toughened.

This longer wearing rubber is used not only for children's Rubbers but throughout the entire "U.S." line—men's and women's Rubbers and Arctics as well.

Remarkable tests of wear

In the machines shown at the left, the wear of "U.S." Rubbers and Arctics is actually measured and tested before they leave the factory.

These tests regulate every step in the manufacture of "U.S." Rubbers and Arctics. They are one of the big reasons why you can always be sure of longer wear and greater economy when you ask for "U.S." Rubbers or Arctics.

The construction of "U.S." Rubbers is the result of 75 years of experience—from the making of the first successful rubbers ever turned out down to the manufacture of the master-brand that bears the "U.S." trade mark today.

"U.S." Rubbers and Arctics are made over such a wide variety of lasts that they insure smooth, perfect fit everywhere—across the toe, at the ankle, at instep and heel. Each year a careful study of all styles of shoes on the market is made by our designers.

Whether you want Rubbers, or Arctics—men's, women's or children's—you'll find just the type and style you want in the big "U.S." line.

They cost no more and wear longer. It will pay you to look for the "U.S." trade mark.

United States Rubber Company

Trade Mark

Ask for

"U.S." Rubbers

All styles and sizes for men, women and children

(Continued from Page 74)

horde of pepper-juiced aliens. Therefore it becomes necessary at times to keep immigrants on board ship until room can be made for their reception—one, two or three days. These were harvest days, days to be remembered by me. A day's gate receipts would total from three to four hundred dollars. This, of course, had to be cut several ways.

Vividly do I recall one particular case. A young Italian who spoke fairly good English wanted to go on board one of these passenger ships one day to see one of the immigrants; a relative, he said. He offered me ten dollars to pass him through. I refused. I didn't like his looks. He was too conspicuous, his togs being entirely out of harmony with our modest habit of dress. He must have had a hard time to get by the dogs up the street without having had his clothes torn to pieces. He wore patent-leather shoes and green spats. His trousers were of a checkered black-and-white material, mostly white. His coat and vest were vertically striped, wide stripes, blue and gray, and if the garments had been cut so as to bring the stripe into a horizontal position the police would have grabbed him on sight, no hesitation. A flourishing red-white-and-yellow tie adorned his neck, while his shirt sang songs of praise for his general make-up and pork-sausage complexion. A yellow cap sat jauntily on his head. He maintained his equilibrium with a bamboo cane. No man presenting himself at a mask ball was ever more suitably rigged.

He raised his bid to twenty dollars. I shook my head, nothing doing. I had sized him up as a pickpocket or a bunco steerer of some sort, bent upon fleecing his countrymen. However, that part of it didn't bother me in the least. A man cannot very well be a successful dock watchman and an altruist at the same time. The only thoughts I had in mind were the safety of my job and what I could make out of it without being caught. Because of his noisy clothes I was afraid he would be too easily noticed by the pier superintendent or his stool pigeons and perhaps by the customs officials, and it would have taken a lot of explanation on my part to account for his presence within forbidden territory should any of these dignitaries chance to spot him and become nosey as to his identity, and question me. But he was persistent. I couldn't shake him. He slipped something into my hand and relaxed into a waiting pose. I stepped to one side and investigated. Wrapped in a piece of paper were two twenties and a ten. It was a good piece of change, as the saying goes, and worth taking a risk. I stuck the money in my pocket, nodded my head to him, and he trotted down the pier, grinning, swinging his bamboo cane.

A Run-In With the Dock Boss

He was not out of my sight before I began to speculate upon why he had paid such a high price for getting in on the pier. Were he a pickpocket or a bunco steerer out to skin his countrymen I doubted if he could get fifty dollars in the whole bunch, as this class of immigrant is of the poorest kind that comes from Europe. What was his game, then? A smuggler! Yes, I concluded, a smuggler was just what he was. I told a customs watchman of my suspicion. He was on. We waited for thirty minutes or so. Our friend came marching up the pier with a broad grin on his face, a grin that suggested sarcasm, and if rightly interpreted would no doubt have said, "You Americans are dead easy, real suckers." He still swung his bamboo cane. At the gate Uncle Sam's watchdog nabbed him and took him into the inspector's office, where he was frisked and relieved of several thousand dollars' worth of narcotics. Later he received a trip to jail for good measure.

I had ruled supreme at the gate of this pier for a little more than six months, five months longer than any other gateman had been able to hold it down in many years. I had never been knocked out, though dangerously close to it many a time. But every autocratic ruler generally meets his Waterloo sooner or later, an ignoble end. I was no exception. I had a run-in with the dock boss. He evidently admired my business ability, but envied the rich revenue derived from truck drivers and trucking bosses as a result of giving priority rights to their trucks. He hinted, and had hinted for weeks and months, that a split of fifty-fifty would assuage his hunger for the long green. I was unable to see it that way and frankly told him so. His salary was nearly three times that of my regular wages. Of course my gate receipts amounted to more than double his salary, but I had to do a lot of roughneck work for it—fight, literally fight for it, a battle or two every day, and stand an endless strain of vituperative tongue music. So I figured I earned every dollar I made at this ticklish game and positively refused to split with the dock boss. He retaliated by refusing to assign checkers to trucks coming in on the pier out of their turn. A heated argument over this started between us and wound up in a fist fight that lasted for more than twenty minutes without the usual trimmings of attendants and towels, and to the edification of hundreds of longshoremen and truck drivers. I lost the bout, a knockout, and deserved to be fired, and I was.

Water-Front Parasites

To be fired has no meaning to a dock watchman. As Mr. Dooley would say, it's off again, on again, continuously. The water front is his parking place and he stays there, and that's all there is to it. My next job was on a pier where large passenger ships have berths. This kind of pier is much sought by watchmen nosing for extra change. Tourists are liberal, as a rule, especially if they are going, but coming back they seem to have left all their small change in Europe. When a tourist sets out to do the Continent we get the first picking at him. A silver coin or a bill is slipped us for the most trifling service. Evidently he is practicing for the big slipping contest that takes place over on the other side whenever a shipful of American joy hunters step ashore. However, not all watchmen are looking for this kind of graft. Indeed many would prefer a smile and a thank you to any petty money consideration for a small service. A watchman who tries to keep his self-respect has a hard battle to fight against the tipping evil. If he accepts a tip he feels like a wet rag being pulled through the eye of a needle, and if he refuses he feels as though he has rammed the rag, needle, eye and all down the tipper's throat.

Nearly every ship coming into port requires from three to thirty watchmen—that is, from one to ten on each shift, depending upon the size and importance of the ship. The great Leviathan had forty-five, fifteen on each shift, when she was tied up at Hoboken, New Jersey, before being reconditioned.

On ships we have many things to look after. When a ship is loading or unloading there will be from fifty to a hundred longshoremen on board, some on deck, others in groups of from six to twelve, depending upon the nature of the cargo handled, in each hatch. Ordinary ships have from five to seven hatches. Our eyes must be everywhere. Some of these dock workers are great collectors. They specialize in brass, copper and silver, such as brass door knobs brass valves, brass railings, brass caps on sounding pipes; copper kettles and other copper utensils used on many foreign ships; knives, forks, spoons; chinaware, mats, rugs, carpets; hatch covers and tarpaulins; ropes and hawsers; navigating instruments; personal belongings of the crew; and on foreign ships we are required to keep a sharp lookout in the vicinity of the booze locker. We do. Undesirable water-front habitués are not allowed to come on board; such as river pirates and bootleggers, junkies and peddlers, bogus magazine-subscription solicitors and fake stock salesmen, panhandlers and galley scavengers, shannangoes and dock rats, sneak thieves and general crooks.

Most watchmen can tell one of this gentry immediately. His actions betray him. He knows he is an unwelcome caller and tries to get on board by all kinds of tricks and subterfuge. A fake stock salesman who had previously induced the chief engineer of a ship I was watching to buy five hundred dollars' worth of stock in a paper oil company came back for more one day. I was at the gangway and refused to let him on board. He had no credentials, pass of any kind. He assumed an indignant air and pushed me to one side and started to walk by me, saying as he did so: "What's the matter with you? Damn you. I am the new port captain. I'll have you discharged immediately."

I grabbed him by the neck, and a real fight was on. We both looked pretty much mussed up when the thing was over, but I happened to be the boss of the works in the end, and had a cop take him away. He spent ten days in jail for his smartness.

While watching on ships we are given our meals, as a rule. On American ships with native American or thoroughly Americanized foreign-born skippers and stewards we are well taken care of and given the best there is in the officers' mess. When there is room we eat at the first table, and when the seating capacity is limited we take a whack at the second sitting. But on foreign ships, with few exceptions—and these are generally on British ships—our grub is handed out to us in a tin dish through the galley door or else in the pantry. The crouching watchmen accept with thanks, but the more spirited ones ignore this cave method of dining and thus refuse to become guests, preferring to bring chicken sandwiches of their own.

A lanky Swede and myself were on day watch on an Italian freighter. At dinner time—or it may have been breakfast time; they have their meals upside down, anyway—a pantry boy brought out a tin bucket partly filled with spaghetti and garlic juice and an old tomato can full of red wine and set the mess before us on deck, *à la* nosebag. The Swede looked at it; I looked at it. We looked at each other. Neither spoke. The Swede grew purple. He closed his viking jaws, poured the wine into the garlickized spaghetti, picked up the bucket and started for the pantry, shouting something about cheeky foreigners and a white man's country. From the pantry presently came echoes of rage and signals of distress. The Swede was evidently having a lively time. Thinking he might be getting the worst of it I ran in at top speed. On the center of the pantry deck sat the steward with the spaghetti bucket bottom up on his head, and long strings of spaghetti hanging and dripping from his ears and nose in abundance. The Swede roared, danced, his hoofy shoes massaging the tiled pantry deck. The mess boy had run for the mate. He came, waving his hands and arms like the wings of a bird of prey in flight. He shook his clenched fists under the Swede's nose, and was working his tongue at a dangerous speed when the Swede reached for his jaw and landed. He dropped. The last I saw of him he was sitting on the pantry deck beside the steward rubbing his face. The Swede walked off the ship and I walked off in sympathy with him.

A Lively Battle

At nights ships are pestered with sneak thieves. This gentry specializes in money and jewelry. Mostly they confine themselves to deck officers' and engineers' sleeping cabins. They are agile, and capable of negotiating a hawser as readily as a rat. They very seldom come up the gangway to a ship, but climb on board from lighters tied alongside or up the mooring lines from the stringpiece. Occasionally they come alongside a ship in a rowboat, silently, unobserved, and by means of their own rope with which they lasso a stanchion or a bit on a ship they work themselves up hand over hand. They resort to all kinds of schemes to get on board. They are generally armed and will not hesitate to kill and make a clean job of it, should they be caught in a tight place and get the first shot.

I was sitting in a comfortable steamer chair on deck outside the saloon of a freighter smoking my pipe and gazing at the stars one morning about three o'clock when I heard footsteps behind me. I jumped up and faced the muzzle of a gun. "March," said the man behind it. As I was watching nearly a million dollars in gold stored in a spare room next the pantry I felt as though marching was out of the question. Before I realized the seriousness of the situation I sprang at him and grabbed his wrist. The gun went off, but I wasn't hit. The hand holding the gun I twisted outward and down. The gun dropped on the deck. We clenched; we wrestled; we bumped. Both of us went to the deck, sprawling, biting, cursing, jabbing. We rolled on the deck. My forehead hit against the hatch coaming. A gash; it bled freely, the while each of us struggled desperately for supremacy. I got a strangle hold on his throat. His gun lay on the deck close by. He fumbled for it. To prevent him from getting it I was compelled to let go. I gave it a kick and sent it out of reach. I succeeded in pulling my own gun and whacked him on the head with the butt. This seemed to stun him for a moment.

I sprang to my feet; he did the same, notwithstanding his dazed condition. Leveling

THE
Hanover
Shoe

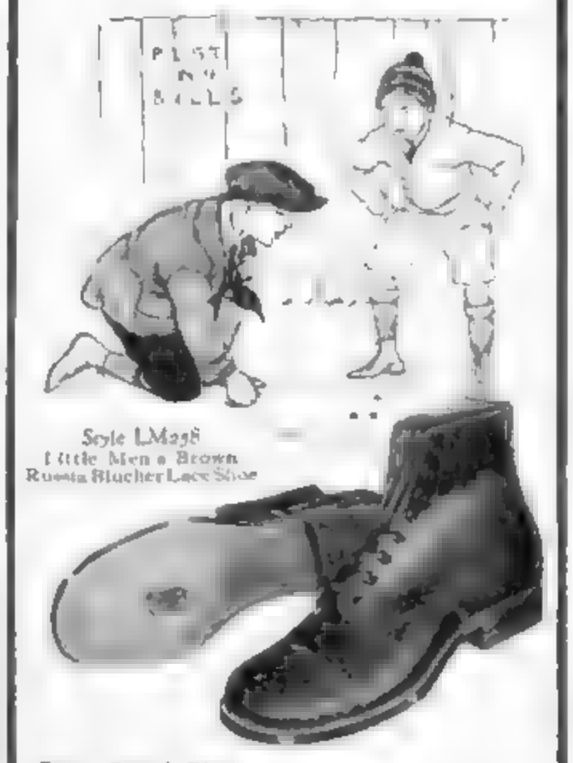
Exclusively for Men and Boys

Examine a pair of Hanover Shoes at any Hanover Store. Judge for yourself how precisely they gratify your own sense of distinction. You'll find quality and style, without extravagance; and such complete comfort as you've seldom known.

FIVE DOLLARS

This price is possible because we are the only shoemakers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores, in 62 cities.

We will fit you from Hanover—if there is no Hanover Store near you. Write for catalog. The Hanover Shoe, Hanover, Pa.



Resist Rough Play

Healthy, active boys are hard on the best shoes. Hanover Shoes for B[illegible] and Little Men are made of staunch, selected [illegible]thers. That's why they last long and make fewer trips to the menders' $2.50, $3 and $3.50

A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BEAUTY BEHIND THIS DOOR

—not long ago the house seemed old and uninteresting

By a Bachelor

I HAD never visited the Russells in the old house which they bought two or three years ago. Not long ago they asked me to dinner. Walter called for me at my office.

"How much did your old house cost you, Walter?" I asked as we threaded our way through the south-bound traffic.

"Eighty-five hundred, including furniture," was the reply. "We bought the furniture in auction rooms, at private sales, and in the bargain basements of department stores.

"We then proceeded to make it beautiful in our spare time—at home—personally!

"I value that eighty-five hundred dollar establishment at about a million dollars in satisfaction, today. When you see our new home you'll know why.

The home that Ethel and Walter Russell "built" is a house of truly rare character. Money, alone, could never have bought their furniture, their exquisite wall and floor finishes, the perfect harmony and restfulness of every room. Yet a little taste—and a little Univernish—had wrought most of these wonders. Univernish, they told me, is one of the famous Murphy finishes. Univernish comes in clear varnish and in six wood colors—Light Oak, Dark Oak, Light Mahogany, Dark Mahogany, Green and Walnut.

In this neglected and worn old house the Russells had perceived hidden beauty. They set to work to restore it. The original richness of ceilings, walls, doors, floors, staircase—all were brought to life by the magic of the varnish brush. New bits of woodwork were cleverly stained to look ancient. The original oak and maple were first cleaned and then refreshed with clear varnish. The floors received Dark Oak Univernish throughout. All looked mellow, beautifully old—and yet so well cared for, so home-like.

And the furniture! Old bureaus made into desks; an unfinished kitchen table stained and rubbed and installed as a console, or as a buffet; a heavy thirty-year-old dining set scraped and Univernished until it became a distinguished mahogany masterpiece. A little chintz or cretonne, some snowy panelling and old-fashioned wall-paper, a candlestick, a bowl of flowers, a picture—from these few simple things a home of joy and loveliness had been evolved.

It quite took my breath away. In fact, I offered Walter three times the amount he had paid for the place. He and Ethel are thinking of setting up as Professional Restorers of Old Homes and Old Furniture.

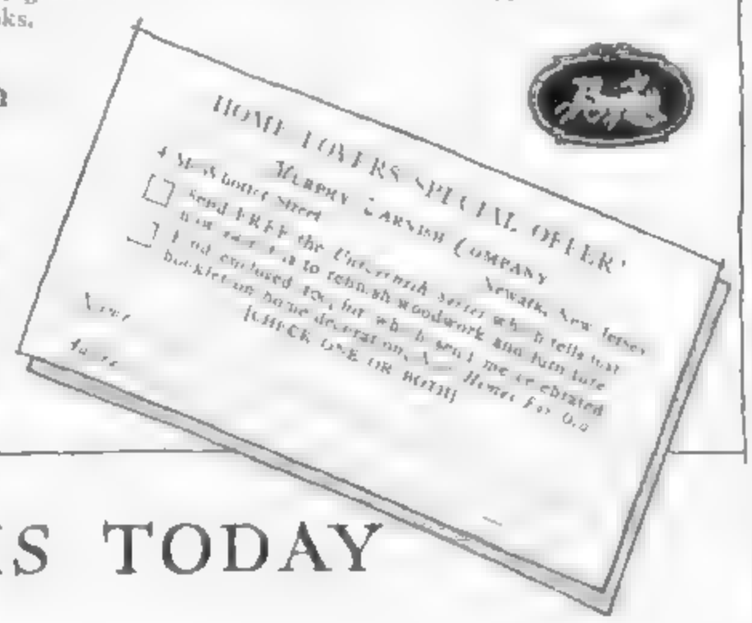
In the meantime I am spending my evenings giving the Univernish treatment to my own neglected apartment—and furniture. The Murphy Varnish Company sent me a number of fine books on interior finishes. It's great fun to use Univernish—and easy, when you have these books.

Murphy Varnish Company

Newark, N. J. and Chicago, Ill.

Murphy Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, Canada
Successor to The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited

Save the surface and you save all—Use wood



MAIL THIS TODAY

my gun at him I ordered him to surrender. At this juncture three of the ship's officers, who had been roused out of their sleep by the commotion, came running out in their South-Sea-Island pajamas, but too late to help me capture him. When he saw the first officer emerge from the saloon he disregarded my orders to surrender, gun and all, and made a leap and a bound toward the offshore side of the ship and jumped overboard. To satisfy the ship's officers I fired several shots in the direction he had dived, but I made no real effort to wing him. He had been too game. I didn't care even to wound him, let alone kill him. We looked over the side of the ship and kept a close watch for over twenty minutes, but no trace of him. "He must have drowned," remarked the senior officer and retired.

Six months later I was sent to watch on a ship. As is customary, as soon as I stepped on board I betook myself to the mate's cabin to present my credentials. I knocked. He was in. To my astonishment I stood face to face with my game adversary in the night battle of six months before. He stared at me. I stared at him. He grinned. I grinned. I handed him my credentials. He accepted them. I walked out on deck. He followed me. Both of us stood there looking at a flock of sea gulls fighting for pieces of garbage thrown from the galley. Three or four of the most ferocious singled out a rather large piece of bread and were having a lively time of it when one of them got it in his beak and away.

"He seems to be the boss gull, that fellow," ventured the mate smilingly.

"Yes," I replied; "he is the mogul."

This broke the barrier. We conversed freely, though neither mentioned our previous meeting. Mum was the word silently agreed upon. I was an especially privileged guest on that ship for the four weeks I was on watch there. We were good friends during the entire time, and parted as such

Lashed to the Ventilator

Secretly stored booze that baffles rum dicks often comes into port on ships. I was sent to watch on a freighter that had just come in. Evidently this ship had been tipped off to the customs authorities, for no sooner had it docked than a searching squad jumped on board and searched it from bow to stern. No booze was found. To make sure, two customs watchmen were placed on board to watch the cargo being discharged. Perhaps there might be an odd case secreted here and there in the hold. You never can tell. The customs watchmen watched and watched, days and nights, but no hooch. Discouraging! Finally the entire cargo had been discharged and another search was instituted and completed without the desired result. There was nothing for Uncle Sam's rum dicks to do but to withdraw the customs watchmen and put the tip, if tipped off it had been, down as a hoax.

The next morning about two o'clock I was sitting at the gangway of the same ship reading a newspaper account of Secretary Mellon's drastic booze ukase to take effect June tenth in our fifth year of prohibition, when two young men walked up the gangway. I put the newspaper aside and got up, welcoming anyone to talk to in the lonely hours of the morning.

"Well, boys," I greeted, "what can I do for you?"

"We are friends of the captain's," replied one of them, while the other edged behind me and pinioned my arms.

They showed me a glistening gun, confiscated mine, jammed a prepared gag into my mouth, which fitted as snugly as though it had been made to measure, tied it securely behind my neck, and thus lashed me to a ventilator. I was completely mummified.

A small motor tender with barrels on deck came alongside the offshore side of the ship. A jacob's ladder lying on deck was thrown over the side by the two who were already on board. Up from the motor tender climbed three others. They carried with them large coils of rubber tubing and other paraphernalia. There was steam on deck, an unusual thing in mild weather when a ship is not working. Everything seemed to be conveniently placed and carefully prearranged. One after the other the hoisting winches were manned and booms lowered or hoisted into suitable positions. On certain places on the booms a little paint was scraped off. A torch melted a little solder and an iron plug came out, leaving in each boom as nifty a bunghole as was ever made by man. Into these were inserted the ends of long rubber tubes reaching to the barrels on the deck of the motor tender alongside the ship. Thus the contents of the hollow steel booms were transferred to bootlegging territory. It took three hours to drain the booms and a good deal of noise was made in doing it, but not a soul of the ship's crew showed his face. The job done, they released me and threw my gun down the ventilator to which I had been tied, telling me to hunt for it, and handed me a hundred dollars and told me to forget it, and I did.

Perhaps the meanest job a watchman is called upon to do on board ship is to watch Asiatic crews, stowaways and pier jumpers. A pier jumper is a sailor or a stoker or a member of the steward's department who ships on a foreign vessel from a foreign port at the last minute. For instance: The master of an Italian ship bound for New York has had his crew signed on in Naples. He goes to the American consul to have the ship's articles visaed. Uncle Sam's seal is attached. He comes back to his ship ready to sail immediately, but—and here is the rub and the cause of the pier-jumping game—he finds that in his absence five sailors who had signed on the original articles already visaed by the American consul have packed their things and gone ashore, deserted the ship. Time is precious, he must sail, but he is short handed. He needs five more sailors. He picks up the desired number from among the hangers-on along the water front and signs them on, which, as master of a ship, he has a right to do in his own country, but he has no time to return to the American consulate to get the necessary visa for these five. So he sails with his irregular articles. At the entrance to New York Harbor an immigration inspector steps aboard and examines the ship's papers.

He discovers the irregularity immediately and tells the captain something like this: "You have five men who are not visaed by our consul in Naples. They do not come under the Seaman's Law. They are alien. Should any of them get away your ship will be subject to a fine."

Hence the captain will order several watchmen to look after his pier jumpers while his ship is in port. These pier jumpers are difficult to watch, because they are, as a rule, undesirable characters in their own country who hang around the docks to be thus picked up so they can get to this country without paying passage. In many cases they take great risks to get off a ship.

Two other watchmen and myself were watching six of these pier jumpers on a ship anchored five hundred yards off Stapleton, Staten Island. In the middle of the night four of them jumped overboard and started to swim for shore. It took some time before we could lower a boat and get after them, but we got three in the water; the other got ashore, only to be captured a few hours later. Hundreds of these land on our soil every month.

Hard on the Eyes

Watching Chinese is hard on the eyes. They are as slippery as eels. There were five of us watching a crew of these celestials one night. It was dark. The ship's dynamo had been shut down at eleven o'clock. We kept a fairly good lookout, one always at the gangway and another in front of the forecastle where they slept, the rest of us hugging the galley range, taking turns relieving one another, as the night was rather cold. When time came to relieve our mates two of us sauntered out of the galley and along the deck on the offshore side of the ship. We threw the rays of our flashlights onto an empty lighter tied alongside. On the after part of the lighter a tarpaulin was spread in a haphazard way. It moved up and down—wavelike. We gaped for a moment.

"Spooks," thought my mate. "Maybe it's the wind," he finally concluded.

"Perhaps it's Chinks," I ventured. "Let's investigate."

We threw a jacob's ladder over the side and down we went. Sure enough, there were five Chinese crouched under the tarpaulin. We pulled them out by jerks and gave them the third degree. They were slow to comprehend at first. "No sabe Amellican," were the only words we could get from them, but after a few love taps on the jaw and a couple of guns dangling in front of them they seemed to remember enough Amellican to make themselves understood. They told us they had made a

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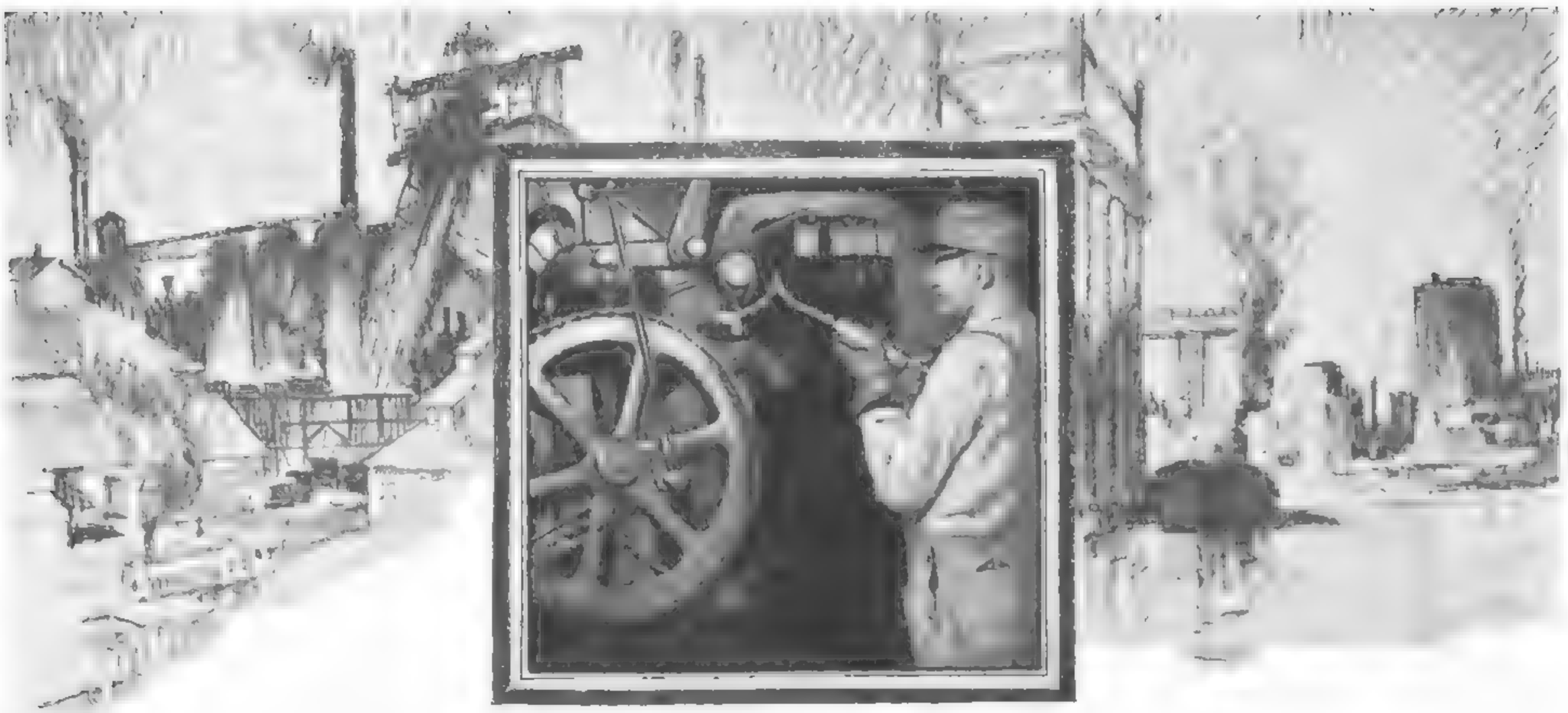

How a Big Steel Mill

Recently Saved 10% In Power Cost

A specific case showing how a system of automobile lubrication applied to machinery is revising power costs in industrial plants

Recently an *automobile* lubricating system was installed on 7 miles of machinery and equipment in one of America's leading steel mills. This unique change was sudden and complete, from end to end of the plant. It was a radical step for a large organization. But as an executive stated, "The economy was too big to put off."

Why?

Lubricating machinery with the H-15-1 ton pressure compressor—1 man does the work of 4. Machines have to be lubricated only about half as often as with old fashioned grease cups. Also the safest to operate. Dangerous machines can be lubricated from distances up to 20 ft.

Because working tests in other plants had proved a remarkable saving of power—10% to 20% and as high as 45% on some machines.

$100 to $150 per year was the cost of each horsepower. A saving of 10% of this was all the more startling because it came from an unexpected source.

Engineers of this steel mill were skeptical at first that lubrication—even the best—could make such a difference. But an investigation of this new type system showed them even more economies than this power saving.

Industrial Alemite

Perfected first for automobiles the use of this lubricating system is now rapidly spreading throughout industry. It is revolutionizing lubrication of all types of machinery and equipment—revising power costs.

It is the same Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System that is probably on the car you drive. As you know, its positive high pressure forces lubricant between the closest bearing surfaces—clear through.

And note this. Old grease or oil, dust and grit particles are all forced *out* at the same time.

That is why it saves 10% to 20% of the load on the belt.

Saves Labor

The first use of the Alemite Lubricating System on machinery was to save labor. Speed and convenience alone made it worth while.

For instance, a great publishing house saves $14 a day "shut down time" on each press lubricated with Alemite. And the presses receive better, cleaner lubrication than ever before.

Saves Bearings

In a steel mill, bloomer feed roll bearings formerly burned out every 5 days. With Alemite Lubrication their life is 5 *months* and more. On high speed machine tools, bearings lubricated with Alemite have lasted 3 to 10 times as long as ever before.

Over 100 Industries

As these facts become known the use of Alemite *in industry* is spreading rapidly. Thousands of plants in hundreds of lines of industry have discovered its advantages.

Whether you are most interested in reducing the cost of bearing replacement, labor, or power consumed, you too will find the same surprising economy in the use of Alemite.

Your own plant may be using 10% to 20% more power than is actually needed—even though you do not know it

A test, without obligation, and no cost, is easily made. It will show you facts you ought to know. Write for particulars. Fifty-two distributors the country over, are ready to render expert service in solving any lubricating problem.

This Industrial Type Alemite connection is made in over 100 different sizes and models. Reservoir fittings for bearings subject to heat

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Canadian Factory: Alemite Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

A Bassick-Alemite Product

INDUSTRIAL

ALEMITE

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

High pressure lubricating system

billiards

a gentleman's game

Napoleon playing at billiards with Josephine and Marshal Ney—*Drawn from a painting by B. West Clinedinst.*

THERE are thousands of high-class public billiard rooms in this country today where one finds carom and pocket billiards at its best—played with the finest kind of equipment amid surroundings of refinement, where the moral environment is unquestionable.

Billiards is one of the most beneficial of indoor recreations—a clean, healthful, interesting sport that develops patience and perseverance, steadies the nerves and stimulates mentally as well as physically.

In playing one hundred points of billiards, one must walk at least half a mile. In handling the cue and getting into position for the various shots, practically every muscle of the body is brought into play. Every shot requires careful concentration, quick thinking, keen judgment and accuracy of action.

Judge Ben. B. Lindsey, Juvenile Court, Denver, Colorado, says:

"I am heartily in favor of billiards. It's a fine, manly game. I know of no more wholesome form of recreation."

The BRUNSWICK~BALKE~COLLENDER *Company*

Branch houses in the principal cities in the United States and Canada

623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 78)

bargain with the captain of the lighter they were on to be stowed away on his lighter while it was waiting to be towed away and go with it to its destination. For this they had given him twenty-five dollars each and twenty-five more to be paid by each when they should be safely landed. So.

We shepherded the Chinks before us in the direction of the captain's cabin and knocked at the door. No answer. We knocked again, this time with our feet. Not a stir. We put our shoulders to the door, and in it went, we on top of it. The captain was in bed, fully dressed and pretending sleep. We grabbed him by the neck and yanked him out of bed. At first he denied having any knowledge of his Oriental passengers. Money, good Lord no! He was an honest, hard-working man, he said, and wouldn't think of taking money from the poor heathens. The idea!

However, the Chinks, seeing they would lose this way of escaping, told him in their most elegant Amellican that he was a liar and began to clamor for their money back. But not so! Under threats of having him arrested for trying to smuggle Chinese into the country we made him turn over to us the $125 he had collected from them. We bade him a merry good night and took the Chinks back on the ship.

They had broken the peace and caused us a lot of trouble, and we thought a suitable punishment was in order. We formed a drumhead court-martial and lined the Chinamen up before us in front of the forecastle. We gave them a lecture on the sanctity of our immigration laws and the dire consequences that follow the violation of them; a short talk on how to deal with lighter captains and others along the water front; a few hints of what they could expect in an Amellican jail. We then gave them the choice of paying a fine of twenty-five dollars apiece or of being put in irons and locked up for safekeeping. Evidently they wanted the freedom of the ship, for they chose to pay the fines. The fines were already collected and the Chinks seemed perfectly satisfied. It was a fine night.

How Lascars Seep In

At least 70 per cent of British freight steamers coming into the port of New York are manned by Malays and East Indians, mostly East Indians. These lascars have a perfect right to go ashore the same as white members of a ship's crew. Our laws permit it; this they know. Therefore it is mighty hard to keep them on board. And why should they be kept on board their ship? Why should the steamship companies employing these lascars pay from thirty to a hundred dollars every twenty-four hours for watchmen while a ship is in port to prevent them from going ashore when the La Follette Seaman's Law permits any seaman, be he white, yellow or black, to put his feet on American soil and remain here for a period of sixty days if he so chooses?

The answer is simple. These steamship companies are not benevolent organizations cooperating with Uncle Sam to keep undesirable aliens out of our country, but highly organized freight carriers capable of transporting cargoes much cheaper than steamship companies employing white men can do. There is a great deal of difference between the wages and keep of a lascar crew and that of a white crew, especially an American one. The pay roll and commissary bill of a British ship carrying a lascar crew of sixty will be more than fifty thousand dollars a year less than that of an American ship carrying a crew of the same number. Lascars are cheap, dirt cheap. Sailors get six dollars a month, and stokers eight. Their keep is computed at twelve cents a day a head. Native curry and rice is their only food—meat curry and rice, fish curry and rice and vegetable curry and rice. When these lascars desert a ship they are hard to replace in an American port, hence the elaborate protective measures taken by the steamship companies employing them to keep them on board. When they are unable to replace them they are obliged to sign on white men at American wages, a big difference in both pay and keep. It therefore pays to employ watchmen, even though some of the lascars do get away. The main thing is to avoid wholesale desertion.

East Indian boarding-house keepers and employment agencies in New York are continually after these lascars, keeping dozens of runners on the jump along the water front at all hours. These boarding-house keepers and employment agencies reap a big harvest supplying East Indian coolies to a receptive labor market. Because these lascars are willing to work cheaply under any condition, they are in good demand by American employers in every part of the country. Few stay in New York. They are shipped almost immediately after they have been induced to leave or shanghaied from their ships. When some of them have made their pile, a thousand rupees—about three hundred dollars—they go back to the East Indian employment agency that induced them to leave or shanghaied them from their ship, and ship back to ports in India to spread the news of their success here. This is excellent publicity for the boarding-house keepers, who realize on these jungle wallahs coming and going. Anywhere from ten to fifty dollars a head is paid by British steamship companies and by American employers for them, depending upon demand and supply. It must be a good business, for these East Indian boarding-house keepers ride around in motor cars. When they themselves sneaked into the country five or ten years ago they didn't have a rupee, not a nickel. I have often wondered why they are allowed to operate so openly. Perhaps they are not violating any law; I don't know—I am not paid for knowing.

Watching Gold

Nearly every ship coming into port with a lascar crew loses from a few to a dozen or so. Sometimes an entire crew escape. How do they do it? How can they get off a ship with four or five watchmen there to watch them? I have heard it said that watchmen are easily bribed. Perhaps so if real money is produced. But these lascars have practically none of that much-sought commodity. About one-third of their pay, such as it is, goes to their serang for getting them the job, and the biggest part of the balance is kept from them until they reach their home port. So a watchman will never buy hooch or diamonds with money coming from this source. I have watched these lascars hundreds of times together with other watchmen, but only once did I find a watchman who was willing to sell himself for almost nothing.

He came to me one night we were watching a crew of them and said, "Have a chance to make some dough. There's a five-spot apiece in it. Whatcha say?"

"How?" I asked.

"Twenty niggers wants to creep. They're good for fifty cents apiece," he replied.

"You are good for the dock," I told him, and forthwith proceeded to scuttle him down the gangway.

Watching gold on board ship is also a part of our regular routine. It is usually a one-night job, the gold being put on board the day before a ship sails. A shipment of gold comes to a ship well protected by armed messengers, but the minute the mate of the ship on which it is to be shipped has signed for it a dock watchman watches it.

It was an exceptionally cold night. A blizzard raged, the wind buzzing through the rigging of the ship, roaring at times. I shivered as I sat on a small bench in a bathroom amidship watching two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in paper currency being shipped to Mexico by a large American oil company. The money was in an ordinary tin box with a dog-collar lock. I had orders to unbolt the door for no one but the captain or the mate of the ship, and if either or both wanted to come into the room they had first to identify themselves at the porthole. It was cold in the room. The steam had either been shut off or it had petered out. It became too cold for comfort. I thought of the cozy galley fire. I shivered some more. My body clamored for a milder temperature. To satisfy the beast I picked up the tin box full of money and hotfooted it to the galley. It was comfortable there. I put the money box on end in front of the fireplace and sat on it. Two other watchmen who were supposed to be watching the ship, were having their early morning siesta on a long bench up against the end bulkhead of the galley. They were snoring sonorously, wheezing it out in jerks with an occasional prolonged falsetto.

As I sat there directly in front of the fireplace the heat made me drowsy. I dozed off, perhaps slept. I must have been in the lap of Morpheus for twenty minutes or so when I woke up with a start. The back of my overcoat had caught fire. I jumped to my feet, pulled it off and doused it in a boiler full of water. Hanging it up I surveyed the damage. It was ruined. The money box was in the some position that I had placed it, the lock side toward the fireplace. I gave it a kick and it fell on the galley deck, top up. I picked it up by the handle to move it away from the red-hot fireplace. To my surprise only the lid came up, swinging on its hinges, leaving the box with the money in full view on the galley deck. The heat had softened and partly melted the soldiering of the lock hasp.

What to do? There are times when even a watchman regrets having done a foolish thing. The two other watchmen were still snoring. I didn't care to let them know of my predicament. Watchmen, the same as everyone else, will talk. Therefore I decided to sneak out of the galley unobserved the same as I had come, and go back to the strong room.

I put the money box under one of my arms and my wet overcoat under the other and ran along the deck to amidship and to the cold bathroom. I put the money box on the bathroom deck and bolted the door. I lifted the lid and had another peep. It was good to look at, a great sight! Bundles of new crisp bills. They were tempting. They invited me to examine them closely. I picked up one of the bundles, double-X yellowbacks, and fondled it tenderly, almost kissed it, rubbing a few of the top bills between my thumb and forefinger. There is something about the feel of a new treasury note that sends penetrating titillations through one's system. It tickles the sporting appetite and makes love to one's weakness. A mad desire took possession of me. A thrill! All the gay imps to whom I had willingly given free board and lodging through life made a concentrated attack and demanded immediate action. But I took the box to the engine room and gave a stoker a dollar to help me solder on the hasp. This piece of tinsmith work must have been fairly well done and defied detection, for I have heard nothing about it, and it is nearly two years since it happened. Such are the temptations put in the way of men getting a pay that is wholly inadequate to provide a white man's living. And honest-to-goodness folks wonder why people go wrong!

Bootlegging? Yes, watchmen do a bit of it. It is safe to say that on an average some thousands of bottles of intoxicating liquor of some sort or other are brought ashore every twenty-four hours by bootlegging watchmen. Some carry what they can on their person while others take the stuff off ships in case lots, one to fifty or more cases at a time. This is comparatively easy. At piers where the customs watchmen are not averse to making a little extra change the bootlegging watchman drives his car in on a pier to the gangway of a ship and loads up. On piers where the greasing comes too high or where no dicker can be made he jumps into his motorboat in the early hours of the morning and shoots alongside the particular ship he has in mind. Then there are numerous piers without customs watchmen—not enough customs watchmen to cover them all.

The Condensed Scotch of Commerce

It is amusing to hear people say, "This is the real stuff. A friend got it on a ship just from the other side." Really. This sounds good and it may help the imagination a bit, but the fact remains that the hooch your friend got on the ship just from the other side is about the same kind of hooch that your neighbor makes. There is hardly any such thing as the real stuff for sale on ships coming into American ports. The real stuff is scarce and mighty difficult to get hold of. Ships do not carry it for the bootlegging trade. Of course foreign passenger ships carry good booze, wines and beer for their passengers, but at the same time they carry an ample supply of the inferior grade to bootleg here.

As for foreign freighters, their masters generally keep a few cases of tasty stuff in their medicine lockers for entertaining friends and officials, but they, the same as passenger ships, have, in collusion with their stewards, large quantities of bootlegging material secreted in some other part of their ship. Real Scotch is hard to obtain, even in its native country. They fare busy over there manufacturing condensed Scotch whisky for export to every shipping port in the world—to find its way eventually to the great big sucker town of U. S. A. They keep for themselves—and you can't blame them—whatever good whisky they have. This condensed Scotch whisky is made today and shipped tomorrow in hogsheads to

Experience and Science Agree on Sauerkraut

"Good morning, daughter. How is Tom feeling today? Better, I hope."

• • • • •

"Tell him his mother-in-law is so glad. I felt sure that a good diet of sauerkraut would put him on his feet again."

• • • • •

"Well, I never knew all the things it tells about in your booklet, but before you were born I had known for a long time that sauerkraut was better than any 'spring tonic'."

• • • • •

"Yes, I've read the booklet, and it's certainly wonderful. I thought we old folks knew more about sauerkraut than you young people, but we never knew all the scientific reasons why it does so much good."

• • • • •

"Yes, your father has read the booklet, too, and he says it's all true. You know he has always been fond of sauerkraut."

• • • • •

"The recipes sound so good! I'm going to try them all—especially those delicious salads—they'll be fine for lunches."

• • • • •

"Well, you give Tom sauerkraut two or three times a week and see how he picks up. And it will do you good, too. Goodbye, dear."

Many have long known the value of sauerkraut as a natural regulator and conditioner, for keeping the intestinal tract free from harmful germs. Science has now found the reasons for its remarkable efficacy, and the publication of the truths regarding it has aroused nation-wide interest. If you are interested in health through correct eating, mail this coupon now for your copy of the free booklet "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with many new and delicious recipes.

(Sauerkraut may be purchased at groceries, meat markets and delicatessen stores.)

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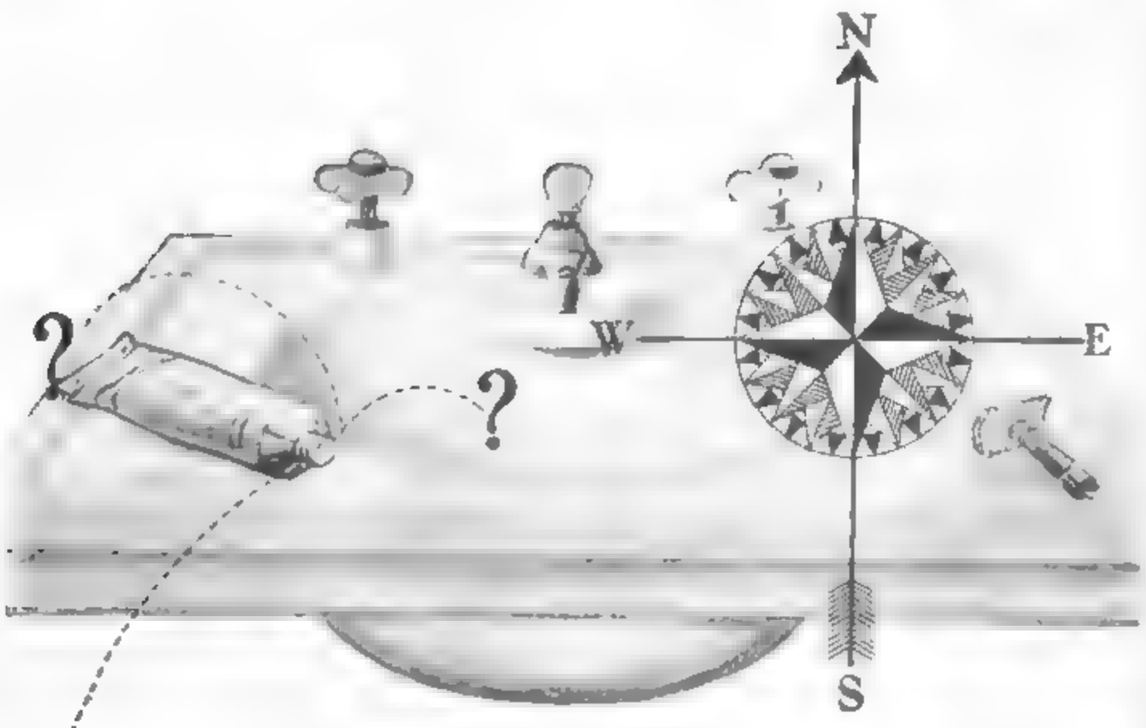


North, East, South, West —where did that loose cap go?

A LOOSE shaving cream cap is a lost shaving cream cap—sooner or later it's bound to happen. That's why, on caps alone, you can *see* that Williams has a big advantage.

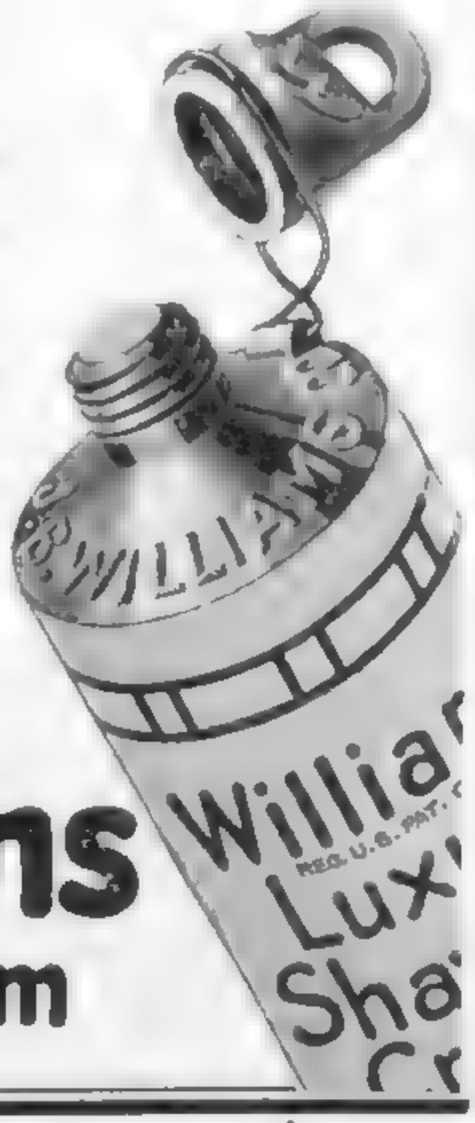
And when you try Williams, you'll find that the cream has just as distinct advantages as the Hinge-Cap:

Williams gives a decidedly heavier and a far more closely-woven lather. This lather holds the moisture *in* against the beard so that immediate softening takes place. Open, porous lathers take longer to penetrate the beard.

Williams lubricates the skin so that razor friction (the scraping feeling) is eliminated. There's actually a thin protective film between your face and the razor-edge while you shave.

Williams has an ingredient which keeps the skin smooth and free from irritation even though you go over your face twice. Men with tough, heavy beards whose skin is sensitive particularly like the delightful after-effect of Williams.

In Williams you get a shaving cream that is pure and entirely free from coloring matter. The reputation of its makers as specialists in shaving soaps is known to everyone. And now this shaving cream has a Hinge-Cap!



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Glastonbury, Conn.
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Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving formula. For free trial bottle write Dept. 13-A.

Williams
Shaving Cream

ports in Canada, the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, Asia, Africa and of course to European ports, where it is diluted, bottled and made ready for distribution to every ship going to American ports. Millions of dollars are thus saved in freight charges. Canada, the West Indies and Mexico get the bulk of this trade, and they are therefore in a position to furnish an unlimited supply to Rum Row.

The bootlegging brand of Scotch whisky is horrid as it is, but when it is fixed it is frightful, and it all depends upon the degree of greed the fixer has been imbued with, when it is fixed, whether you go or stay. Sometimes this fixed stuff is refixed by the first shore bootlegger that buys it and is sold to a second shore bootlegger, who in turn takes a whack at it and doubles or trebles it, and by the time it gets to the poor boob who pays from six to eight dollars a bottle for it it is pretty tired and worn out—exhausted. The ingredients commonly used in this booze expansion are the same as those used in stretching rye whisky.

French, Dutch, German, Scandinavian, Italian, Japanese and South American ships, besides Scotch whisky, carry wine, cordials, gin, beer and an inexhaustible supply of million-star French brandy. The compound adjective is permissible. You will see more than a million stars if you drink it. The label sticks pretty and is a poetical piece of art, but inside the bottle lurk demons of greed and deceit, insanity and death. A good deal of this French brandy is made here and taken on board a ship as soon as it docks. This gives our native hooch a foreign taste and a sucker flavor. The labels and seals are brought by the ship ready to stick on.

Many of these ships make their own on board. These people are not satisfied with from four to seven dollars a bottle as profit on stuff they buy on the other side, which at best is rotten, as it is especially made for the bootlegging trade here, but they want to bag the whole hog. The stuff they make on board ship costs them next to nothing, perhaps a few cents a bottle. It has no taste and it only has the final kick—in many cases.

Plenta da Mon

A steward on an Italian ship with whom I am well acquainted took me into a little room adjoining the ship's storeroom one day. Behind a panel on shelves stood rows of French brandy bottles with labels and seals on them looking as natural as could be. He told me he had made every bottle of the stuff on the trip coming over and that it had cost him for the whole thing what would average about six cents a bottle in our money. He charged seven dollars a bottle for this hooch, and at that he couldn't hand them out fast enough. I asked him if his conscience never bothered him.

He grinned, waved his arms and hands and remarked, "No matter. America plenta da mon!"

That is typical. All they think about when they come here is money. Money, money! This is their sucker field; they pick 'em off the trees—easy. They don't care a hang how many they kill, how many they blind, how many they send to the insane wards. No matter. America plenta da mon!

I have personally seen many sad cases along the water front caused by poisonous hooch bought on ships. One evening I witnessed a lighter captain drop dead on the deck of his lighter after having taken a few drinks from a bottle of French brandy that he had bought on a ship. A watchman also nibbled at the same bottle, but he had better luck—he only lost the sight of one eye while the other one took a rest for six months. And many more too numerous to mention.

I was night gateman on a pier where one night ten thousand cases of a well-known brand of rye whisky were being loaded on a ship. Eighteen picked watchmen, all armed, were looking after and watching the stuff, ten on the pier, four on deck and four in the hold of the ship. Things went along smoothly enough until about three o'clock in the morning. Then the longshoremen decided to sample the booze, watchmen or no watchmen. They hoisted a draft of twenty cases in a net sling up to a little above the deck, swung it over the hatch coaming to the center of the hatch opening as usual, and let it dangle there for a moment. Then something went wrong with the hoisting winch and the draft of twenty cases of booze precipitated to the bottom of the hold with a bang. The hoisting winch must have recovered from its defects wonderfully quick, for immediately the draft was hoisted up seven or eight feet and the longshoremen in the hold got underneath it with their water buckets, hats and shoes. Drippings! It literally rained booze. Water buckets, hats and shoes were filled in a jiffy.

Rapid Reduction

Two bucketfuls were passed on to the pier. Of course everybody sampled it, watchmen too. They sampled some more. They continued sampling until the sampling period fagged and the convivial period set in and flourished. Cases were deliberately broken open by the dozen. Bottles were uncorked and denecked. Nobody cared; everybody was happy. Free booze! Presently longshoremen, checkers, gang foremen, clerks and watchmen, one by one, two by two, three by three, started to walk off the pier, only to come back in a short while. Going out they were fat and bulky, but coming back they were thin, their clothing sagging. Something must be wrong.

I started to frisk as many as I could handle, and confiscated some of the booze. Objections, of course; a punch now and then, a tongue exercise in between, a hiccough or two, a few bottles swishing by my head, one or two hitting the mark, and many other choice water-front compliments were hurled at me by this army of booze toters. But in spite of all these I confiscated ninety-three bottles.

When Noah Webster defined a watchman in his good book of linguistic rules, a watchman was a rare individual; one might say, a curiosity. In those days he was pictured in the minds of most people as a bewhiskered old man with a wooden leg and one arm, a clay pipe or a chew of tobacco stuck in his mouth, sitting in a shanty waving a red flag or ringing the village fire bell. But times have changed, and so have watchmen. Today a watchman is not a rare individual, nor is he a curiosity. He doesn't tote a wooden leg about with him, nor does he necessarily wear whiskers. He is plentiful and of importance. In New York City alone, not counting the water-front watchmen or the city police, there are, based on a conservative and painstaking estimate, more than eighty thousand privately employed watchmen, or call any of them what you will, but nevertheless they are watchmen, who stand as a buffer between a vicious criminal element and wholesale looting.

Twin Pillars of Transportation

Oil and motor trucks, each building up the other's strength, have become twin pillars of transportation. Trucks need oil. Oil needs trucks.

Many of the first White Trucks which went to work in the oil industry are still at work daily after a dozen years and more than 100,000 miles of service.

You need the truck with long earning life.

A single oil company, which has standardized on White Trucks, operates 1,441 Whites. Fifteen oil companies operate fleets of more than 100 White Trucks each. Oil companies have invested more than twenty million dollars in Whites.

You need the truck which carries such an endorsement.

Single White Trucks, serving distributors with small gallonage, earn money and save money as consistently as the White fleets of the big companies.

You need the truck which will save money for you.

In 1910 there were five White Trucks at work in the oil industry. Ten years later an average of more than five new White Trucks was going into service in the oil business every working day.

You need the truck which careful buyers buy and buy again.

In cities and towns you see trim White tank trucks every day distributing the gallons which other White Trucks have helped to wrest from earth's storehouses in the production fields. In distribution it is transportation cost, down to the split penny, which measures profit. In production it is sheer ability to do each day's grueling tasks, and keep on doing them, which measures performance. By either standard the choice is Whites.

You need the truck which will do your work, whatever it is, at low cost, and keep on doing it.

The widespread and enduring preference for White Trucks is not peculiar to the oil industry. Other big industries, thoroughly organized to analyze results and costs, have shown the same preference public utilities, retail stores, the building supply business, contract haulers, municipalities, and others.

The truck which has been solving your problem for others will solve it for you.

You need a White Truck

Assuring continuous, sustained transportation everywhere

The Oil Industry's truck needs are your truck needs – multiplied

More White Trucks are at work in the oil industry than trucks of any other high-grade make.

Whether your trucking problem is expressed in gallons or cubic yards, packages or cases, tons or feet, you cannot ask more from a truck than is being demanded every day of White Trucks in the oil fields.

In every other great industry, too, White Trucks keep rolling—rolling up money-earning miles. Only a great organization could give you the transportation in a truck you get in a White.

THE WHITE COMPANY
CLEVELAND

WHITE TRUCKS

MENNEN MAKES THEM FOR YOU

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM *gives Shaving Comfort*

DERMUTATION, the Mennen-discovered process of beard softening, makes shaving supremely comfortable. And it introduces new speed in every detail of beard-removal.

Dermutation is the scientific term for absolute beard-softening. The lather of Mennen Shaving Cream causes each stiff, horny hair to become wholly soft and pliant. That is dermutation.

Hairs thus softened offer no resistance, and instead of turning back the cutting edge of the razor, allow the blade to cut right through.

The lack of resistance increases the life of the blade and prevents the hairs from pulling at the sensitive facial nerves. That is why a Mennen shave is so completely effortless—so utterly comfortable.

Facial hairs grow in all directions. Mennen dermutation works, regardless of the hair's position. It is only necessary that the hair be outside the skin and it can then be completely softened by Mennen's, and the razor is sure to get it. The softening is so thorough that no supports or props are necessary to hold the hairs erect for the razor to cut.

Use any water in any part of the country—hot, warm, or cold. Certain elements in Mennen Shaving Cream will soften the hardest water, and neutralize the irritating, drying salts in alkaline waters.

Mennen's contains Boro-glycerine, a wonderful emollient that tones and stimulates the skin. By relaxing the pores, Boro-glycerine enables the skin to throw off the hidden oily deposits that cause blackheads.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

TRY these unusual effects at our risk. Get a handy 35c tube or an extra-economical 50c tube of Mennen's. Use it a full week. If you are not amazed and delighted, return the tube to us for a full refund. If you prefer, write for a free demonstrator tube.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

MENNEN TALCUM *for* MEN *gives Skin Protection*

THE daily use of Mennen Talcum for Men is a pleasure as well as a real protection for the skin.

Use it as generously as you like on face and neck—it never looks chalky or conspicuous. That is because Mennen Talcum for Men is toned to match the color of your face.

A touch of this soft, luxurious powder quickly removes any trace of shine due to shaving or washing or perspiration.

Many men follow every bath with an all-over Mennen talcum-shower. They find it makes underclothes feel like silk. And each tiny fleck is like a miniature drying sponge that absorbs the moisture the towel didn't reach.

This soothing, absorbent action helps to prevent colds and skin roughness.

Do your feet ever perspire too freely, or chafe? Are new shoes painfully tight? Just put some Mennen Talcum for Men on your feet and inside the shoes in the morning, and see how dry and comfortable your feet stay all day.

In Mennen Talcum for Men are compounded the finest ingredients known to skin specialists and dermatologists.

PROTECTIVE ELEMENTS

ONE element defeats friction, another combats skin acids; one element increases the absorbency, while another forms a silky film. Safe antiseptics of definite therapeutic value aid in counteracting infections.

It has taken more than half a century of research to perfect this carefully compounded powder. Yet you can buy a large shaker tin from any druggist for only 25c.

For skin health and skin protection, get the Mennen-Talcum-for-Men habit.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

The Mennen Company, Limited, Montreal, Quebec

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

Continued from Page 22

perpetrated the foolish act of marrying the unhappy Paula I found myself in rooms that were between those of a man who skipped every evening for an hour before dinner and those of an elderly gentleman of the old school, with an ancient valet, and an octogenarian Scotch terrier that carried letters to the red pillar box in his mouth at precisely the same moment every night of his life

Addison had lived there in the days when English had been written with style, and since his time it had harbored a series of distinguished men, several eccentrics, a statesman or two, a dozen or so members of the House of Lords, at least one admiral, Henry Arthur Jones, Lewis Waller, Arthur Bourchier, and the cricketer hero of Hornung's excellent story who set the fashion for stage crooks. It was a place with a tradition, and when June occasionally flamed, and I could sit out on my balcony and watch the stars, it "rendered back an echo of the sad steps by which it had been trod." Not that all of them were sad. Addison sometimes walked jauntily with his friend and imitator Steele—an appropriate name—and some of the Toms, Dicks and Harrys of Cremorne days and nights had a roystering uncertainty that was eloquent of high spirits. It was, indeed, peopled with ghosts, and as much because of that as because its living inhabitants were governed by a committee which clung to an ancient set of rules and for a long time refused, and rightly, to recognize the necessity of the telephone, it was the temple of a silence which, "like a poultice, came to heal the blows of sound."

Amenities at the Albany

Liking tradition and knuckling down easily to rules, I formed an immediate habit of consulting the convenience of my elderly neighbor below whenever I intended to give a dinner party my skipping neighbor above invariably dined out. Notes were conducted between us, therefore, in some such words as these:

Sir, I have the honor to inform you that it is my intention to give dinner to a few friends on such and such an evening at eight o'clock, when there is a probability that one or other of them will play my piano. I shall be obliged if you will inform me as to whether this plan meets with your entire approval. I have the honor to be, sir, and so on.

To which invariably I received the following answer:

Sir, I have the honor to acknowledge your courteous note and to inform you that the night you have chosen for your dinner party suits my convenience very well. I will dine at the club and return at half past eleven, by which time I trust that your good friends will have closed your piano. I have the honor to be, sir, and so on.

This exchange of a pleasant if somewhat conscious early Victorianism was kept up regularly. We did not speak when we came face to face on the doorstep, never having been introduced, and our distant relationship was never disturbed by any distressing incident. It might have been severely twisted, perhaps, if the old gentleman had recognized me under the Oriental make-up of an Indian sheik when, as he was taking the air before breakfast one morning at eight o'clock, I dashed into the Albany, followed by several still merry Abdallahs, and stood frozen beneath his disapproving gaze. But luckily he didn't, and after he had passed us I led my hungry party up the worn stone stairs on tiptoe. The sudden sight of such people in that place, at such a time, or any other, must have made him believe that he had come out of sleep into a waking dream.

Some months after that, at about six o'clock one evening, he called upon me formally, and with his very old and rather bronchial dog between his feet, took the most comfortable chair in my workroom, and after a few nasty remarks about the weather, a caustic criticism of the government, an affectionate reference to his ancient companion, an inspection of my caricatures, and a sherry and bitters, propounded the surprising offer to which I have referred. It appeared that he had been to see The Blindness of Virtue several times, and not being a consistent theatergoer having in fact seen nothing for over ten years—he liked it very much.

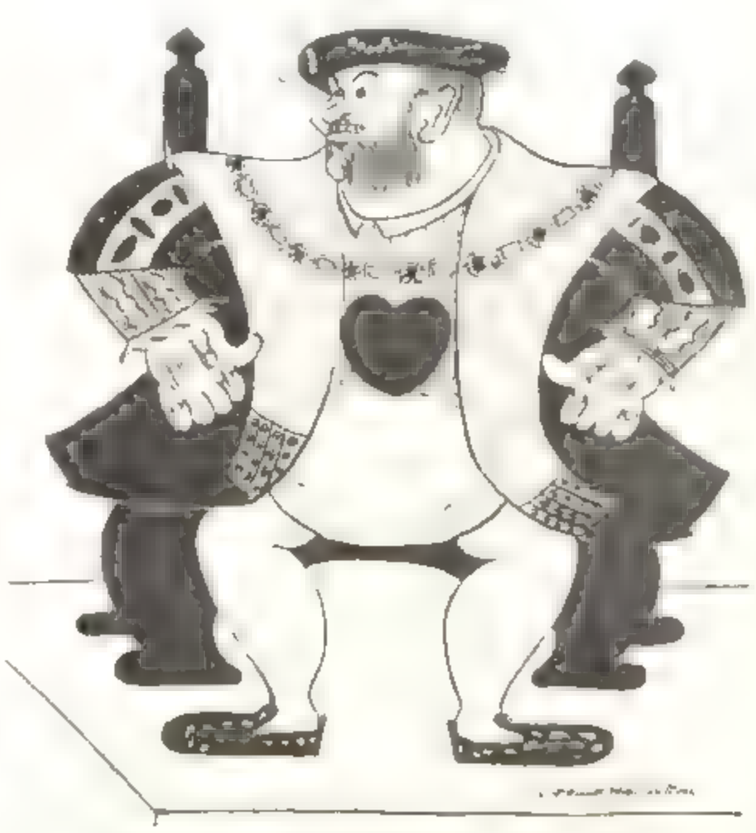
H. B. Irving, From a Caricature by Mr. Hamilton

The Old Angel

"Yes, sir, very, very much." So much, indeed, that as owner of a group of coal mines in Wales and a man of great wealth, he had conceived the idea of buying one of the best of the London theaters for me, to which I might transfer that play, and produce others of the same kind whenever it was necessary. He desired, he said, to show his approval of my work by placing me in a position of author-manager, so that I need not be bothered with the difficulty of procuring a suitable theater at convenient times and could build up an organization of young and enthusiastic talent, headed by several actors of high reputation. He mentioned the theater, told me that he had discovered through his lawyers the sum for which it could be bought, and begged me to turn my attention at once to the necessary details so that the deal might go through with the least possible delay.

To one who knew well—as I did—the extraordinary amount of tact, eloquence, patience and heartbreak that went to the landing of such an angel fish as this, who had seen managers in the feverish act of throwing out a dozen lines at a time, temptingly baited, in waters that didn't afford a single bite, and listened to wistful stories of great riches and blinding searchlights told by youngish ambitious actors if exactly such a backer could be found by them, the whole thing sounded like something out of the Arabian Nights.

But my caller was obviously the old gentleman who lived downstairs and not a messenger from Mars, and was so perfectly normal, quiet and unmoved that I found my breath, as many of the right words as I could fumble at with which to thank him for his kindness, and asked to be allowed to think the matter over.



Arthur Bourchier as King Henry VIII, From a Caricature by Mr. Hamilton

Certainly! Of course! He would expect to hear from me tomorrow, felt that more rain was coming over, liked the way I had my books, gave forth again about the government all the way downstairs, waited for Rover, opened and shut his door.

I thought the matter over, saw that my acceptance of this Santa Claus scheme would not only postpone my visit to America, upon which I was very keen, but would turn me into a worn and harassed creature, doomed to an indoor life, a slave to the sort of constant details that I hated and a martyr to a responsibility that I was in no mood to undertake. Then, too, the mere idea of making a play factory of myself, with the odds five to one in favor of failure, if not worse than that, and the fearful business of finding plays and money, keeping a friendly stage and standing nightly on the steps, like Sister Anne, to see if anyone were coming, made my answer easy. It was No, though, naturally, with a full explanation of my point of view and the deepest gratitude. Later, when I returned the call, the subject was never once referred to until I rose to go, when I was told that if at any time I changed my mind I had only to say so and the lawyers would be instructed to proceed. I didn't change my mind, nor, when I read of the death of that dear old man some nine months later, did I change my gratitude. I wonder whether he outlived his dog; if not, whose letters the once sprightly Rover set out to take to the red pillar box every night at precisely the same moment.

A Glimpse of Canada

It is a long way from London to New York. When the weather is fine and the sea smooth, it is a very pleasant way, at the end of which there is the always-dramatic thrill at the sight of those Gargantuan buildings that seem to swarm down to the waterside and stare with thousands of eyes at arriving vessels. When the weather is bad and the sea rough, it is to me, who hate discomfort like a Persian cat, a far from pleasant way, during which the only thing to do is to sleep it through and dream of an Elysium on earth. Rough or smooth, the Atlantic crossing never fails, however, to inspire me to a great respect and admiration of the ship, which is a human creature, less temperamental than any other, though with recognizable characteristics; more conscientious, more determined to do what is expected of her; and, fully aware of the fact that the sea resents her presence, is jealous of her strength, and whenever the chance comes takes a passionate delight in disturbing her dignity with the crash of waves. The Titanic never echoed the boastfulness of the fool who chalked upon one of her boilers, "We fear neither man nor God," and like all her sisters knew that in the sea, "unmated creature, tired and lone," was a treacherous enemy whose only pleasure lay in adding to her store of murdered ships.

I went to Canada after a few days in New York, where I stayed at one of those hive-like hotels in and out of which people swarm like bees, leaving most of their honey behind them, and in which a man may buy everything from stocks to theater tickets, with shirts, collars, boot laces, flowers, books, toothbrushes in between, and have everything done to him from manicure to shaving, from Turkish bath to being bled. But during the brief period that I was there then there was ample time for one of the papers to mix me up with the late Cosmo Gordon-Lennox, and therefore to give me Marie Tempest for a wife and a chunk of the peerage to put my head on. And when

High Cost of Cheap Lining

IT'S not the fault of the good sturdy Ford. It's the transmission - brake - lining that's wrong

What causes this?

Ordinary lining wears down, gets slick — causes chatter and vibration. Chatter costs you toss axle and transmission repairs

Buy Advance Linings. They last so long that they are by far the cheapest. They don't get hard, glazed and charred. They keep your Ford out of the repair shop and save unnecessary repair bills.

ADVANCE
Feltbak
FOR FORDS
Stops Chatter Permanently

$2.75 Per Set

THE Feltbak holds the oil and when you press the pedals, oil shoots thru the special oil holes onto braking surface. Lubricates when needed most. Prevents burning and glazing and thus removes the cause of chatter permanently

ADVANCE
White Stripe
Heavy Duty Lining for Ford Cars and Trucks

"The Stripe Identifies—The Lining Satisfies"

$2.25 Per Set

Special Weave covers and protects framework and binder cords from surface wear. At least 30 per cent more cotton than ordinary lining.

Special Treatment penetrates every fibre, prevents burning and glazing—keeps lining soft and pliable.

White Stripe stays in hard working Fords longer because real heavy duty quality is put into it.

ADVANCE
Cork Feltbak
$3.00 Per Set
The Perfected Cork-in-Fabric Lining for Fords

CORKS give correct friction value. Cup drums smoothly—always hold. Feltbak holds cork in place. Lubrication under pressure prevents burning and glazing, thus removes the cause of chatter and vibration permanently

Advance Linings cheapest in long run

Ford owners realize that it's a foolish expense to pay $5 to $6 installation charges on cheap lining that soon wears out and has to be replaced. Advance Linings give good service and save from two to four relining jobs. Select the lining best suited for your Ford. Don't buy a substitute.

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THE Ford owner who expects and wants better service from his car uses Advance Equipment sooner or later Millions of Ford owners wouldn't think of using anything else. You can buy Advance Equipment with absolute confidence. Finest materials, careful workmanship, rigid inspection.

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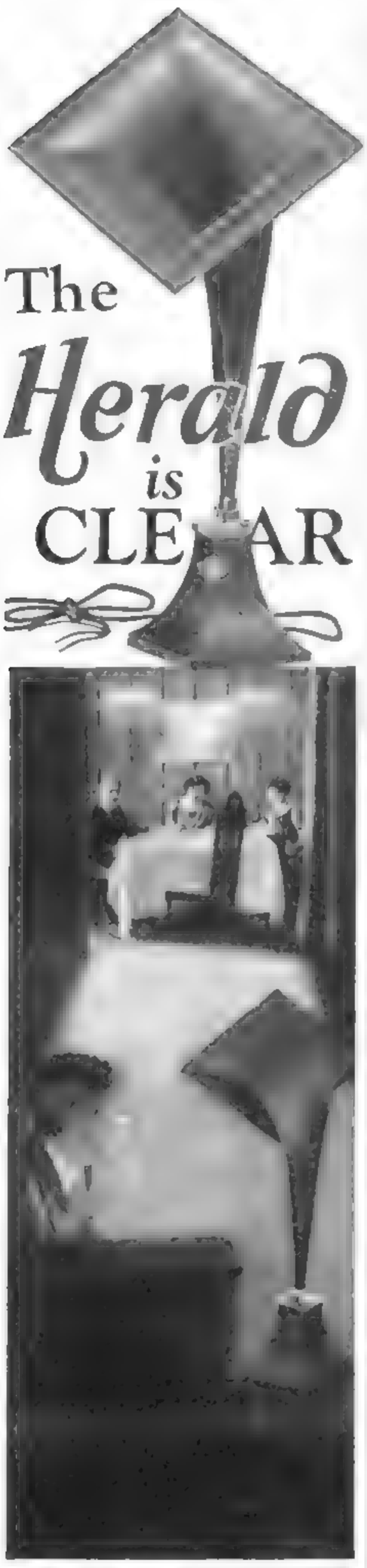
"Every Product the Best of its Kind"



TRANSFORM the family dining room into a famous restaurant! Hear the orchestra—almost see it!—through the clear Herald Radio Loud Speaker. How real, how near, the music is, because the Herald brings it clearly.

Height 30 inches, 6-foot cord. Price $30. Slightly more on Pacific Coast and in Canada. Write for folder and enclose your dealer's name and address.

Herald Electric Co., Inc.,
113 Fourth Avenue, New York

I rang up the editor and ventured to call his attention to this slight mistake, he took it with a probably hard-won philosophy and comforted me with the unarguable assurance that "tonight's paper is dead, tomorrow's is on the presses," and so, as the statement was never corrected, and was copied freely by all the country papers, I still find myself occasionally regarded with more interest than I deserve as the husband of a great actress and delightful woman, and sometimes with the black looks of those who have evidently laid their ears to gossip and stored up something unkind and untrue about poor old Gordon-Lennox, who dabbled successfully in playwriting, spoke French as well as Guitry, had an irresistible way of saying things that were quoted against him, wore admirable trousers and possessed a generous heart.

Evidently I was mixed up with someone else as well, because only a year or two ago a good lady with an inaccurate sense of hearing and a passion for minor thrills was very eager to meet me, as she had been told that I had deserted a wife and three children in England. She was not only greatly disappointed when I denied this distinction, but extremely nettled when I dragged in a reference to criminal libel. How very few women remember Lot's wife!

In Montreal, a delightful city filled with most hospitable people, where Stephen Leacock, whom I met at tea and who I thought looked like a Scotch artist who had lived in Paris and returned reluctantly to Aberdeen, naturally breaks out into humor as an antidote to lecturing to the students of McGill, and where the directors of the C. P. R. live in splendid houses and look back with very natural pride at the result of their stupendous efforts, I formed an estimate of how The Blindness of Virtue was going at its first Canadian performance by watching the movements of the good square jaws of an emancipated woman who sat on an end seat in the middle row of the dress circle with her arms folded across an aggressive bosom. She was chewing gum, a habit that is indulged in by people with a too high blood pressure, and when her jaws moved slowly and critically I knew that she was bringing the weight of her great brain to bear with caution upon my thesis; but when they moved fast and furiously I was certain that her better judgment was carried away by her emotions, of which she had plenty, despite a pathetic belief usual to emancipation that she had surmounted anything so primeval.

Striking a quick average, I came to the conclusion that her liking of the play was eighty to twenty, with which I was perfectly satisfied. The opinion of Montreal was even better than that. In Ottawa the verdict was the same. So, also, was the hospitality; and when I went to a town in Ontario, outside which I hoped to play golf with my brother and Holmes-Gore, and, arriving at night, was greeted with Welcome to Hamilton in electric letters on a high building in the main street, I considered that Canada had gone almost too far in its kindness, until I remembered that that was the name of the place and was its nightly greeting to the universe.

The Plus Fours' Gallery

Our game of golf came off on an excellent course on a Sunday morning made dazzling by the turning maple leaf, but not without a preliminary quarter of an hour of complete discomfiture. Without giving a thought to the matter, we all three arrived in what are now called plus fours for a reason known only to tailors, but found at once a distinct antagonism on the part of those members of the club who happened already to be there. We heard some such remark as "Swanking Britishers," found our way to the lockers, as no geographical assistance was volunteered, and eventually were made somewhat nervous to see that a gallery had formed up at the first tee to watch us foozle our drives.

All this, of course, made us anxious to pull our best game out of the bag and do what decent credit we could to the old country, to which all these boys afterwards streamed in a mighty company to play a more difficult game in France and Gallipoli. My brother, with distended nostrils, drove off first, hit his ball well and truly and sent it singing down the straight in plus-two form. Holmes-Gore went next with an almost equal peach, and I brought up the rear with, by the grace of Saint Andrew, a pearler. Followed to the first green by a distinctly less skeptical crowd, we all three had the luck to beat our seconds to within a chip shot of the green and drop in bogey. After which we were left alone, our gallery went back to play, we enjoyed the morning of our lives, and on returning to the house for lunch we were amused and delighted to find a warm greeting and places laid at a large table decorated with red, white and blue. I need hardly say that our afternoon round was rendered erratic by a superabundance of Canadian Club whisky and much laughter and many cheers. On second thoughts we were not surprised at our dubious reception when we remembered that England had had a fatal knack of packing off some of her choicest wasters to that gallant and unoffending country

I met one of them there—or rather he met me—a typical specimen, instantly recognizable in any part of the world. I had just come out of the hotel one evening for a walk, when he slithered out of nowhere with an Eton smile, a Lock hat at the right angle, in which he had evidently carried blackberries; no shirt under a Savile Row coat and no socks in a pair of McAfee shoes which only clung to their soles by tradition, but all the charm, easy assurance and quick friendship of his breed, and almost, but not quite, the musical-comedy accent. I mean the idiotic way of saying "thare" and "heare," "portar," "waitar," and so on—comic stuff.

"Can you oblige me with a match?" he asked in a bell-like voice. I could and did. Then the flash of teeth. "And a cigarette, if it's all the same." I had it ready.

A Born Soldier

He rapped it on his thumb nail, ran his eyes over me, showing at once that he was gracious enough to pass me as a person with whom he might be seen, and fell in step. Not with any laughter, but in admirable phrases, neatly, wittily, ironically shaped, he scenarioized the chapters of his unwritten history while we swung through the town. A well-known name, fine athlete, Eton to Oxford, an epoch-making funeral following the dean's square toe; no father, a too loving and indulgent mother, racing debts, red paint all over his London haunts, bankruptcy court; the interference of an abrupt uncle, a passage to Canada, with enough money to buy some earth, all lost in the smoking room of the ship; piano playing in a cinema theater, bartender, railway worker, garage hanger-on, the doss house or an empty bench. Fifteen pounds all that was needed at the moment to spruce him up and put him into a motor-car shop as salesman.

"With my smile, it ought to result in getting rid of a car a week, what?"

I could have told him his story quite easily, I had heard it so often before. The money passed, my apologies were accepted with charming grace, a warm handshake on the steps of the hotel—and asterisks. Piccadilly, September, 1915. A pretty little girl with adoring eyes, a captain in a Scottish regiment. Mons ribbon. M. C.

"Oh, hullo, old bean, how are yar?"

And that was all. Probably a brigadier general, brass hat, red tabs, before the Armistice. A man like that was simply born for war.

On returning to New York, two most thoughtful and courteous representatives of the Sunday magazine section of one of its oldest and most famous papers expressed anxiety to initiate me into the mysteries of a baseball game and I was driven out to an enormous playing ground at the wrong end of Broadway. There I sat in an ice box with my skin frozen to my bones while my good friends waited eagerly for me to say one of the damfool English things that would provide them with a screaming headline. I gathered this, and although I was very willing to oblige, the icy wind that cut my ears and my nose was hardly conducive to the needed line. But it came to me in a brilliant flash halfway through the game.

"When do we adjourn for tea?" I asked. and sure enough it ran in large black letters all across the page when Sunday came.

I have a warm place in my heart for the New York World, notwithstanding the fact that it did its best to turn me into an Icelandic fossil

Through the publication of a novel of mine called The Outpost of Eternity, by Appleton & Co., which they didn't like, but which almost alone—I did, I met Coningsby Dawson, who was then in George Doran's publishing office, writing those funny things that are printed on the paper covers of books, during business hours, and dashing back every evening to the parental home in Newark, there to write books, read books and criticize books. He positively reveled in ink.

Sinclair Lewis, who has since taken his camera to Main Street and made a series of picture post cards that are displayed in every shop window, a keen, quick, dogged-as-does-it fellow, with the Scotch red head that always bobs up at the top of the ladder, whom the fairies intended for a sentimentalist and not a satirist, afterwards occupied his chair in the Doran house when Dawson had found his wings and brought out The Garden Without Walls.

Gerald du Maurier From a Caricature by Mr. Hamilton

I shall never forget the surprise of the natives of the village perched high on the Chiltern Hills when the latter came to stay with me at my cottage there the following summer, and danced about on the golf course with his astrakhan hair and Botticelli face, looking as though he had come out of one of the great canvases on the walls of the Uffizi, though they didn't know that. The more imaginative among them probably believed that he was the reincarnation of one of the druid shepherds, whose people had carved the White Cross on the hill, and who had returned to play a wistful pipe to the spring lambs

Also I met the late J. P. Morgan, with whom I spent an hour in his library, which made my mouth water, being dismissed by him when, without a word of warning, he drew himself under his shell like a snail and disappeared, so to speak, from sight. Prime ministers have the habit of making exactly the same abrupt physical withdrawal, although their period of exposure generally lasts only about ten minutes; and there was an officer at the Admiralty from whom I took my orders who had brought this gift to so high a point that, at what he considered the right moment, he could die in his chair. I met Melville Stone, too, the ambassador of the press, who has a royal memory for names and faces, and probably a more intimate knowledge of what has been going on behind the political scenes of all countries during the past fifty years than any man alive. He has met all the better known kings, cabinet ministers, criminals, freaks, actors, opera singers, authors, editors, faddists and fakes of his time; and I know nothing so good as to keep him sitting over the luncheon table at the Lotos Club while, with his inevitable cigar and constant chuckle, he dips into the fascinating bran bag of his memory. Always kind, he lent his house near Chicago to the motion-picture concern which put The Blindness of Virtue on the screen, and I need hardly say that it was the best part of the picture.

Lecturing the Doctors

One of the incidents of this time that stands out most clearly in my mind was a summons to appear before the annual meeting of the Prophylaxis Society at the New York Academy of Medicine to render an explanation, if I could, of why I had had the temerity to speak here and there on the subject of teaching sex truths to children. I attended the meeting and listened with deep interest and astonishment to the reports of the prophylactical professors of the strange, roundabout manner in which they tackled this matter in the schools of America.

Towards the end of the evening the chairman, a great doctor, announced that there was a man present who had written a play called The Blindness of Virtue, or something, and who, though unqualified to do so, had been putting forward certain views.

Continued on Page 89

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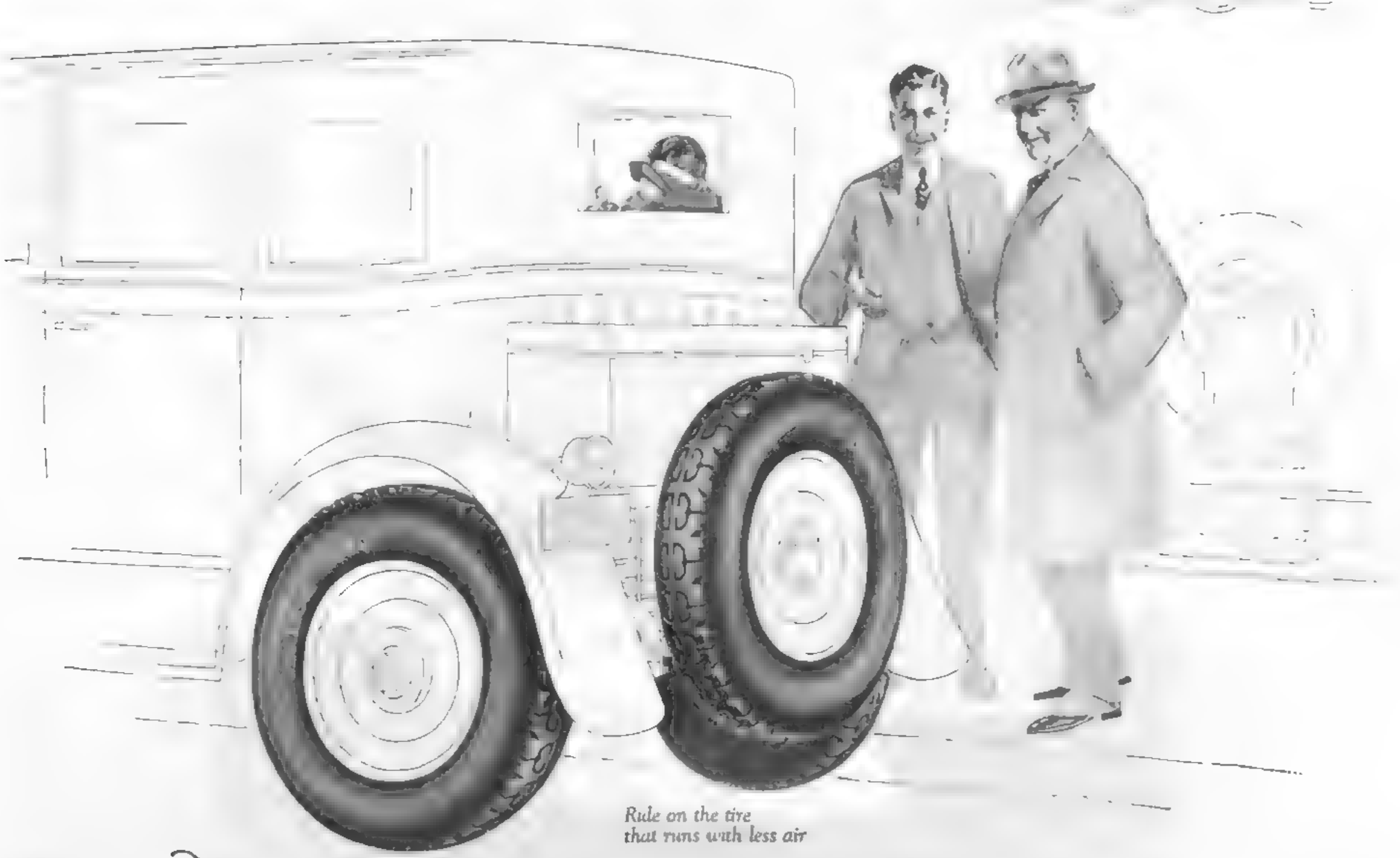

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(Continued from Page 86)

and no doubt the meeting would like to hear what he had to say about it.

I rose, was requested to go onto the platform and from there faced an audience of doctors, teachers, nurses and students, who eyed me with what was, I thought, perfectly justified skepticism. Why should a mere playwright butt into so vital and difficult a question? Nevertheless, I ventured extremely nervously to criticize the methods to which we had been listening and to say that I believed that there was a better way to enlighten our budding adolescents as to the meaning of sex than by drawing a timid and prurient analogy between them and fish. That was utterly to remove all the screens to the chinks of which they could put the eyes of curiosity, and to tell them the exact truth in the sort of simple and inspiring words which would prove that they held the great gift of giving life and thus a tremendous responsibility to themselves and to the future of the race. I said I considered that it was the duty rather of parents than of teachers or of doctors to do this thing, except in the cases where false modesty and lack of courage reigned in their houses, and I wound up what I am afraid was a very feeble effort by making an urgent plea that God, in spite of all the creeds and their jealousies, should be put back into the schools. Agnosticism unfortunately marches always with civilization, bringing it ultimately to the point of individualism and decay. The only hope of a high and permanent civilization was when "persuasion and belief had ripened into faith, and faith become a passionate intuition."

I think that I am right in saying that this particular appeal was received with some amusement.

Prophylactic? Why, the very word stood for all that was new, advanced and spectacled! Without the smallest hope of doing more than throw a pebble into the sea, I went back to my rooms in a white heat and wrote a little book called A Plea for the Younger Generation, which didn't make even a ripple on the waters.

I dictated a novel called The Door That Has No Key that winter in a large and comfortable sitting room in the Royalton, overlooking Forty-third Street, and as I laid line upon line to each of the chapters I could see and hear brick being piled onto brick in the erection of Stern's new building, after the nerve-shattering business had been happily completed of drilling red-hot pins into its iron skeleton with an exaggerated specimen of the implement used by dentists on faulty molars. Concentration became a feat, and I was obliged to adopt a sort of recitative as opera singers do when they have to keep things going between the much applauded numbers. There was a firemen's station a few doors down that street, and it was a noticeable thing that almost every evening at half-past nine a fire broke out within its radius of action and out dashed those glorious horses to the dramatic wrangle of a bell.

Arthur Train on the Anxious Seat

It was in one of New York's many hospitable houses that I met Arthur Train, lawyer and novelist—an unusual combination—under, to him, peculiarly awkward circumstances. He had, I believe, started writing his latest novel, to which he had given the excellent title of S. O. S. in London, and not being able to find an appropriate name for his villain, hunted through the Red Book until, with a thrill of joy, he came across mine. The novelist in him conquered the natural caution of the lawyer, and with a modesty that obviously made him believe that his book would never be published in England, where I might see it, called his quite unscrupulous black sheep Cosmo Hamilton without a single qualm of conscience.

I knew nothing of this, and was therefore a little surprised at his turning as white as the tip of the Rigi upon my being introduced to him. Also I was increasingly disconcerted to notice that whenever I caught his eyes across the table they were filled with an expression of legal calculation as who should say:

"U'm—I wonder how strong this man's case is, and whether he's the sort of person who will take advantage of an opportunity to play Shylock and get his pound of flesh."

It was not, however, until the ladies had left the dinner table that the key to the mystery was given, and Arthur Train drew up a chair and made an earnest *apologia pro vita sua*.

Oddly enough, a case had just occurred which had made all writing men much more careful in choosing names for their characters, in which a novelist had had to pay substantial damages for using quite unconsciously the name of a living person, and the case had been widely discussed. The point was what was I going to do about it, and all I could suggest was that I should read the book, see for myself exactly how detestable I had been made out to be, and either put myself into the hands of another lawyer and go for heart balm—or not. So Arthur Train took me home with him that night and presented me with a copy of S. O. S., and he must have undergone a curious sensation, given to few authors, at seeing the titular materialization of one of his brain children walking about his study. I must confess that, having read the book, I was more than a little hurt to discover that my name was the only one among millions which seemed to Arthur Train to fit the despicable creature of his imagination, and so I let several days go by, in order to keep my brother of the pen on well-deserved tenterhooks, before I gave him the only possible decision:

"It doesn't matter in the very least."

An Impostor Exposed

Confusing as it is to find one's name running all the way through a book, it is not anything like so confusing as to be told, when one knows that one isn't, that one is living in some style in a popular river resort and spending money like water in the entertainment of a circle of friends, because the question immediately arises as to why it is being done by someone and how soon one will be wanted by the police. This had happened to me a year or so before the New York episode, when I borrowed a card out of the pack of my impersonator, used the name of a reporter of one of the London papers and wrote to him to ask for an appointment for the purpose of getting a few details as to his—or rather my—forthcoming novel. Most graciously an afternoon was named, and taking a man from Scotland Yard with me to hold a watching brief, I called at a smart little house, blazing with geraniums, and found a well-groomed young man standing in a literary attitude in the middle of a self-conscious study in which there were many more copies of my various books than I had ever possessed. He struck me very pleasantly as a perfectly normal person, charming and affable, and quite ready to give all the information that was required.

Everything about the house suggested the possession of means and good taste. But although he supplied us with tea and cigarettes, he was very vague on the subject of the book in question, although he gave his views—quite intelligently, too—on what he held to be the purpose of the novel. The interview was very nice and quiet, and he had many enthusiastic things to say about his brother authors. In fact, he quoted me without a stumble on Kipling, Wells, Arnold Bennett and Maurice Hewlett and told us that he had recently been talking to Rafael Sabatini about the possibility of dramatizing a novel of his which dealt with Cesare Borgia. This he had picked up from a paragraph in the theater news of the Daily Express.

It was all very interesting, amusing, curious and puzzling. There was no sign of lunacy about the man, although his impersonation proved that he must be suffering from some sort of mental kink. It was all the more difficult to bring the call up to a rough and dramatic finish because I liked him, and was secretly rather flattered at his having chosen me as his obviously favorite author. However, life is short and trains were sometimes punctual on the London and Southwestern Railway, and so I asked him suddenly who the dickens he really was, what on earth he meant by masquerading under the name of the man who stood before him, and told him that my companion had come from Scotland Yard.

His crack was like that of a coconut under a crowbar, and just as juicy, because, with tears in his eyes, he begged us to believe that he meant no harm, that he was not running up bills in my name, and was posing as me simply in order to steal a little limelight. It was very silly and rather pathetic, but, of course, it had to be stopped, and so his much astonished father was communicated with, the house on the river was sold and the man who wanted to be an author without the fag of working a pen took up another hobby somewhere else. As a bachelor with a useful income, I hope that he went in, after that shock, for collecting old furniture. There are few better ways of using up superfluous energy. Or perhaps he learned to write. In any case it is quite certain that the sale of my books declined to some extent as the result of that afternoon, because he had been in the habit of presenting complimentary copies, duly autographed, to his admiring friends. Every little helps.

It did not take longer than a few months in New York to come to the conclusion that the tyranny of the actor-manager system as pursued in London was childish in comparison to the amazing tyranny of the owners of the American theaters. These harassed and hard-working men, who never seem to find the least enjoyment in life and are always in and out of court, running from telephone to telephone, dealing with broken contracts and letters of abuse, and worse than all, devoting what little leisure they may have to hearing people sing, then belonged to two all-powerful groups that were the proprietors, between them, of nearly every playhouse in the United States, and were less interested in the theater as a place of good entertainment than in a mass of bricks and mortar of which somebody had to be made to pay the rent, in a gigantic system of real estate.

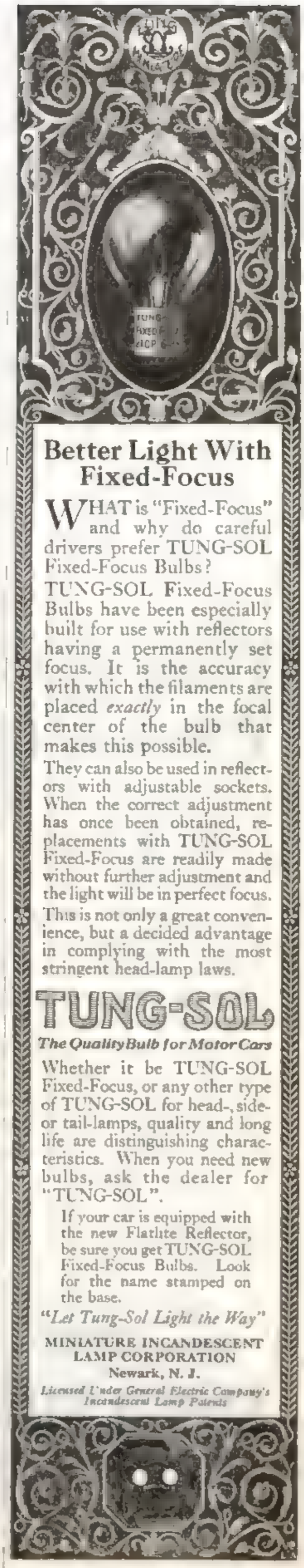
Independent managers, or those who belonged to neither group, were, with the exception of Belasco, Charles Frohman, Winthrop Ames, George Cohan and one or two others, hampered in their efforts to make a living by exorbitant rents and charges and the absolute necessity of being sent, when it came to touring the country, into whatever theaters, however unsuitable, that were empty at the time. It often happened that a comedy depending for its success on a small and intimate house in an intelligent city found itself in a gigantic building in a place devoted to leg shows, where it was utterly lost. In every conceivable way it was a tyranny as pathetic as it was tragic, and was the cause of the untimely death of many a fine play and the stamping out of many a worthy impresario.

Actors Versus Dramatists

The increasing popularity of motion pictures and the erection everywhere of palaces in which they were shown gradually had the effect of putting a number of admirable stock companies out of business, and it was very easy to see, even so far back as 1912, that the theater monopolies, as is the case with all monopolies, were reacting upon themselves through the creation of a rival form of popular entertainment which left the old-fashioned drama houses high and dry on mud banks, like disused barges, in a river which had turned in another direction. It was obvious, too, that disgruntled actors would form a protective association and work towards a strike, and that dramatists, who always stand between the devil and the deep sea, would endeavor to form a guild for the maintenance of their rights.

The unfortunate and unnecessary antagonism between actors and dramatists on the one hand and real-estate owners on the other was, even then, very strong. Difficulties and dangers, together with the alarming growth of another taste, made the production of plays a hazardous and heartbreaking affair. It was a great pity, especially as America possessed a fine body of actors and actresses and a number of eager and enthusiastic playwrights, who were well able to hold their own against the importation of the work of foreign authors.

I met very few of the latter during my first winter in New York; but later, when I was elected to the council of the Authors' League, I had the great privilege of sitting with them to discuss the numerous troubles of the game. Augustus Thomas seemed to me to belong rather to the Pinero and the Guitry school than to that of Somerset Maugham and other moderns. He was, and is, a constructionist before everything, building his plays with all the care and elaborate design of a Gothic architect on a firm foundational thesis. But he has never looked at life merely through the somewhat narrow dramatic window. He is a politician and a man of affairs, a fine director and a speaker of urbanity and charm. To the appearance of a country squire he adds kindness, humor and dignity, and whenever he rises to speak, which he does with an infectious sense of confidence and enjoyment



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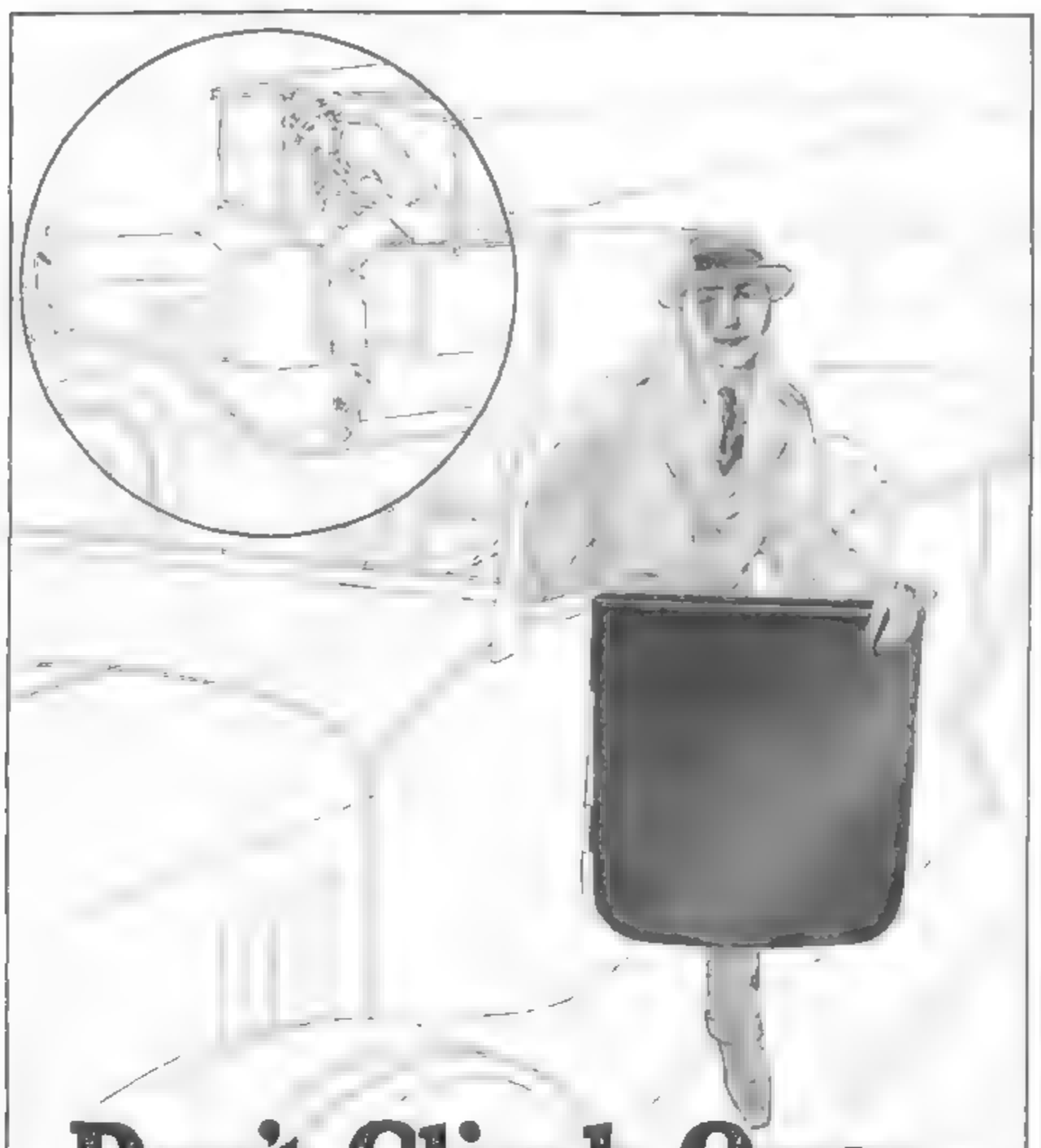

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and a most felicitous manner, his hearers are sure of a good half hour. He delights in the use of French words and neat quotations from the poets, is very sparing of gesture, and talks from his chest. He is the Grandison among playwrights.

Channing Pollock is a Latin in feeling and in point of view. He is exuberant and uses strong colors. He has the gift of *naïveté* and tilts at windmills. He has had a shot at every known form of dramatic writing, which to him is not just a natural method of earning a living, but a vocation, a mistress, a craft. He loves melodrama, vivid scenes and primeval man. With his strong face, uncut hair and double tie, a massive and yet buoyant figure, extraordinary vitality and affection, a Niagaralike flow of anecdote and a habit of jumping in where angels fear to tread, Broadway seems to be less his place than Paris, where one would expect to see him holding court at an iron table under the awning of the Café de la Paix, or beating time with a large cigar to the boulevardier music in a students' café in the Place Pigalle. A generous, talented, simple soul, he is ever ready to wield a bludgeon for the under dog.

James Forbes is the antithesis of all this, and is as neat, precise and fastidious in his work as he is in everything else. Playwriting is to him, too, a vocation; but it is also an art, to be indulged in with prayer—slowly, devotionally, and with a worship of form and tradition. No slap-dash methods for him. He waits with nervous patience for the mood, the place and the inspiration, and I can no more imagine him being able to put pen to paper unless the pen was new and the paper spotless, his desk in apple-pie order and the world on tiptoe, than I can imagine Byron writing Childe Harold in a window of the Hotel Europe in Venice among the shattering noises of the Grand Canal. For all that, Jimmy Forbes is capable of moments of great excitement and deep feeling, and he can be stirred into a crusader's enthusiasm when all his habits are flung to the winds, as they were in the war.

If he had written nothing but The Famous Mrs. Fair he would have placed himself at the top of the dramatic tree.

Versatile Owen Davis

Owen Davis, in spite of his having written more plays than any living or dead man except Lope de Vega, doesn't look like a dramatist at all—though why a dramatist should necessarily look like a dramatist any more than a banker should look like a banker or a man from the marshes like a Norfolk wherry, I never can understand. Quiet, dry, kindly, unemotional, slow of speech and accurate, his only indulgence apparently that of tobacco, amazingly patient, sympathetic, one might easily take Owen Davis for a country clergyman who farmed between his duties to his parishioners, regarding the conventional garments of his cloth as affectation and therefore going about in tweeds cut by the village tailor, who was also probably an elder of the church. A forthright, simple, dogged man, deliberately human, honest almost to a fault and capable of fighting like a bulldog for his cause, liking laughter and good fellowship and a little wine for his stomach's sake. In spite of which—and all these points of character are essentially Davis—he has dealt in more blood and thunder, seduction, roguery, virtue conquering vice, loud, rough voices and sweet tears, far-fetched stories of Polly the working girl and the smooth-tongued villain in the factory office, than any dramatist in England and America—it might not be, indeed, a wild flight of fancy to say the earth.

With his coat off, a box of cigars at his elbow, and a gallon of ink on the floor, it has been his habit for many years to grind out a play or so a week. There must be literally hundreds to his name. What he does not know about the theater isn't, in fact, knowledge. It might be conceived that now, in middle age, he would turn from such a job with the deepest sigh of relief, and, if it were necessary to go on working, become a clergyman or take up the cold-blooded profession of breeding fish. But no; having put into a harbor of his own making, he has scuttled the old ship in which he traded as a dramatist and turned deliberately playwright. It must have been as great a mental struggle as to go from fifty cigarettes a day to one, from the daubing of strong colors on the railings of public parks to the painting of miniatures. The still more astonishing thing about it is that he is just as successful in his work as a playwright as he was in that of a dramatist. Ice-bound has proved the truth of that.

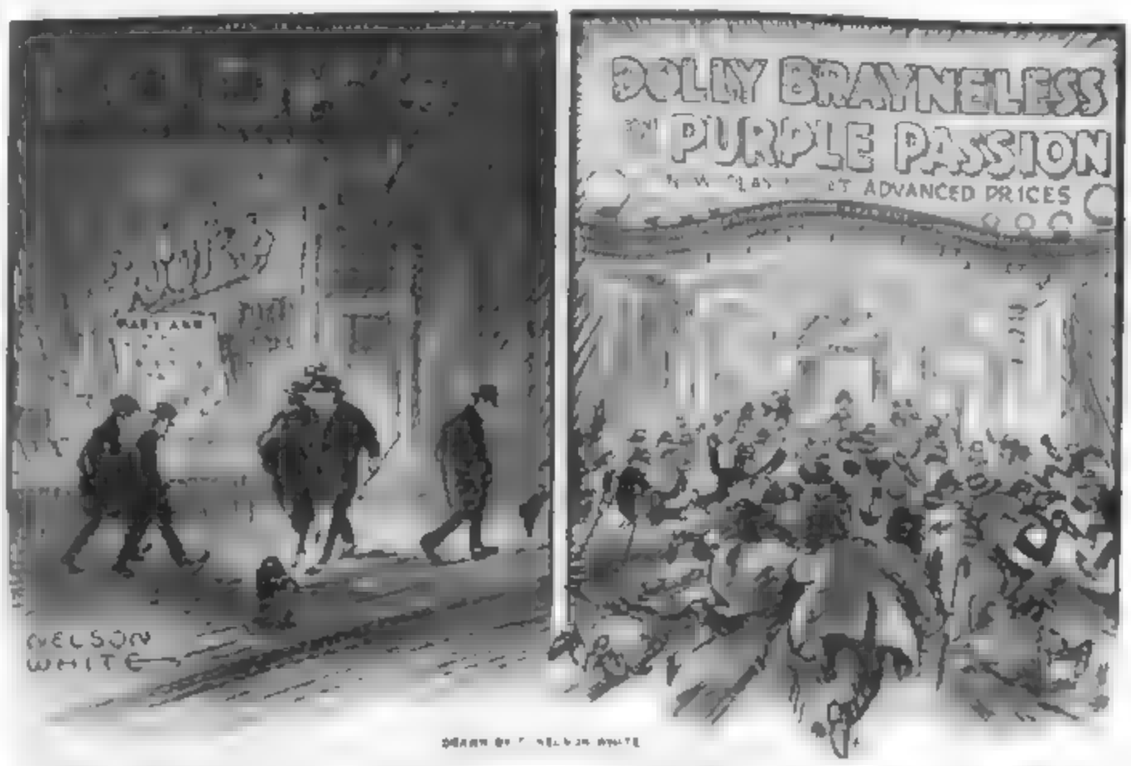
A Notable Meeting

And there is Eugene O'Neill, the apple of the critics' eyes. Presently, when he has won the right to call himself the only living writer who counts, Hergesheimer may devote some of his great abilities to the stage. Meantime the Theater Guild finds no great difficulty in providing its subscribers with fare to suit their appetites, and Professor Baker continues optimistically at Columbia University.

Nevertheless, at the moment of writing, all is not well with the American stage. There are deep rumblings of a coming storm. An electrical disturbance is in the air, and if an anticyclone does not succeed in conquering the present pressure of bad weather by next June, managers, actors and authors will be at each others' throats. But there is no doubt as to who will win the fight.

The most unforgettable pleasure of all was that of meeting the lady who afterwards did me the honor to become my wife. Being married to an author, who metaphorically disappears at odd moments into the fourth dimension, or when he is safely on earth, goes broody like a sitting hen, and, worse than all, has a hideous trick of saying, "Oh, just listen to this for a moment, will you?" and then proceeds to read three thousand hard-fought words at the most inappropriate times, is no sinecure, as well I know. But she has borne it bravely, come through the ordeal with fine courage and found her feet. I am now a distinguished person as the husband of my wife.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr. Hamilton. The eighth will appear in an early issue.



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HIS LAST HOUR

(Continued from Page 11)

Traveling as They Were at High Speed, the Slow Skid of the Hind Wheels Began Almost Imperceptibly

Millips, by his particular kind of law practice calloused to human emotions, blew his nose on a gigantic handkerchief.

"It is bitter cold," he said.

Cochrane without a word slipped out, and returning, brought a large coonskin coat, which evidently was the property of Miss Fleming. She glanced up at him with a sweet smile.

"How did you know it was mine? Did you see it on me?" She had a lifting voice—the kind of voice which lifts a man over hard places.

Cochrane blushed. He said, "I saw you—in it."

She began to rub each of her fingers, holding each graceful member up as if to prove for one and then the next that no rings were upon them. She was certainly neither married nor pledged.

"This is dreadful!" said Millips. "You don't feel worse, Mr. Scalesgone? You are so—so—silent."

The other man groaned. "Fortunately it is a death without pain," he asserted. "Oh, if there were only a big powerful motor car! Then mere death would not count."

The engine had ceased her feminine shrieking. No one answered her. The snow drifted down. The conductor poked his head into the wash room.

"I'm sorry, passengers," he said.

"Sorry!" exclaimed Millips and Cochrane together. "You ought to be! This gentleman is dying."

"Dying!" exclaimed the conductor, who had a heavy-jowled face and shut his jaw as if he were used to punching tickets in that way.

"Heart case!" Millips said.

The conductor said shakily, "Then he ought to be kept warm. I'll get out a blanket."

Miss Fleming whispered in a sick-room undertone to the train official. She said, "I've heard newspapers put across a chest were the warmest things. Have you a newspaper, conductor?"

"There's one in the drawing-room."

"I'll get it for you, Miss Fleming," Cochrane offered.

"No, thank you," the girl replied coldly, and with a curious kind of authority. "I'll get it myself."

"Oh, I'll get it," the conductor hastened to clamor.

Millips jumped up. "I'll get it."

She looked sweetly at Cochrane and said, "If I were going to allow anyone to get it I would have asked you. I will get it myself!"

The young man, for the moment forgetting the presence of the dying man, exhaled a gasp of joy and drew his breath in the fashion of one who has reached a new epoch in life or inhales the aroma of a rare personality.

"My heavens, can't anything be done?" whined the Englishman. "It is grotesque. I die here like a rat in a trap. Is there no chance of our getting on? No chance to make up the lost time?"

The conductor shook his head.

"The transcontinental won't wait at the junction point, eh?" asked Millips, feeling a pardonable interest in his own case.

"No hope, brother," the conductor admitted.

The Englishman groaned. "My heart!" he said. "It pounds so! It is racing now—fairly racing. And yet if I could gain one hour ——"

Millips told the conductor the legal aspects of the situation.

"These English lords and earls make funny wills," the conductor said at last. "Just think of it—the twenty-one years almost up, and what that money would mean to the daughter he cast off and said bitter words to. That's what my wife says—never say in haste what you will have to repent in leisure."

The wind howled through the Pullman corridors as if a door had been opened. Millips expected death might come sneaking in.

"If there was a dining car on we could have some hot coffee," the conductor said. "But there ain't. My stars, I forgot to get the blanket for the gentleman."

"Fool!" whispered Scalesgone to Millips. "Talkative fool!"

Cochrane perked up; proud of his silence, although he knew that he was silent because listening for Thrale Fleming's step in the aisle. Millips sighed with relief to hear the voice of the dying man once more. Some decent remnant in the New York attorney made him put his hand over the yellow fingers of Scalesgone.

"You're not afraid?"

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid to die," whispered Millips.

"Not at all," the other replied hoarsely. "I was just making up my mind I shan't die here." He looked about. "No, not here. If the last hope is gone I will walk off into the snow. I will die alone—under the sky and stars!"

"There aren't any stars," whispered Millips.

Suddenly the whole affair, his own mind, the behavior of the other persons, their words, the withered trembling man beside him—seemed to be saturated with an unreal and trivial comedy.

On the other side of him young Cochrane leaned toward his ear and said, "I never saw a man die. Not even in France, sir."

This, too, seemed like a comic sentence. Millips tried to remember whether death and all its surroundings were usually comic. He concluded that there was always this coloring in its setting, certainly when other foolish impotent human beings were about, speaking nonsense, unable, no matter how hard they tried, to eliminate themselves. Yes, Scalesgone was right! He was right to want to plunge forth into the snow—and die alone.

The porter, wide-eyed and frightened, coming in with the blanket—a red blanket striped with black—had interrupted Millips' unpleasant reverie. Cochrane and the lawyer wrapped up Scalesgone until he might have been some ugly moth about to emerge from a cocoon.

"Thanks a great deal!" murmured the Englishman. "Thanks very much."

He wiped the frosted surface of the cold windowpane so that he could gaze out into the night. The snow drifted by, the wind howled; the Pullman car cracked and groaned and squeaked and settled as its wood and steel contracted in the cold.

"That's something of a town," the dying man said in a voice which reminded Millips of the old saying about a drowning man catching at a straw. He pointed out the frosted window.

"It's nothing but Cogden Springs," the conductor volunteered from the doorway of the wash room. "There used to be a saddle factory there, but it burned down. Now there's only fifty people there, and most of them live back on the hills. I used to know a station agent here who put in his idle time memorizing verses. Good stuff too. He could run it off same as a roll of paper." He bent down with his hands on his knees to look out. "Hello!" he said. "Signs of life. Our whistlin' got one family up. There's lights in ground-floor windows, and a swingin' lantern."

"You don't suppose they have a motor car," whined Scalesgone.

"Might," replied the conductor. "I couldn't say as they had or hadn't."

"But they had," came the clear ringing voice of Thrale Fleming.

Four pairs of startled eyes shot their vision at her in the doorway of the smoking cubby.

She was smiling quite happily; she was beaming. The snow was on the shoulders of her coat.

She held the newspaper in her hand; she offered it to Millips.

"Put it across his chest," she said as if she were a captain of a ship. "It's the warmest insulator. Come on. I've got a car—a peach of a car! I told the story about Violet and everything, and I can make the meridian where the time changes. I'll take him there before midnight!"

"Well, I'll be switched!" exclaimed the conductor.

"She was the only one of us who had the gumption to try!" Millips said enthusiastically.

Cochrane seized her hand and shook it.

"Leave me my arm," she begged him. "That's one of the arms I drive with. It will be nip and tuck. A race! Some danger. Who's going?"

"I am," said Cochrane. "You bet!"

Millips began to calculate. "Well, westward is my direction," he said.

The girl looked at him with a cold stare. "You are a business man. No, you're a lawyer," she said. "If you go—you go at your own risk. You might land ——"

"Where?"

"In a ditch," she suggested. "There's no guaranty of any kind—whatsoever."

Millips said, "I'll get my things."

"Lift that man out," Thrale Fleming said. "Time is precious!"

"Yes, yes," begged Scalesgone. "Time! Time! The last hour perhaps! Porter, mine is Lower 6. Get my things."

"Yas, sah!"

The conductor wiped his mouth. He was determined to make himself indispensable. He announced, "If you keep along the line, you might catch a market local, say at Meridian River. That's fifty-four miles, I should say." He glanced at his watch. "No, she'll be gone before you can make it."

No one paid any attention to him.

Cochrane presented Thrale Fleming with his gloves.

"They are fur-lined," he explained in an undertone.

She replied exactly as if they were about to celebrate their cut-glass or tin wedding. "But your hands? They'll be cold, won't they?"

"Pooh!"

"Well, if you say so, I'll wear them."

The conductor held his lantern high as he led the way from the platform down the slippery steps.

"I don't think you oughter take a dying man out into this night," he said, shivering.

Millips cast a glance around at the dancing shadows thrown by the swinging light. The shadows sprawled and squirmed along the side of the Pullman car, they scampered over the thin sheet of snow on the ground, they leaped up against the wall of the night.

Millips said judicially, "He goes of his free will. No one takes any legal responsibility for that!"

They could hear the motor pulsing away.

"I was afraid she would freeze," said Thrale Fleming. "I left her running." She turned on the automobile lights; two shafts of radiance went like rapiers into the vague outlines of the highway. The porter and Cochrane lifted the limp figure of Scalesgone into the back seat and buried him under covers.

"God bless the man who owns this car!" croaked the dying man.

A dim figure standing with arms akimbo just on the other side of the car replied huskily, "I'm the one—Hannibal Gross. And I say the same to you, mister."

"You'll be well paid for this."

"Yes," the indistinguishable owner said. "That's fair. There's a risk, and the wear and tear. She's a good car. Horse power."

"Straight road?" asked Millips.

"Straight as straight! Right into Meridian River."

There was a slamming of doors.

"Good luck!" roared the conductor in the midst of a howling gust of wind.

Then the car leaped as if joyful to warm itself by its own exertion.

Thrale Fleming turned the wheel just before they reached the water tank; the machine twisted its body into a side road.

"Where you going?" shouted Millips. "That isn't right."

The girl never turned her head. She drove the car around into the bumpy road in front of a few huddled wooden buildings, behind the little freight house and past the house with the light in the lower windows.

"What's the matter?" Scalesgone whined.

"I'm just feeling her out," said Miss Fleming, coming to a stop. "Every good chauffeur does that. I want to know my car." She looked about now in the storm; the train was no longer in sight. "All right!" she said. "Now for the West. Now for the long pull!"

"A race with death!" Cochrane said dramatically in her ear. "Plenty of gas?"

"Full," she answered.

"I'm with you!" the young man said. "Depend on me!"

"That means so much to me!" she said with a sweet brave smile.

The car took a wide swing through the stinging snow and suddenly dipped down into a gully and rose with a leap of pleasure into the main highway. The lights picked up the line of telegraph poles ahead. They were shrouded and hooded in white.

Millips bent his head down; the wind benumbed his face. He knew without looking that the car was climbing a long slow rise to the flat plateau. Now they had reached the level. The car jumped forward, glad to go on the long stretch, tearing a hole through the world of fine swirling white powder.

"The wind keeps the road clean of the snow," Thrale Fleming shouted to Cochrane. She had her foot on the accelerator. "We're not going to skid unless it falls thicker." (Continued on Page 97)

Find out their Birthdays and give Duofolds

To harmonize with her costume Lady Duofold in either color, $5

Jet Black to give Accent or Subdue—Black-tipped Lacquer-red to Enliven or pick up some Color Note
Though $2 less than the $7 Over-size Duofold, Slender LADY *Duofold, too, has the inspiring 25-year Point*

NOW every woman can choose the pen that gives a smart touch of expression to her costume. With sports or class-room clothes, with business or street clothes, the slender Lady Duofold is a practical adornment; it's a pen of such balanced symmetry and infinite smoothness, *that your hand will ever agreeably respond to its urge!*

We guarantee its super-smooth point 25 years for mechanical perfection *and wear!*

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The DUO-sleeve Cap fits with micrometric precision, making this pen INK-TIGHT. The simple Press-button Filler is safety-sealed *inside* the barrel, out of harm's way.

Any good pen counter will sell you Parker Duofold on 30 days' approval, knowing this classic will grow on you day by day. Should your dealer fail to have the style Duofold you want, don't accept an inferior brand but mail us the "ON APPROVAL COUPON" and pay the postman when the pen arrives.

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ON APPROVAL COUPON

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Please send me the Duofold pen of the model and point I have checked. I will pay the postman when pen arrives, and you agree to refund my money if I return the pen within 30 days. The dealer named below did not have the pen I wanted.

△ Plain Black
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☐ Lady Duofold $5 ○ Fine Point
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☐ Duofold Jr. $5 ○ Stub Point
△ Ring-end △ Pocket Clip

*My name*_____

*Address*_____

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*Dealer's name*_____

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Parker Lucky Curve Lady Duofold

With The 25 Year Point

Over-size Duofold $7

Duofold Jr. $5
Same except for size

LACQUER-RED OR BLACK $5

How to get *lower operating* and *increased mile*

Your Oakland

The Oakland engine of 1924 embodies important changes from the 1923 and earlier models, which are therefore referred to in detail as they have an important bearing upon the determination of the correct oil.

The 1923 and earlier models are of the valve-in-head, six cylinder type equipped with aluminum alloy pistons. Cooling is by water with pump circulation.

The aluminum alloy pistons lighten these reciprocating parts, reducing bearing stresses and assuring freedom from vibration. Pistons made of this alloy have in addition another advantage, that of operating with a lower piston head temperature than a cast iron piston of the same weight.

Due to this latter characteristic of the aluminum piston—low piston temperatures—moderate accumulations of carbon in the combustion chamber of your Oakland Engine will not cause fuel knock or "ping." This is an important factor for consideration for it makes possible the use of an oil of rich character without inducing fuel knock. The use of such a lubricant is not only advisable but necessary in order to provide maximum lubrication for the aluminum pistons. In addition, such an oil will also give a complete piston ring seal with lessened fuel consumption and greater power development.

The Oakland lubricating system is force feed, the oil being forced directly to the main and connecting rod bearings. The lubrication of the cylinder walls, pistons, and other engine parts, is provided by the oil forced from the ends of the connecting rod bearings and distributed by the rapidly whirling cranks. The oil pump is of the gear type submerged in the oil.

A lubricating system of this type does not require the use of an oil of exceptionally free flowing character even in the winter, for the submerged oil pump is always primed. Thus an oil of rich character can be used both summer and winter with assurance of adequate distribution under all temperature conditions.

In the 1924 model Oakland a change has been made in the design of the engine, this model being of the L-head, instead of the valve-in-head type. The design of the engine as it affects lubrication, however, remains the same, as the lubricating system is not changed and the new design of combustion chamber provides an even less sensitive condition towards carbon than that of previous models. Thus the correct oil for previous models will be found best adapted to the 1924 model.

To obtain maximum lubrication, consumption and protection to the working parts of the engine, we recommend the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" both winter and summer, in all Oakland models.

Your Stearns-Knight

Your Stearns-Knight car in both the four and six cylinder models employs an engine that differs radically from the poppet valve engine used in the majority of motor cars. In the place of the poppet valves, two sleeve valves within the cylinder, and fitted with ports, control the inlet and exhaust of the cylinder gases. This construction has a vital relation to the lubricating requirements of your engine.

In internal combustion engines, the heat of the burning fuel and that absorbed by the piston is carried off by the cooling water. Unlike the ordinary poppet valve type of engine, in which the piston and rings are in direct contact with the cylinder wall, in Knight engines this heat must pass through two valve sleeves and intervening oil films before reaching the cylinder wall itself. Thus the piston and interior cylinder temperatures of the Knight engine run somewhat higher than in engines of the poppet valve type.

This high internal temperature results in more complete vaporization of the fuel and high engine efficiency. It also lessens carbon deposits by burning more thoroughly the oil reaching the combustion chamber. At the same time it demands in summer the use of an oil heavy in body and rich in lubricating character to maintain a continuous film of oil without "dry spots" on the piston and sleeve valve walls and to assure continuous and positive lubrication of the junk (or sealing) rings at the upper end of the sleeves.

In summer the force feed lubricating system of the Stearns-Knight engine will distribute even the heaviest of automobile engine oils in proper quantities for adequate lubrication. The oil is forced by a submerged gear pump directly to all main and connecting rod bearings and thence, by the oil bleed from the rapidly whirling cranks, to cylinders, pistons, valve sleeves, etc.

Under winter temperatures, however, the heavier-bodied oils become so viscous that there is danger that the oil will not be circulated, and the drag of such oil on the piston and valve sleeve surfaces makes starting difficult. Therefore, where low temperatures are encountered a more fluid oil should be used.

Thus, to provide maximum lubrication under summer operating conditions we recommend Gargoyle Mobiloil "B."

In winter, however, to facilitate starting, overcome sleeve drag, and to insure ready oil circulation and distribution use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A."

Your Star

The engine in your Star Car is an example of the modern trend towards high speed engines to obtain maximum efficiency and power with minimum engine size and weight.

The engine is of the four cylinder, water cooled type using light weight cast iron pistons to reduce vibration and lessen the bearing stresses at these high engine speeds.

The system of lubrication is of the force feed type, the oil being forced directly to all crank shaft and cam shaft bearings. Drillings are provided in the crank shaft through which the oil is forced from the main bearings to the connecting rod bearings. Lubrication of the cylinders, pistons, and other engine parts, is provided by the oil forced out from the lower connecting rod bearings and thrown by the rapidly whirling cranks.

When engines operate at high speeds and under light or medium loads, as in passenger car service, an appreciable drag is set up by the oil on the cylinder wall where too heavy oils are used, and the use of the lighter bodied free flowing oils is necessary to reduce this drag.

The use of light weight cast iron pistons and high compressions promotes engine flexibility, acceleration, power and economy; but these characteristics will in part be lost, if carbon deposits of any considerable amount form in the combustion chamber. Under these conditions our present day fuels give rise to a disagreeable fuel knock or "ping" which is eliminated by the removal of the carbon. Thus it is advisable, in an engine of this type, to use an oil of particularly clean burning characteristics in order to keep these carbon formations at a minimum. In this way the full advantage of this design will be obtained.

Thus in order to assure maximum power, economy, and freedom from carbon difficulties we recommend to Star owners that they use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic both summer and winter. The use of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic during winter weather is of first importance as the location of the oil pump above the oil level requires an oil of this character and fluidity to insure circulation of the oil and provide adequate lubrication during freezing weather.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Domestic Branches:

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Your Nash

e four and six cylinder en-ed in Nash cars are of the -head, high speed, high com- type, equipped with light ast iron pistons having three ove the piston pin. En-ling is by water, pump ci

ubricating system employed models is of the force feed sh type. The oil is fed under to the main bearings, and ectly to the splash troughs, ar pump, submerged in the ase oil. The cylinders, pis-n shaft and connecting rod are lubricated by the oil ated by the small dippers in necting rod caps, dipping in-l in the splash troughs.

engines operate at high nd under light or medium in passenger car service the on the cylinder walls creates eciable drag on the piston, oo heavy an oil be used. This useful power and thus in-fuel consumption. The use of high quality of the proper r and correct body is there-ortant.

compression and light weight together with valve-in-head tion, are features of engine which increase power and y, but these advantages will, ge degree, be lost if carbon of any considerable amount accumulate in the combustion chambers. Under such conditions our present day fuels give rise to a disagreeable fuel knock or "ping" which disappears when the carbon is removed. In engines of this type a lubricating oil of clean burning characteristics should be used, so that carbon accumulations will be at a minimum and the full power and flexibility of the engine will be conserved.

You, as a Nash owner, will be assured of maximum engine power and economy, with freedom from carbon difficulties, by the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic both summer and winter, except for models built previous to 1921 in which Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" should be used in summer.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

It is far more beneficial to the engine if you add a small quantity of oil every day rather than larger quantities at less frequent intervals. Careful car operators, taxi-cab companies, and owners of motor truck fleets make it a practice to see that the oil is at the proper level every morning before the car goes out. With a 5-gallon can or a 15- or 30-gallon drum of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil on hand you will always be ready to give your car this valuable attention.

The crank case should be entirely drained of oil at least every 1,000 miles in summer and every 500 miles in winter. When draining the oil, the removable screen (if your car has one) should also be cleaned. Draw off the old oil when the engine is warm, as the oil then flows more freely and tends to wash out any foreign matter. (Never flush the crank case with kerosene.) Then refill with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

FAIR RETAIL PRICE

—30c a Quart from Bulk

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit. Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

Prices are slightly higher in Canada, the Southwest, and the Far West.

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

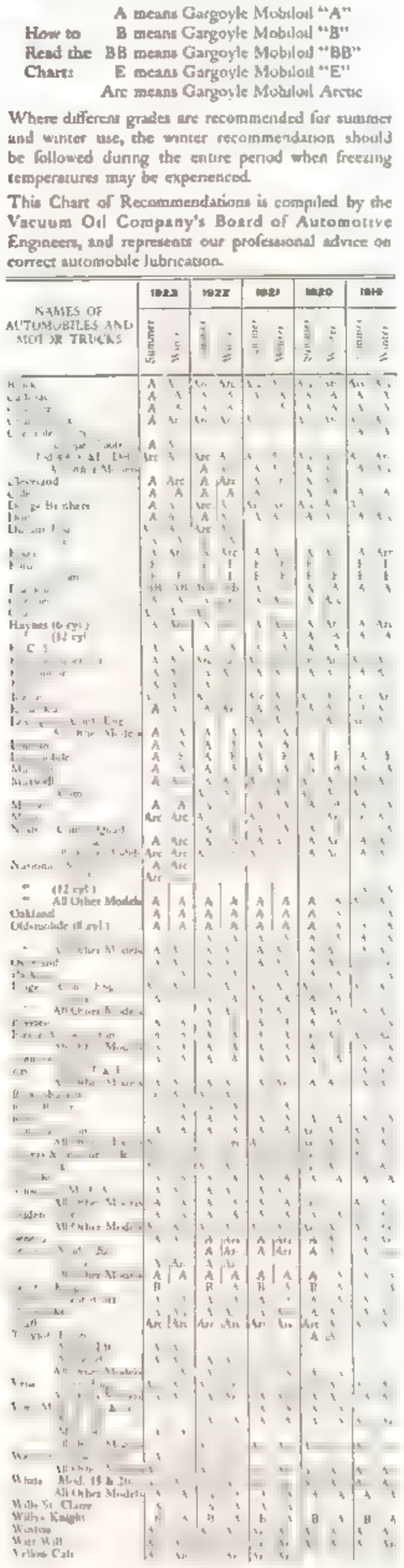
THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.



NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1923 Summer	1923 Winter	1922 Summer	1922 Winter	1921 Summer	1921 Winter	1920 Summer	1920 Winter	1919 Summer	1919 Winter
Buick	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	A	A	A						
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cole	A	A	A	A						
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Durant	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Elcar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Essex	A	Arc								
Franklin (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hupmobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jewett	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Jordan	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lexington	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nash	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Packard (Single Six)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Twin Six)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peerless	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Revere	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wills Ste. Claire	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Yellow Cab	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A

Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Buda	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental (Mod. 7)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 7J)									A	Arc
" (Mod. 15 X.D.)	A	Arc								
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Herschell-Spillman	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 7,000 & 11,000)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lycoming (C Series)	A	A								
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Midwest										
" (Mod. 607)										
" (Mod. 410, 411, 413, 610)	A	Arc								
Rochester	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Wright (Model R)	Arc	Arc								
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Transmission and Differential:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

Don't say:

"Give me a quart of oil"

New York *(Main Office)* Boston Chicago Philadelphia Detroit Pittsburgh New Haven
Indianapolis Minneapolis St. Louis Des Moines Dallas Kansas City, Mo. Portland, Me.
Milwaukee Albany Buffalo Rochester Oklahoma City Peoria Springfield, Mass.

VAN DORT
A quietly smart, medium-height Van Heusen for Spring.

THE clerk is the first salesman of a Van Heusen—the laundry is the last. Men who have noted its smartness and felt its comfort after months of washings are permanent Van Heusen wearers. Its smooth edges will not wear holes in shirts and will not frazzle ties . . . It is the world's smartest, most comfortable, most *economical* collar.

12 VAN HEUSEN STYLES—50c

Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.

VAN HEUSEN
the World's Smartest COLLAR

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

VAN KISSEL
High, but not extreme

VAN MEAD
Narrow front, slightly high
VAN JACK
A lower Van Mead
VAN NORD
A lower Van Jack

VAN GARDE
A higher Van Dort
VAN INCE
A lower Van Dort

VAN FAME
A lower Van Kissel
VAN ESTY
A lower Van Fame

Continued from Page 92

Cochrane turned around. He saw the clouds of the frost corkscrewing off behind them as if their car had been a destroyer at sea, churning up a white wake with a screw backed up by giant power turbines.

The top of the dying man's face, peering out from the bundling of dark wraps, appeared like a face of marble. His eyes had lost their dullness. Eager hope was in them. They were hungry, avaricious of time, avaricious of space.

"Forty-five miles an hour," Cochrane shouted to him. "If we keep this pace we'll connect with the limited for the Coast!"

"I doubt it," Millips bellowed. "Unless she's late herself."

Scalesgone pulled his head down into his wrappings just as a turtle withdraws its skull. The lawyer beside him peered down the hole as if to be sure that the Englishman was still alive.

"He's all right—so far," he shouted to Cochrane. "My stars, that girl—can drive!"

"Certainly she can drive!" Cochrane answered. "Nobody ever drove better! I guess not!"

He stared at her small hands in his thick gloves gripping the wheel. There could be no doubt that Cochrane was lost in admiration. He leaned forward after a few minutes and began to talk into her ear.

"You don't mind my talking?" he asked.

She shook her head; her eyes were on the road that like a ribbon appeared to flow from somewhere out of the darkness ahead, to go skittering under the car and disappear far behind.

"This is like driving through a kind of dream," he asserted.

She moved her lips, but his eyes could not read her words.

"Think of it!" he exclaimed. "A dying man! The whole fate of a desperate woman his daughter—hanging on the minutes."

"Romantic," she asserted. "Terrible! But romantic, isn't it?"

"Like a ghastly trick of fate," he went on, holding his hand up to his mouth so that the wind would not blow his words to shreds. "Coming like this at the end of three lives and twenty-one years—the period for which the old dead ancestor created the estate! I'll bet he never could foresee this end. Never! A man dies today and all his fortune goes to some selfish rich daughter. If he lives till tomorrow—till past midnight—it goes by his new will to the poor girl who deserves it!"

He could not tell whether the drops on her cold-reddened cheeks were melted snow or tears. He hoped that he had touched her emotion. Evidently Millips, the New York lawyer, had heard fragments, because he leaned forward and tapped Cochrane on the shoulder.

The young man turned about and saw that Millips' gray mustache had accumulated snow so that he looked absurdly like an aged walrus.

"It's not that which seems dramatic to me," said the lawyer, putting his unwelcome head between theirs and exhaling a visible breath which bore a faint odor of cigars. "No. He can't hear me. What is dramatic to me is that he has that growth in the valve of the heart and that any minute when it breaks off and goes to his brain and lodges there—finish! So the whole fate of his girl Violet depends on that little fungous growth, waving back and forth on its stem in a heart valve. Now that's drama!"

"Have you ever heard of it before?" asked Cochrane. "I mean, that disease?"

"Often," said Millips. "It's called epi epi—well, epi something; or was it endo—endo something? Some word like that. But what difference does the name make?"

"Not a mite!" the younger man assented. "Do you think he's still alive?"

"I'll look."

"I don't know that man," said Cochrane to Thrale Fleming when Millips had gone back on his seat. "I just met him in the smoking room. He's an Easterner. Do you like Easterners?"

Thrale nodded.

"I'm from the West," he said.

"Well, I like Westerners too," she answered. "Wipe the windshield, will you? That's a good fellow!"

"I thought this was an easterly storm," Cochrane said, renewing his conversation.

"The wind may have changed," she replied.

"It certainly isn't helping us."

"Look at your watch."

"All right. It has an illuminated face. I carried it to France. I tell you over there a man was always wishing that back here at home there was—well, some girl."

"Wasn't there?" she asked.

"Lord—no! I'm not susceptible, if you know what I mean."

"Of course I do. What time was it?"

He told her. She gave the car a little more speed.

"Race with death," he announced again.

She did not answer at once. The long road swung into a monotonous curve and it was evident that she feared the wheels would not hold on the slippery surface. In two minutes they had settled into the straightaway again.

"How strange death is," she said, thrusting her round firm chin over the collar of her fur coat.

"I know it! Here we sit right with it and talk along just the same as ever. It seems strange."

"I have a feeling he won't die—not at once," she said

"Why not?"

"I don't know. He may. His pulse was terrible. I never felt anything like it except my mother's one evening when a strange man looked in our sitting-room window. That was long ago. My mother is dead. Is yours?"

He nodded. After a moment he said, "I'm sorry. I would like to have had my mother know you, Miss Fleming. You are just the kind of girl she would have liked."

"Oh, that's too much to say!"

Millips leaned forward again. "Were you talking to me?"

"No," said Cochrane. "How's the sick man?"

"Oh, I'll look again," the lawyer said wearily and drew back.

The heat from the speeding car was enough to moisten the driving snow. It stuck to them everywhere. They were like four overpadded snowmen on the black cushions, but the wind was biting cold. It stuck its fine little teeth into every bit of exposed flesh.

The accident came to them after a long silence when there were no voices except those of the wind and the motor. It did not come suddenly; it came with slow, sure, progressive realization.

Traveling as they were at high speed, the slow skid of the hind wheels began almost imperceptibly. They saw Thrale Fleming answer with her body bent over the wheel, twisting and turning cautiously, hoping to overcome the slide that was imminent. The car described over two hundred yards an elongated letter S, and then, impatient, apparently, at the gradual restraints upon its speed and willfulness, it seemed to plant its fore wheels into the ground and kick out behind, swinging its body sideways as it kicked. It whirled around on the road as if it were a toy on an inverted mirror, and ended its waltz by suddenly hitting an impact against some frozen rut. It all but turned over. Scalesgone, the dying man, and Millips were first almost flung out and then were dropped in a heap in the bottom of the car.

Not yet were the hindquarters of the automobile content; they began at once to skitter off in the opposite direction. There was a crash against a telegraph pole and then a confusing noise like a great wind. This came from the back wheels. They were racing, hanging over the ditch on the edge of which the naughty machine had suddenly squatted down.

"Get out!" commanded Miss Fleming. "I don't mean you, Mr. Scalesgone. You're not in condition. Don't move."

"A nice pickle!" said Millips, nursing his wrist.

"It wasn't Miss Fleming's fault," Cochrane protested angrily. "She saved us. You ought to thank her."

Millips, the young man and the girl all assumed that peculiar stooping-over posture with which ex-passengers, having alighted, survey a disabled vehicle.

"Broke!" wailed the Englishman.

"No. No." Thrale Fleming announced cheerfully. "She is all right. She only needs to be set back into the road."

"And how?" asked Millips. "Who among us is going to set her back into the road?"

Scalesgone had stood up, waving his arms and looking at the situation of the car. He evidently regarded it as hopeless, because he began to pour forth a torrent of abuse upon destiny, Nature, chance, the elements, the fates and the muses.

"You mustn't talk like that," Cochrane argued. "Stop it! There is a lady here."

"Sit down, you old fool," Millips added. "It's bad for your heart."

"Let him say what he likes," Thrale Fleming said sweetly. "He's dying. It's not going to be hard to get the car back on the road, Mr. Scalesgone."

"How?"

"Fence rails," she said, pointing. "Get me a dozen."

"You're competent!" the lawyer said admiringly. "My wife would never think of such a thing. About now she would be blaming me for coming without a wrecking car!"

"You better help Mr. Cochrane—the big thick ones."

Millips brought them, puffing and blowing from his unwonted exercise.

"After all, it is a matter of life or death," he panted philosophically. "It's bad enough for me, but what an experience for a dying man—my stars!"

The girl showed her companions how to use the tough rails as levers. She jacked the hind end of the car up, little by little, pushing loose rocks and dirt under every inch of progress. At last the hindquarters of the automobile were tilted far up above the front.

"Now put those fence rails under here—and spill her forward," she commanded.

"My hands are frozen," complained Millips, biting his knuckles.

"We'll be frozen all over," she shouted back through the howl of the merciless prairie wind, "unless you get busy."

Cochrane was a young giant; his effort was worth two of the badly conditioned attorney.

"I'll help you," the girl said to the lawyer. "Move up. Now!"

The car rolled forward; the hind wheels were in contact with the edge of the road again.

"Now let me try the engine," Miss Fleming said.

It answered. The wheels kicked out the rubbish she had piled up under the car.

"Hop in!" she commanded.

"What about Scalesgone?" bellowed Millips.

The Englishman's white face was thrust forth, turtlelike.

"He's alive," whispered Cochrane. "We're off again!"

The car leaped forward.

Millips touched Cochrane's shoulder. "Tell her to be careful," he said in the young man's ear. "With all due respect to Violet, it's bad enough to have one man to bury."

Cochrane merely rubbed his ears with the palms of his hands.

As if the car had gained energy from its rest, it went as if its own heart was in the race. It appeared thinner, speedier, more sinewy. It was rolling on wheels, of course, but Millips fancied it was like a greyhound with long flying legs, scratching the road behind it. The wind went into a thin piping whistle. One had to close out the sight of the flashing telegraph poles and pray that nothing would happen. Cochrane was not comforting.

He turned around, and seeing Millips open one eye he pointed to Miss Fleming and shouted, "Look at her drive! She's mad now! She's making up lost time. She's a wonderful fiend!"

Of this there could be no doubt. Mile after mile. Millips stirred himself at the end of twenty minutes to peer down the hole in the bundle of clothing beside him.

Seeing nothing he said, "How are you?"

"All right," came the feeble answer from the Englishman.

Cochrane leaned close to Thrale Fleming. "We ought to be in Meridian River before this," he said. "But I wish this journey was around the world!"

She shook her head and then daring to glance away from the shafts of light on the road she said in a matter-of-fact sentence, "It will be a long time before we get to Meridian."

Cochrane thrust his hands into his pockets. He was reflecting again that if it had not been for poor Scalesgone he would have been glad to have Meridian River a thousand miles away.

And now there was a curious glow on the horizon—the kind of white radiance which hangs over a city with lighted streets. It grew brighter or dulled as the wind swept clouds of falling powdery snow over the empty spaces or snatched these clouds up again.

Furthermore, the road began to misbehave. There were ruts in it and holes such as usually are found where the trucking traffic just outside a city is the heaviest. Suddenly the rail fences on one side of the

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road were replaced by a long concrete wall. Then a cross street flashed by.

"Look!" said Cochrane to the girl. "We are coming into a town. Look! The road has curbing!"

"Maybe it's Meridian, after all," she said with a smile. Her smile, Cochrane thought, had never been equaled this side of the angels.

As is usual, the speeding car came into the block buildings and pavement district of the city with all the sudden surprise of a rabbit disappearing into its hole. Arc lights were swinging above them at corners and occasionally an all-night lunch restaurant exposed a sweaty window to the cold night.

"We're not here?" asked Scalesgone.

"We are!" the girl replied proudly.

"I'll be ——" Millips exclaimed. "Well, well! I don't know what to say. So this is Meridian. We've saved the hour! We've won."

"Not yet!" Thrale Fleming replied. "We've got to get across the river. That's the point—across the river."

She drove on. Just before they arrived at a large white building Scalesgone poked his head up again.

"What's that building?" he exclaimed.

He stared at it, scowling as if it were some kind of enemy.

"Lie back," commanded Millips. "You'll die on us!"

Miss Fleming turned the car into a cross street and up a long avenue until the business blocks gave way to residences.

"I'll have to ask the way," she announced in a loud voice. "We have only a few minutes to spare."

"Ask whom?" Cochrane said, looking up the deserted street.

Just then, however, he felt warm lips close to his cold ear.

They whispered: "Do what I tell you, and say nothing. See that yellow house? Go in and wake them up. Ask for Bill. Say that Thrale is out here. Tell Bill I'm in danger."

The young man nodded.

"Just ask in that house, for instance," the girl said out loud.

Cochrane sprang out and was gone under the shadows of the snow and the night.

When he came back a burly figure was with him.

"Hello, dad," said Thrale Fleming. "Have you got your gun?"

The newcomer had mounted the running board.

"Just stick it into the stomach of that gentleman all bundled up there. Unless I'm mistaken, dad, that's Brander Tweelman."

A face, white as linen, rose out of the hole in the clothing.

"It's a lie!"

But Miss Fleming's father shook his head. "No use, Tweelman," he said. "I'm the sheriff, and every sheriff in the state has got your face by now. Climb out! Hands up! You're the valet wanted for murder."

Millips tried to speak. He coughed, he wet his lips. "You mean ——" he began. "This isn't—I read in the paper—the man who killed his master and took the bonds Tweelman—the valet? I read it all in the paper tonight."

"So did I," said Miss Fleming. "And I put the paper on his own chest before I brought him home to dad."

Cochrane spoke up in an aggrieved tone. "But Miss Thrale! You told me you lived at the Falls!"

"Well, this is the Falls!" she said cheerfully. "We're back across the state line again. We weren't driving west, dear; we were driving east all the time!"

Millips, the New York lawyer, was the last to get out of the car. He stretched his own limbs painfully. Then he stared at the dim figures of the sheriff and his prisoner walking toward the house. The man who had called himself Scalesgone was still a ridiculous figure, so bundled up in blankets and overcoats that he appeared like a perpendicular caterpillar. Fleming walked behind him, gun in hand. But it was not at all a romantic picture. So Millips turned to the other two.

Young Cochrane had put his arm through Thrale's arm; he was taking her aimlessly about the snow-clad lawn, whispering as they walked.

"Well, now let's see," said Millips to himself. "Suppose we had gone west, would we have gained an hour, after all? It would have been earlier, not later at Meridian. And the man would have had to live longer to finish the twenty-one years. But the twenty-one years would have finished later. Or does the twenty-one years finish where it started? The devil! I can't figure it!"

So he looked up again at the girl and the young man.

"Youth!" he said to himself wistfully. "Youth!"

Snow was on his eyelashes; it created the feeling that his eyes were dimmed by some emotion. Nonsense! He slapped his cold hands together. He wanted to beckon the other two to come into the warm house, but he refrained and merely beamed at them and waved his hand to show them he understood.

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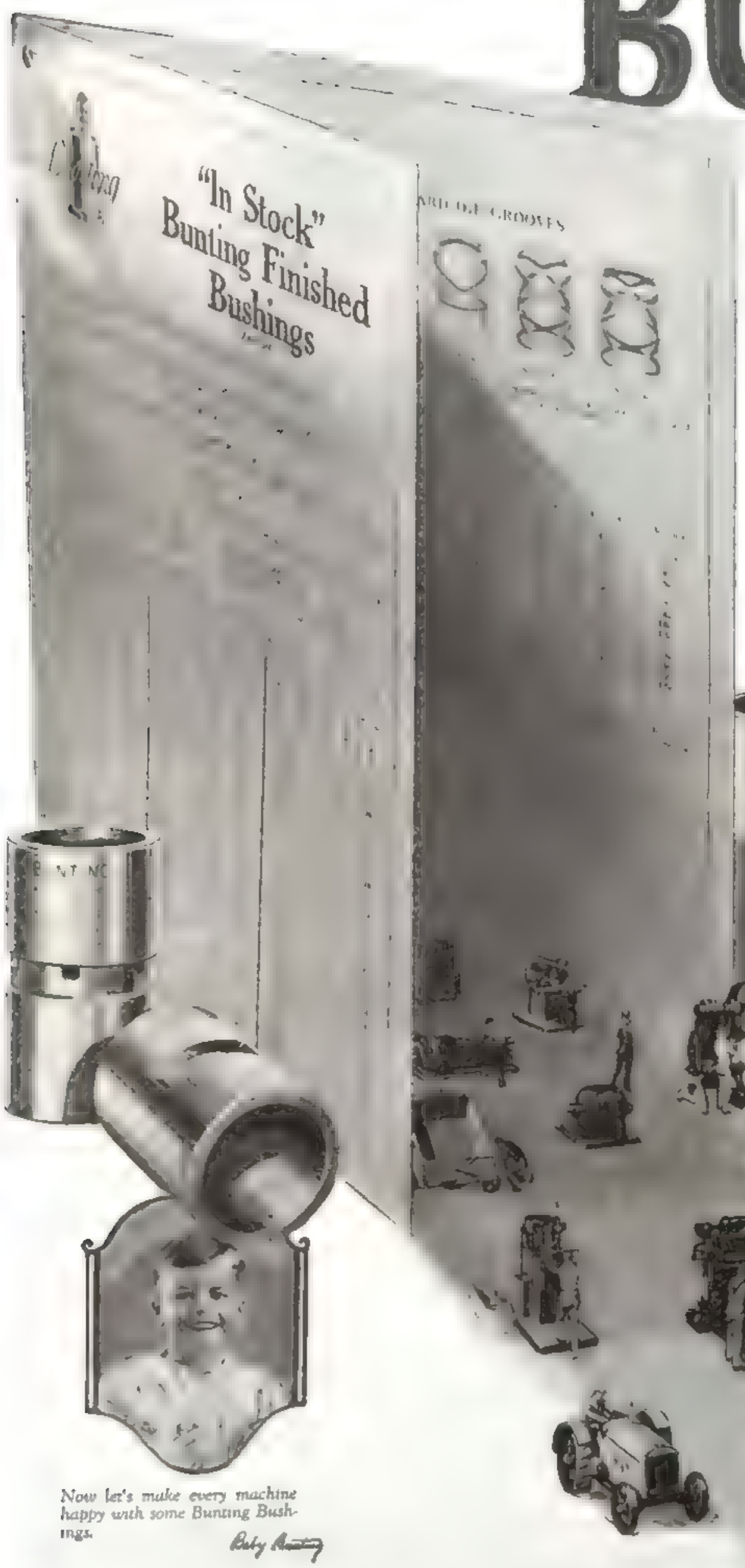

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ONE BAD ORANG

(Continued from Page 13

"You get another glass," he ordered, "an' that other bottle o' beer." The idea uppermost in his mind, somehow, was to show the fat Dutchman where he got off. "Yer boss is a crumb, Sleuth. Get two glasses; the kid's got t' have what we have."

And he waved aside all protests. He was soon bowing over his glass to Willem's sister. The girl smiled again. It was then that it occurred to the driller that he had never heard her speak.

"She ain't a dummy, is she?" he asked Willem.

"*Dom! Wel, neen, 'n'eer!* But she is only a little girl—Marietje. En she does not speak de English. Somewhat she understands, but she cannot speak."

Bill knew already that she could understand. No sooner had his question passed his lips than he saw a swift look of pain come into the girl's dark eyes. Eyes like a wounded doe, he told himself; and that fleeting expression was like Willem's shrinking upon being told he was no Dutchman. Totally unexpected shame engulfed the driller. To injure a man's feelings was meat and drink to him; but striking a blow that could under no circumstances be returned made him feel cowardly—even though the stab had been unintentional. Better hold his tongue! When the meal was over he rose abruptly and walked out of the house.

Five minutes later he turned, to see the half-caste coming into the garden. Chair and all, Willem had his sister in his arms. Bill's first thought was that the man was stronger than he had imagined. An ungainly load, but Willem held it high with surprising ease. And he was gentle, and tender. When he set the girl down where she would be able to watch the darkness rush toward her across the blue waters, he put his lips close to her ear and whispered something that made her smile.

And—the conception came to Bill out of nowhere—everything considered, there must be little enough in her life worth smiling over. "Brave youngster," was his silent comment. Then Willem came out with two more chairs. Soon they were all sitting in a row along the seaward wall of the house.

No more than half an hour intervened between daylight and dark night. But the darkness soon surrendered to the glory of the rising full moon, which surged from the horizon—at first huge and red as burnished copper, then shrinking in size and fading to silver of surpassing purity. Dancing quietly on the sea, a pathway of light streamed to the nodding flower tops.

Another half hour and Bill's mind was wandering in unaccustomed channels. Perhaps the beauty of the scene had got into his veins. Or he was homesick, who had no home. But, whatever it was, it centered on the half-caste and his sister. The tableau of Willem bending down and whispering persisted. Bill had had no sister; he had never known his mother. A family, women, he reflected, sure made a difference. Perhaps, if his mother had lived ——

Willem suddenly began to sing. Not a Dutch song, Bill decided; there were no gutturals in it. Soft and monotonous and exotic; and for all it was heavy with "o" sounds, the strain carried a wailing note. Presently the girl added a clear soprano in a swelling refrain.

Bill sat motionless. In his life music had as little place as affection. The words he heard were in no tongue he could understand; and yet, vaguely, it seemed he did understand. For a magic interval the power was granted him to get some of the meaning behind the song—a small part of the meaning of palm trees and shadowy villages, of natives and half-castes and all the strange people in this strange roiling land. And he liked the girl's voice. In the darkness he forgot she was unattractive.

"Dat is a *pantoon, 'n'eer;* a Javanese love song."

"Yeh?"

"En, *'n'eer,* for your enjoyment, *'n'eer,* Marietje knows one English song."

"Oh—all right," said Bill; "fine."

"She begs dat you will not laugh at her."

"I won't laugh!" earnestly.

And Marietje sang:

"Aw de nice gi'l lov de sailor,
Aw de nice gi'l lov de tar;
Vor dere's somat'ing about de sailor
Ven ye know vat sailor zar.
Bright en breezy,
Free en easy,
Oh—en I forget de rest—
Maar moet ik sterven van de pyn,
Zullen myn laatsten woorden zyn
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!"

It was the girl who laughed first, an infectious gale of melody. And Bill laughed. He did not know why, exactly; but he was sure Marietje had turned something amusing out of approaching disaster in the last lines. Clapping his hands lightly, the driller leaned forward and told Willem his sister was all right.

That broke the ice.

For a couple of hours longer they sat and talked. That is, Bill answered questions about the world outside. It was Marietje who put the questions, using her brother as interpreter. She stumped Bill time and again. Poor Willem was completely at sea. Bill could not help wondering where the girl had got that depth of intelligence that had escaped the man so noticeably. He found himself pitying her, and liking her.

And gradually—undisputed—came the extraordinary conviction that she was the only person he ever had liked! This sentiment induced a sort of lethargy.

"We travel early in de morning, *'n'eer.* Perhaps you will go to bed now?"

"Suits me," said Bill; but he did not move until Willem had passed in front of him with his helpless burden.

"Goot night, mister," came back to him sleepily.

"Oh—good night." A second's view of a pathetic little figure in the half-caste's arms, and that was the last Bill ever saw of Marietje Daum. She was, however, not yet out of his life for good.

He remained for a space in the moon-bathed garden. His lethargy seemed to take definite shape, benign. And what was most incredible—he made no attempt to banish it; he felt no shame. As he went into the house Willem came out of his sister's chamber. The half-caste pointed to a couch in the room where they had eaten; a couch which presumably had been got ready by the cook while they were sitting outside. By the light of a single oil lamp Bill could see the white outline of its mosquito netting.

"Here is for you, *'n'eer;* en you will be careful to close de *klambu?* Oderwise de mosquitoes are bad when you sleep."

"Yeh, I know," said Bill. "Say"—he caught Willem by the elbow—"what's the matter with her, lame like that?"

"Her hip, *'n'eer.*"

"Can't they fix it?"

Willem shook his head. "Dere is a hospital in Tambora, down de coast, en de doctor say perhaps an operation will help."

"Then why don't ye send her down?"

"No money," said the half-caste simply. "I was hurt in company service, *'n'eer,* or I could not have gone down."

"Huh!"

"Good night, *'n'eer.*"

"Good night. An', Sleuth; about pastin' ye there on the boat, I'm sorry."

"Oh, *'n'eer!*"

Bill went back to the garden; he had no desire to sleep. His mind was occupied with thoughts of Marietje Daum. It seemed a shame that anyone so cheerful and plucky should be a cripple all her life. Something ought to be done about it. He speculated on the size of Willem's salary; hit upon seventy-five guilders a month as the probable amount. His own wage was five hundred guilders; and if Willem was getting a cent more than the smaller figure he was being extravagantly overpaid.

Not much could be done, he had to admit, with seventy-five guilders. With five hundred, now; especially when one hundred would more than cover all living expenses. Why, a couple of months' saving ought to pay for any operation. Yeh; and it would pay for his passage home to the States! An operation for a half-caste girl! Was he mad?

A half-caste—and he a Texan! Before Bill knew it the poison was again at work. It jerked him completely out of his aberration.

Half-castes; he guessed not! And furthermore, he was an American, and he was going to sleep that night in that brick house if he had to break into it. Suddenly catching up helmet and belt and revolver, Bill started back along the path toward the godowns. Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek's house, he remembered, lay beyond.

But the driller never got past the oil company's warehouse. There was a light in the office, so he went in. Nor did sight of the corpulent Dutchman, who evidently had lied about his night's engagement, afford Bill any surprise. It simply lent bitterness to his tongue; and he said such things as no man of any spirit could tolerate. The big man's breath puffed faster and faster; his face became purple. In the end he laid violent hands on Bill in an attempt to eject him from the office. The driller promptly floored him.

It was then that Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek called for help.

"Djoyo! Karto!" he bellowed from the corner where he lay like a stricken ox.

Bill whirled to face the office door.

He heard a subdued rush, and presently two natives appeared. They wore uniforms of coarse blue cloth. Bill noticed that they carried rifles. Some kind of police, was his inference, so he glared at them. It was a habit of his to glare at all guardians of the law.

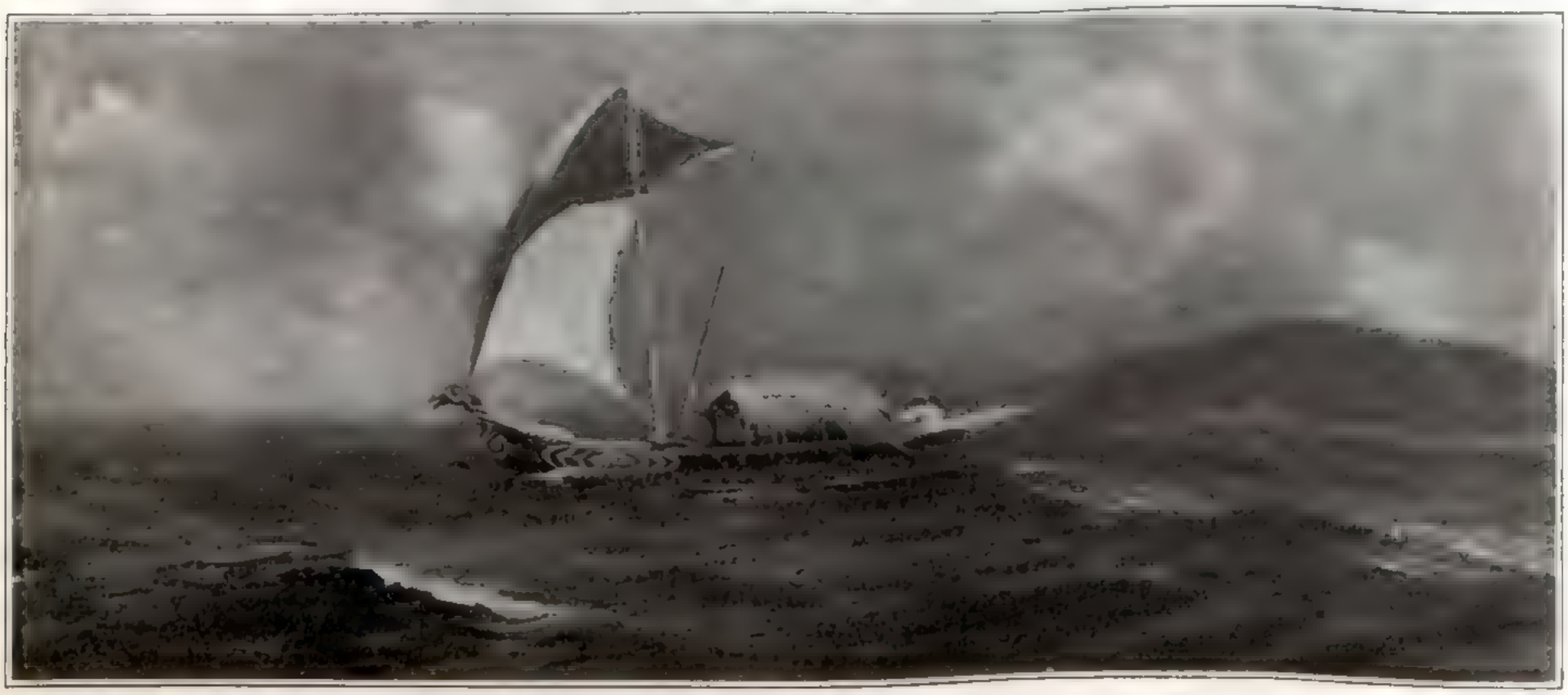
The prostrate Hollander must have made some signal, for the policemen raised their rifles to cover the driller. Bill started shooting on the instant.

One policeman sank down, clapping his hand to his shoulder; the other fled. In some amusement Bill walked along behind him out of the office. He saw the unwounded officer joined by three others; he saw the fellow wildly gesticulating. Then all four scattered into the shops across the street, obviously taking up positions from which they could command the big door of the godown.

In Bill's mind, however, they constituted no menace. There were four of them, but the driller believed himself to be a match for a whole regiment of such monkey men. The conflict, the loosing of three or four shots at human targets, the crumpled form on the godown floor with Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek bending over it—all these were balm to Bill's soul. Such a feeling of exaltation came over him as he had not experienced since leaving Texas.

"What a bunch o' yaps!" he sneered.

(Continued on Page 104)



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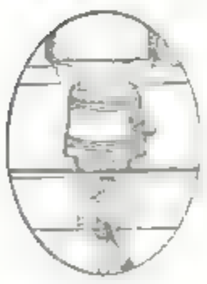

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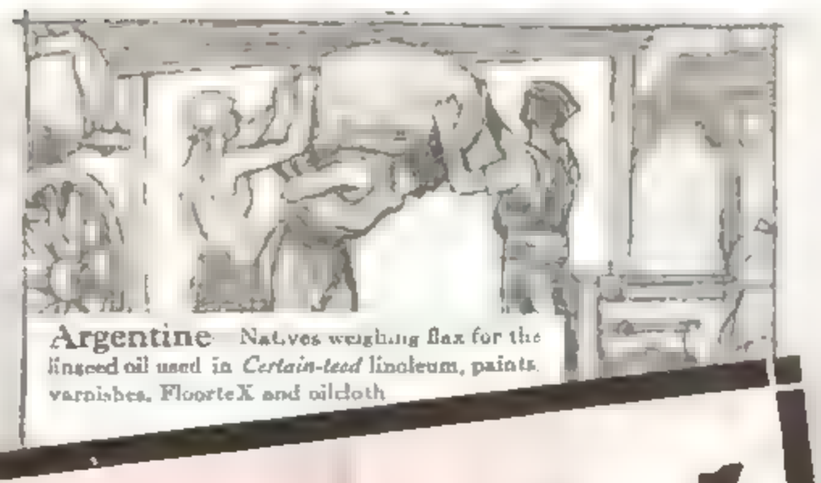
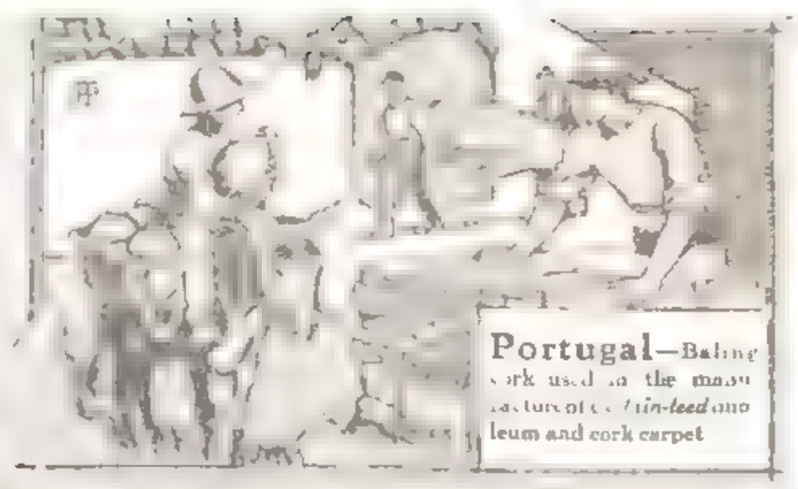
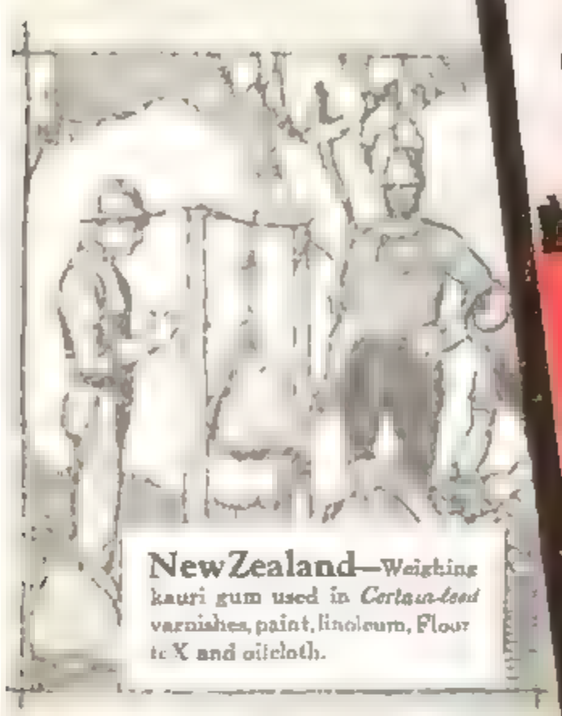


Argentine—Natives weighing flax for the linseed oil used in *Certain-teed* linoleum, paints, varnishes, FloorteX and oilcloth.



Portugal—Baling cork used in the manufacture of *Certain-teed* linoleum and cork carpet



New Zealand—Weighing kauri gum used in *Certain-teed* varnishes, paint, linoleum, FloorteX and oilcloth.

United States—Mining gypsum from one of the many *Certain-teed* gypsum deposits. Used for *Certain-teed* plaster, gypsum building blocks, plaster of Paris

CERTAIN-TEED PLANTS

Each a complete manufacturing unit producing a group of allied products

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St. Louis, Mo.
Richmond, Calif.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Acme, N. Mex.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
York, Pa.
Acme, Texas
Marseilles, Ill.
Gypsum, Oregon
Laramie, Wyo.
Acme, Okla.
Cement, Okla.
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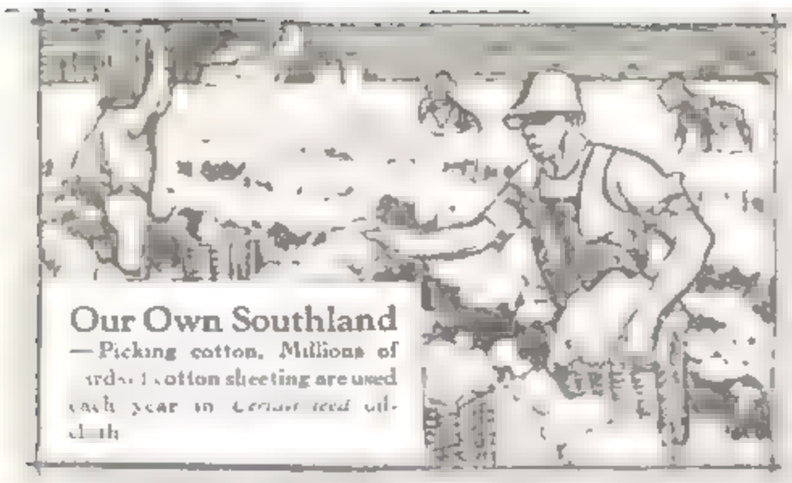
Beyond the rim of the horizon

WORKING under the flags of many nations, they gather the materials for a hundred or more products which are brought together under one emblem—the *Certain-teed* Label.

In India they have prepared the jute, in Portugal they have stripped the cork-bark, in Argentine they have grown the flax for the linseed-oil in *Certain-teed* linoleum. For mellow-toned *Certain-teed* shingles and roofing, rags have been sorted all over Europe and the Near East—rugged Vermonters have crushed the slate and Mexican peons have worked to produce the asphalt. From every point of the compass ships of commerce are bringing oils and gums, destined to become *Certain-teed* paint and varnish of enduring quality.

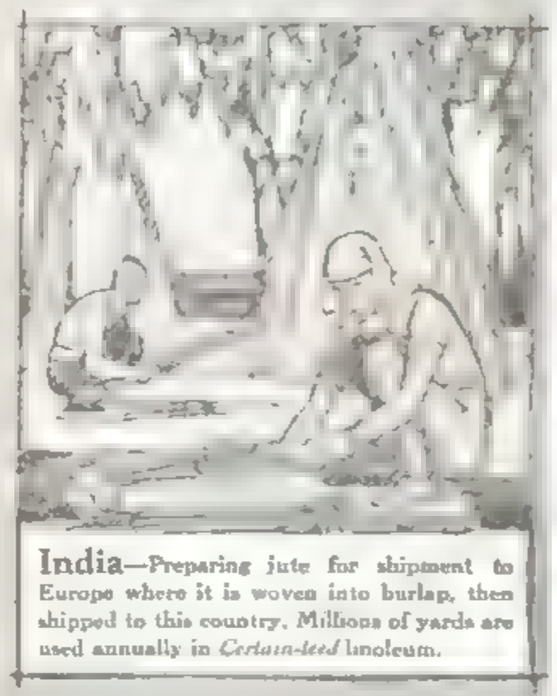
BUILD TO ENDURE WITH CERTAIN-TEED



Our Own Southland
—Picking cotton. Millions of yards of cotton sheeting are used each year in *Certain-teed* oilcloth

China—Husking nuts for wood oil used in *Certain-teed* varnishes, paints, linoleum, oilcloth and FloorteX

Dutch East Indies—
Natives sorting copal gum for *Certain-teed* varnishes, paints, oilcloth, linoleum and FloorteX



India—Preparing jute for shipment to Europe where it is woven into burlap, then shipped to this country. Millions of yards are used annually in *Certain-teed* linoleum.

Mexico—One of the asphalts used in *Certain-teed* roofing and FloorteX comes from Mexico. Millions of gallons are used annually in the *Certain-teed* plants

—a host of workers serves you

From our Southland comes the cotton for *Certain-teed* oilcloth, and from many *Certain-teed* mines, the gypsum for plaster and light, fireproof walls.

The great *Certain-teed* plants, located at points where manufacture is most economical, convert this material into more than a hundred useful articles. These go into every corner of the globe to meet the need for *Certain-teed* products.

Many products, one overhead, one management, one sales force and an organization of skilled workers enable *Certain-teed* to produce "enduring quality at low cost." These five words express the benefits that may be yours if you insist on the *Certain-teed* Label when buying.

BUILD TO ENDURE WITH CERTAIN-TEED

CERTAIN-TEED PRODUCTS
of which more than one hundred are included in the following classification

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House Paints
Varnishes
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Gypsum Plasters
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Keene's Cement
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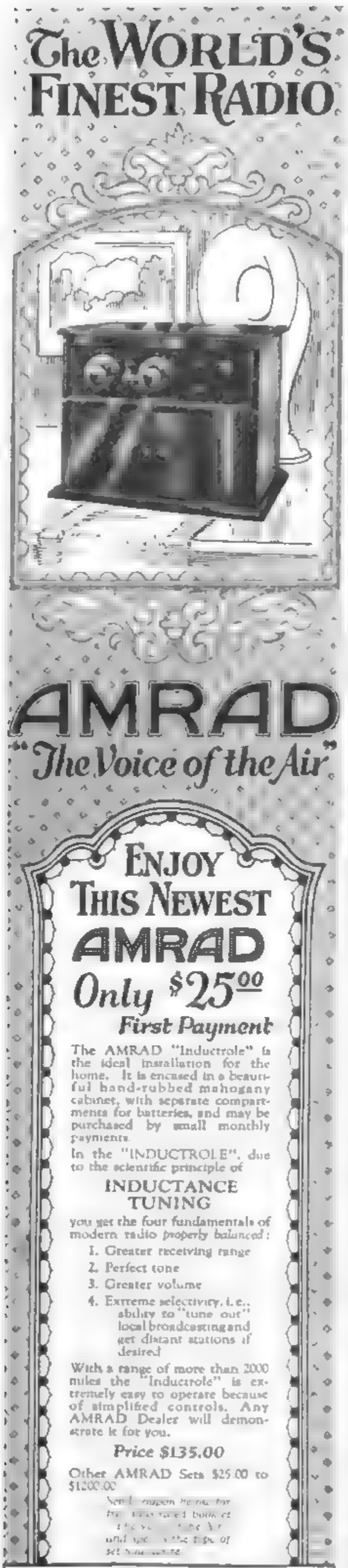
Linoleum Rugs
Oilcloth
FloorteX
(Felt Base Floor Coverings)
FloorteX Rugs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(Continued from Page 100)

And it occurred to him that he would find pleasure in taunting them. For this purpose he stepped boldly into the broad doorway, and was immediately met by a fusillade that ripped off his helmet, jerked twice at his coat and sent a burning stab across his leg above the knee.

"Cripes, they c'n shoot!" thought Bill as he dodged back out of sight.

By this time Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek apparently understood what it was all about. Bill was peeking around the edge of the big door. He heard a puffing behind him. The Dutchman had the wounded policeman in his arms and was striding wrathfully toward the American. Toward him and beyond. In the doorway he turned and spoke his mind.

"Saxton, you are one bad fellow. You have wounded dis man, en you go to de yail. Makassar. Six months; en five years if he dies!"

"Ar-r-r-r—beat it!"

As Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek waddled away from the godown Bill accelerated his departure by sending a bullet into the dusty road at his heels.

His shot was answered by another volley from across the street. One bullet whistled through the doorway, slammed noisily into a pile of rusty I beams. Three more crashed through the zinc sheets of the front wall, one of them uncomfortably close to where Bill was standing.

"I'd better duck!" was Bill's judgment.

He suited the action to the word. A glance told him that the pile of I beams offered unexcelled protection against bullets. Bill went behind it, peeked over to watch the moonlit roadway. As he was deftly reloading his revolver another volley roared into the godown. Persistent devils! For the first time the driller wondered how he was going to extricate himself from this mess which he had so suddenly pulled about his ears. Pasir Putih promised to be unhealthful from now on.

Indeed, that undoubtedly held for the whole Dutch Indies. Makassar Jail! Bill laughed scornfully to himself. Not a chance! But how to escape? It was night, but with the moon and the shops lighted the street was far from dark. Bill berated himself for getting caught in the godown. This had come of underestimating the natives as marksmen. They were mighty good; and they were keeping up an intermittent fire through the doorway. Bullets whanged now and then on the steel, sending metallic echoes through the lofty warehouse. No getting out the front way.

So, just to show how easy it was, Bill swung around and kicked a zinc sheet out of the side wall.

But he did not immediately depart. He had some thinking to do, a plan to lay. North, south, east or west? Maps of all that district had been furnished the driller at the company's office in Batavia; and Bill had studied them. Up the coast lay Slamat, and down the coast lay Tambora; unknown quantities, but certainly as well supplied with police as Pasir Putih. And certainly connected with that place by telephone or telegraph. The whole west was wilderness, offering hardship and sunstroke and famine. To the east lay the sea.

The sea! There was his answer. He must make for a British Borneo or Philippine port. Extradition be blowed. The driller had a not inaccurate idea that those trick laws sometimes failed to hold, out on the edge of things. And he figured grimly that he would be able to persuade any fisherman to take him aboard as a passenger. Also, he remembered the blur of native shacks a couple of miles down the coast.

His plan was complete. No slow thinker in an emergency, Bill Saxton. Very coolly he rested his wrist on the pile of steel beams in front of him and raked the street with a slow succession of shots. He reloaded, stooped and crawled through the hole he had kicked in the godown wall. Half an hour later, on the landing in front of the native village, he stood watching two boatmen get ready a craft somewhat larger than the *tambangan* in which he had come ashore from the packet. It was a fantastically carved and painted affair, with such a thatched shelter amidships as the driller had seen on bullock carts in Batavia. As soon as the natives had taken aboard food and a kerosene tin full of fresh water they signaled Bill to get in.

"Sandakan!" he insisted; "I go Sandakan!"

The boatmen nodded their heads vigorously. Followed the few necessary strokes with paddles, then the raising of the sail. They were off!

One man took the tiller. Bill, from under the thatched roof, saw the other lie down near the mast forward, cover his head with a filthy sarong and proceed to sleep. In less than two minutes the voyage was as settled as though it had been in progress as many hours. Bill watched Pasir Putih pier come abreast of them and fade away astern. He chuckled. He studied the helmsman for any likelihood of treachery; decided against it. No reason, therefore, why he should not get some sleep too.

It was long before dawn, probably about five o'clock in the morning, when a stiff prod in the ribs awakened Bill Saxton. He opened his eyes a little and shut them again to avoid the direct glare of an electric flashlight held close to his nose. But the prod was repeated. Bill quickly raised himself on one elbow. Beyond the light's brightness he saw the pale determined countenance of Willem Daum.

A glance told Bill that the prods had been delivered with the muzzle of Willem's automatic. The weapon was pointing straight at the driller's heart.

"I am sorry, *'n'eer*," he heard.

"Well, if it ain't the Sleuth!" Bill greeted him. "How'd you get here?"

"In de motorboat, *'n'eer*. Mynheer van Hoo[illegible]"

That was as far as the half-caste got with his explanation. Bill's hand shot up with the speed of light, wrenched the pistol out of Willem's fingers and dropped it overboard. And Bill lay back and roared with laughter at the dismay on the man's face. After a moment he spoke.

"Well, you poor fool!" said he; but instead of ending his thought, Bill drew up one leg and drove his heel viciously into the pit of Willem's stomach. Willem sprawled backward. Only the low gunwale saved him from going overboard.

The shock seemed to wake him up though. With a snarl of rage he came back at the reclining driller. And Bill remembered the strength that had lifted the lame girl and her chair. He knew that that strength needed only the urge of determination behind it; and somehow the half-caste now was filled with the urge. So Bill made ready; he was taking no chances. With a movement that surpassed the other's for speed he produced his own gun and let Willem run against the muzzle of it.

Willem stopped with such celerity that he dropped back upon the gunwale again. His eyes popped out of his head; but more from anger and baffled hope, it seemed, than from terror.

"Stay there, ye fool, or I'll drop ye!" Bill got to his feet to survey the situation. He grinned a little. "Should o' got my gun first, Old Sleuth!"

Then he saw the Rotterdamsche Petroleum Maatschappy's motorboat alongside. There was no one in the boat; Bill's two natives were clinging to it with some difficulty as it rose and fell on the waves. A fine pair! Without waking their passenger they had allowed an armed stranger aboard.

"These guys sell me out?" he asked Willem.

"Dey could not help it. I controlled dem before dey could understand."

"An' suppose I'd been awake?"

"I should have steered into dis boat; den you would come easy out of de water."

"Well, fer cripes' sake!"

Bill stared at the man in wonderment. That sleuthing aspiration had done it, of course; transformed this dead-and-alive boob into a real bad egg! But Bill should worry. He gazed reflectively upon the motorboat. A swift plan of action leaped into his mind.

"Know the way t' Sandakan, Sleuth?" And he saw startled comprehension in the half-caste's eyes.

"*Verdomme*, no!"

"Come on!" said Bill roughly. "I need a pilot; an' ye'll want t' bring the boat back, won't ye? Climb!"

Because of the revolver, undoubtedly, Willem climbed. As the half-caste went over the side Bill kicked him: not once, but four or five times before the fellow dropped into the cockpit of the motorboat.

The driller followed him. He waved to the natives to let go, and they did so. No reason why they should not. They had been paid for two days' sailing; and here they were being sent back before the first day had run its course. Silently as a tall ghost, their boat put about and swung away into the darkness.

"Now, Sleuth," said Bill, "we'll go t' Sandakan. Start yer old boiler goin'."

But Willem was not yet resigned to his present humiliation. "*Donders*, man! I cannot do it! You must not take me up dere. Dere is de company to consider. I must go back with de boat to Pasir Putih!"

"Did ye steal it t' foller me?"

"No, no; I have permission."

"Well, I give ye permission t' stay. What'd ye come fer? You ain't the police."

"I am not an official; but Mynheer van Hooikaas-Karnebeek was afraid, en his men. So I must capture you for de yail in Makassar. You are a bad man; you have wounded one."

"An' you'll be the second if ye don't get this thing started!" said Bill grimly.

Willem tried another tack.

"But I do not know de way. It is dangerous when we get among de islands."

"I'll give ye jest about five seconds!" was Bill's warning; "then I'll start it, an' you'll swim."

Sullenly the half-caste spun the flywheel. He went forward to steer.

"Sandakan, mind ye!" flung Bill above the motor's roar. "If ye try any tricks on me ye die as sure as my name's Bill!" And Bill meant it.

The motorboat leaped forward with a sudden boiling of water under the bow. The driller sat down amidships near the motor. He grinned; stretched forth his long legs so that his feet rested on the opposite seat. One thing after another held his idle attention. The first streaks of dawn appeared in the eastern sky; and Bill welcomed the sight. Also, now that he was not wholly engrossed in hostilities, he had a chance to notice that the sea was none too smooth. There was a stiff offshore wind. Up over crest after crest the motorboat lifted, only to drop smashingly into the hollows between the waves. But Bill, who had recently crossed the Pacific, felt no qualms of seasickness. One hand fumbled for a second, drew out a black plug. The driller bit off a chew.

"The life o' Reilly!" he gloated.

To port the dark shore brooded with only an occasional light showing. Was that darkness altogether or a storm cloud? Bill could not be sure. Ahead was a point of land; and beyond that, apparently, the open sea—vast, unchangeable, heaving under a million dimming stars. Nothing but the noisy motor broke the silence, but that made the din of an armored invader in a place of peace. The waves tossed up their white arms as though to impede this desecrating intrusion. From his seat Bill watched Willem's drooping shoulders, and grinned again.

But that was a cloud over the land; and it grew and spread like a black plague. By the time daylight would have banished the stars the sky was half obscured in its rush. The rain came, gently at first, but rapidly developing into a blinding tropical downpour. It took the appearance of a circular gray wall about the boat, reducing the men's range of vision to not more than a hundred yards. So Willem shut the motor down to half speed.

They were drenched to the skin. Bill recalled with regret the thatched protection in the native boat, but philosophically told himself he could not have everything. The motorboat made sure his escape. And what was a wetting anyway? Half an hour in the sun would dry him.

He could not remember, afterwards, just when he began to have his doubts about Willem. For two hours or more they had plugged along at half speed. The waves had gradually taken on a more powerful swing; the rain had never slackened. But Bill had not worried; indeed, for his own amusement in this time of moist misery, he had assailed Willem with taunts about his prowess as a sleuth—until, gradually, suspicion possessed him.

In clear weather, perhaps, he would never have felt uneasy; but there was something troubling about not being able to see, something actually menacing. After a time this menace seemed to take definite form, apparently emanating from the man who stood at the wheel. The half-caste was bending forward, straining to peer into the solid gray ahead.

"How's she headin'?" Bill demanded.

"Nort', *'n'eer*."

"Yeh, north; but how's yer compass? 'Tain't hind end to, like a Dutchman?"

"De compass is good, *'n'eer*."

And then Willem turned his head the better to listen to something over the bow.

(Continued on Page 107)

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(Continued from Page 104)

A heavier note surged through the thunder of the rain. Without a word to Bill the half-caste leaped aft toward the engine. He paused over it with eyes steadily forward, then bent and shut off the power.

"Dere is islands," he explained.

"What islands?"

"I do not know."

"'Tain't Sandakan?"

"No, no; not for half a day."

"Then you start that engine again, an' don't come none o' yer tricks on me!"

"It is no trick, *n'eer!*"

"Start that engine!"

Willem shrugged, and complied.

"Now steer off!" Bill commanded. "I don't want t' see no land till it's Sandakan."

The half-caste swung the wheel over. Bill regarded him for a while with growing suspicion in his eyes, then suddenly sprang forward with a brutal oath. He collared Willem, and hurled him back onto one of the side seats.

"Oh, no, ye don't!" he rasped. "I don't trust ye, ye skunk—none! I'll jest take the wheel fer a while. You sit there; an' if ye make one move, ye yeller-skinned swine, I'll drill ye! Ye get me?"

Bill steered where he thought he wanted to go. He had one hand on the wheel and one on his gun. Every few seconds he had to look over his shoulder at the half-caste.

That sort of progress was nerve-racking. Bill found himself weighted down with an anxiety he had not felt through all the embroilment in Pasir Putih. His freedom demanded that he keep sharp watch on Willem; and the safety of his skin, perhaps, demanded that he keep equally sharp watch ahead. The rain fell harder and harder. But it never entered Bill's head to stop. For all the practicality of his nature, an uncanny something all around the boat urged him to keep going and going until he was entirely clear of this downpouring blanket.

It did occur to him, however, to finish off Willem. One little movement and the half-caste would be dead. Bill could toss his body overboard, ridding himself in that way of a big part of his troubles. And, incredibly, it was an insistent memory of Marietje Daum that kept him from doing so. Marietje! The poor kid, he reflected, was having a tough enough time of it as it was. Where would she be without Willem's monthly seventy-five guilders? Without Willem himself to carry her out into that cool flowering garden?

And in less than ten minutes, while Bill was busy watching ahead and behind, and thinking of Marietje, the inevitable happened. A solid black wall rushed up through the gray wall of rain. There was a crash, a splintering of deck and side planks. Bill was conscious of making three bounds toward the stern of the boat; he saw Willem tumbling at his side. A sheet of flame split the wet obscurity, leaping like a live thing from the motor to the gasoline tank forward. The reflection of a split second told Bill that he would be better off in the water.

So he just rolled out of the boat. Willem Daum was standing thigh-deep beside him. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Willem's arm rise and fall. After a tumult of many colored lights all went black in front of the American.

Sometime later his senses cleared. It was dark; Bill could see nothing. He was conscious of a dull throbbing headache; his whole body was cramped and tortured into what seemed to be a crevice between two rocks. No; on one side he pressed against something soft, which he understood at once to be Willem.

"The dirty swine!" was Bill's first thought. "He stretched me when I wasn't lookin'."

And the driller stirred with the instant return of savage anger. But a hard object bored into his ribs in back. His own gun!

"Do not, *n'eer!* If you move I must shoot. En dis time you will not find it easy to take de gun."

Bill sat quiet.

"Where are we?" he asked.

"I do not know. But dis is an island; en dere is not many islands—only one. De rain stopped dis afternoon, en dat I have seen. En de boat is *kapot*."

"I should worry. It ain't my boat."

"No; but I say dis is an island. All evening dere is no land in sight. Perhaps no one will come to dis place in years en years."

"Then we'll build a raft."

"Dere is no wood, no trees. I have looked."

Bill grunted. "You are a gloom, ain't ye? What time is it?"

"De beginning of de night."

The driller was thinking rapidly. This change in their fortunes, this circumstance of their being cast away, seemed to be overshadowed by the fact that Willem had the upper hand. Not that Bill was greatly concerned, even now; in his heart was complete contempt for the half-caste and utter confidence that soon or late himself would manage to recover possession of the revolver that spelled supremacy.

No chance for the present. And, anyway, Bill felt weak. That blow on the head had not been a gentle one. He would pay the half-caste off for that! But later. When he felt stronger. Perhaps it would be a good idea to sleep some more. It struck him that Willem would need to sleep too; and this necessity would be Bill's salvation. All he had to do was wait until Willem dropped off; and without any difficulty himself would reassume command. If he ever did, he vowed inwardly, he would tie the half-caste with strips of his own clothing until such time as they were ready to leave the island. Or he would shoot the persistent fool! And so thinking, Bill slipped comfortably against Willem's shoulder and commenced to snore peacefully.

When he came to his senses he looked forth upon a sea that sparkled and danced in the sunlight. That was good; now, perhaps, they could get some idea of where they were and what they could do to help themselves. Bill tried to sit up; and could not. In some surprise he twisted his body to find out what hampered him. Instantly the thought assailed him that his last reflections of the night before had been uttered aloud. For he was tied!

He was stripped to his underwear. The half-caste, evidently, had torn his coat and trousers into lengths, and used those lengths to bind him hand and foot. Willem himself was nowhere to be seen.

Bill wondered if the fellow had run away after guarding against pursuit by trussing up his captive. In that case this was no island; or a boat had come along. But the driller wasted no time in cogitation. He wriggled to a sharp corner of rock, put his bound wrists against it and started to saw up and down. In the midst of his labors Willem appeared.

It was obvious that Bill was freeing himself; but the half-caste offered no objections. Instead, he sat down to watch, and Bill could not help but remark his disconsolate air.

"I have tied you so I could sleep, *'n'eer,*" came the explanation; "en I have slept good. But dis place is not good. Dere is no water to drink."

Bill glanced up sharply.

"No water?"

"I have looked."

"It rained yesterday."

"It is not raining now."

"Huh! I'll take a look." Bill finished removing the strips that bound him.

"Do not come near me, *'n'eer!* I will have to shoot, en I am a good shot."

"I ain't botherin' about you, ye swine! When I want that gun I'll take it away from ye. Now all I want's a drink o' water."

Bill took a look around for himself. Of the motorboat all he could see was a charred half-submerged framework. Nothing there they could ever use. And the island upon which they had landed was one huge rock, about an acre in size, scarred and split by the elements but boasting no vegetation. Whatever rainwater had found lodgment in the crevices had long since evaporated or seeped away.

The rock stood alone. It rose like a single tombstone out of an otherwise unbroken sea. Nor was there any land in sight on the horizon. But yes; faintly to the westward was the vague outline of one lofty peak. Bill made all speed back to Willem.

"See that mountain, Sleuth!"

"I have seen it dis morning," was the dispirited reply. "It is Gunong Wates, *'n'eer.*"

"Know where it is?"

"On de mainland of Borneo. On de boundary between Dutch en British territory. But we cannot see de coast, so it is more as twenty miles away."

"H'm!" said Bill. "Well—what's twenty miles to a gentleman? Let's swim, Sleuth. You go south an' I'll go north."

The half-caste stared up in odd dismay.

"I cannot swim," he answered; "en I cannot permit you to leave my custody."

The fellow was certainly more tenacious than any book-bred detective Bill had ever seen; and Bill laughed.

"Don't worry," he said.

"Besides, dere are sharks."

"Now I know I won't swim!"—decidedly.

But the next day at the same time Bill was not so sure. It was the distance that kept him from trying it, and not any fear of either Willem or the sharks. Neither he nor the half-caste had had food or drink for close to forty-eight hours—a desperately long time in the tropics. They sat side by side, silent, not moving much.

There was now no talk of captor and prisoner; no thought, even, of their recent contending. A long time ago, Bill remembered vaguely, he had seen Willem go away with the revolver and belt; and return without them. He had hidden them, of course; but Bill did not care. Bill only knew that another day of this would finish the both of them. From time to time, not with any active feeling of hope, he lifted his head to scan as much of the heat-hazy horizon as he could see.

It hurt to look, so he never did it for long. But the time came when a black spot swam into his vision. At first he was sure his eyes were playing him false; but when the spot continued to retain definite and unchanging shape he forced himself to his feet. Tottering to a low outjutting rock above the beach, he shaded his eyes and gazed long and steadily.

"Canoe!" he muttered at last. He went over and touched Willem's shoulder, and pointed.

Then for a while the two men leaned against each other. They watched the spot grow and grow. After interminable ages of time, it seemed:

"Empty," said Willem.

"Yeh."

The surf of the storm of two days before had probably sucked the canoe from its berth in some mainland village. Four times forward and four times back it had followed the whim of the tides—until now some vagrant ocean current had claimed it, and was slowly sweeping it nearer and nearer to the two men in all the world who needed it most.

Straight for the island! Bill forgot his exhaustion, forgot his thirst. Hope and excitement seemed to have power to moisten his mouth, that for a day at least had been tinder dry. Good strength coursed back into his body.

And into Willem's. The half-caste's first move, when once he believed salvation at hand, was to walk firmly away and retrieve the gun and belt.

Bill took one look, and rushed with a hoarse snarl of fury. But this time he was met as he had met Willem's first angry assault on the motorboat. The muzzle of the revolver pressed close against his middle. There was a sort of answering ferocity in Willem's dark eyes.

"You go with me to Pasir Putih, *'n'eer!*" said Willem resolutely. Bill cursed and turned away.

But, after all, the canoe did not come straight to the island. The nearer it approached the plainer to be seen it was that it would miss even the inward tug of the surf. Once that was certain a grin twisted Bill Saxton's cracked lips. He could figure for himself what the outcome would be.

"Now, ye swine!" he jeered; "you goin' t' swim fer it or am I?"

Willem gulped.

"I cannot swim!" he exclaimed piteously.

"I can. D'ye reckon I'll come back fer ye?"

The half-caste's lips moved, but no sound came forth. The driller was already knee-deep in the water. He turned.

"Reckon I'll come back t' go with ye t' Pasir Putih? Or do ye figure I'll jest paddle off t' British territory?" He saw Willem raise the revolver. "Go ahead an' shoot!" he taunted—"if ye're sure I won't come back." He could read the agony in the half-caste's eyes, and then the gun hand fell.

Bill turned and dived into a comber. There was no bracing coolness to this water; it was like the Gulf of Mexico off Galveston, came unconsciously into the American's mind. Arm over arm—arm over arm; he had a good hundred and fifty yards to go, and only that desperate convulsive strength born of sheer necessity to propel him.

He could never make it! Desperate as it was, that strength was not limitless. Time and again it seemed to the gasping man that the next torturing stroke must be his last. But somehow, each crisis led the way inevitably to the one following. Bill felt himself growing numb.

Torture—vertigo—nausea; he almost prayed for a shark to take him. And then his outflung hand hit the side of the canoe.

Somehow he pulled himself into it; and swooned. He must have swooned, for the island was a quarter of a mile away when he raised his head to look. Willem stood like a stone image on the rocky beach.

Twenty miles to land! About nineteen too far. Lucky, even, if he could get back to the island. But he had to try, had to make a start; and for that purpose looked along the bottom of the canoe for a paddle.

He found one. And fastened to it with a flexible strip of bamboo were three ripe coconuts.

Like a madman Bill tore at them. His fingers encountered a splinter of wood in the bottom of the canoe; he poked it savagely into the eyes of one of the nuts. Then he drank; and drinking, he was able to view the situation in a remarkably different light. Bill even had a laugh for himself.

Ten minutes of slow paddling brought him back to within hailing distance of the beach. He kept clear of the surf, so that Willem would gain nothing if it came to shooting.

"Hey, Sleuth!" he called; and held up his treasures. "Coconuts! Want t' come aboard?"

He saw Willem stagger into the surf until the waves swirled around his waist. There the man stopped. He held out beseeching arms to Bill Saxton; but his right hand still retained its grip on Bill's revolver.

"Throw the gun away, then," Bill commanded. He figured that from then on he would be able to protect himself with the paddle. Of course the revolver would be more to his liking; and he could bargain for it. But no; better take no chances of treachery. "Throw it away!" he repeated. "Throw it in deep water, an' so I c'n see it!"

Willem stood motionless. The driller could not see the expression on the half-caste's face; but he grinned at his conception of it.

"I'll give ye jest one minute!" was his final definite ultimatum.

Poor Willem surrendered. The revolver flew end over end through the air toward the watching driller; landed with a splash in the water. Two minutes later Willem had his thirsty lips to the gouged-out eye of a coconut. Then he slumped into the bottom of the canoe.

Bill started paddling steadily toward British territory. Sitting, he was, on the top of the world! It took some doing to get the best of Bill Saxton! So it was a long time before he got around to noticing his companion. Then it struck him as strange that Willem had not brightened up considerably after his refreshing draught. Instead, he saw Willem's shoulders heave up and down; looked closer and knew that the man was sobbing.

"What's eatin' ye?" Bill demanded, surprised.

Willem did not raise his head.

"Y'ain't afraid o' me, are ye? I won't hurt ye, Sleuth!"

"It is not dat. It is dat I cannot bring you back to Pasir Putih."

Bill uttered a mirthful derisive laugh.

"Ye're whistlin' right ye can't!" he agreed. "Ye've got a fat chance! Slipped up on your first bad *orang*, Sleuth" scoffingly "Better luck next time!"

"I lose de reward"—miserably.

"Reward! Fer me?" Bill grinned for happiness to think he had been so honored.

"Five hundred gulden," Willem sniffled, "for my sister's operation." And he sobbed afresh, silently.

And Bill was silent. Marietje—the poor kid! Of course he could not help her now; but if things had been different, if he had not got himself into hot water and been forced to light out, he would have come across. Sure! She was a half-caste, an ugly little wench; but Bill remembered that one moment in the garden when he had liked her better than all the world. Loved her as he would like to love his own sister. Too bad she was not his own sister. He would not let her be lame all her life. Five hundred guilders; and Willem would never get it for her.

All her life! And six months out of his life. Bill found himself wondering what Makassar Jail was like. Of a sudden he flung the paddle viciously at Willem's shins.

"Get t' work, damn ye!" he ordered illnaturedly. "Get up! Head her where ye want t' go; but if I'm goin' t' jail I ain't goin' t' do all the paddlin'!"

Stewart CUSTOM

Veterans of Service

THE Stewart Vacuum Tank and the Stewart Speedometer have successfully gone through the hardest tests that could be conceived for automotive equipment.

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Car buyers can feel more satisfied regarding the quality of a car after assuring themselves that it is equipped with the Stewart Vacuum Tank and the Stewart or Warner Speedometer.

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The Stewart Vacuum Tank and Speedometer

On the opposite page

the complete line of Stewart-Warner Custombilt Accessories are shown.

All Stewart Products are of the same high quality in materials and workmanship as the Stewart Vacuum Tank and Stewart Speedometer.

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Stewart

CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES

USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

BILT Accessories

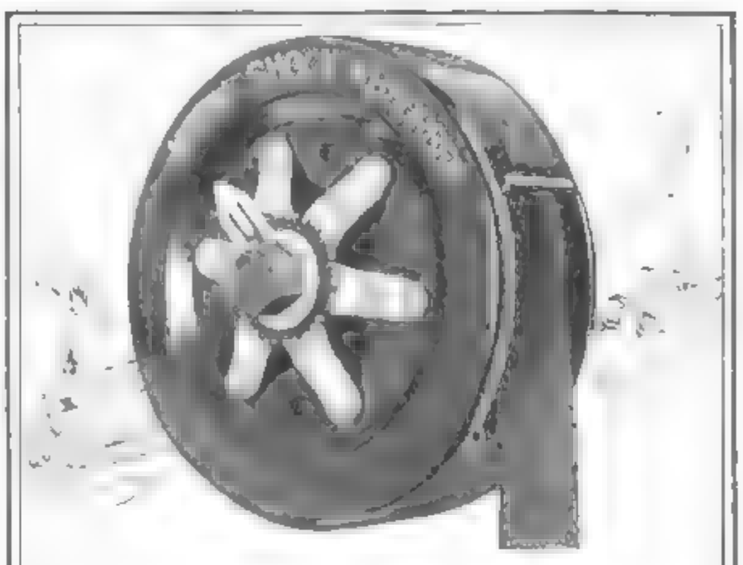
Stewart Windshield Wiper

Electrically Operated

The Stewart cleans the windshield with clock-like regularity and does not slow down when you speed up the car, because it does not depend upon the engine for its motive power.

Always on the job when you need it.

Price, $7.50
(Western price, $7.75)



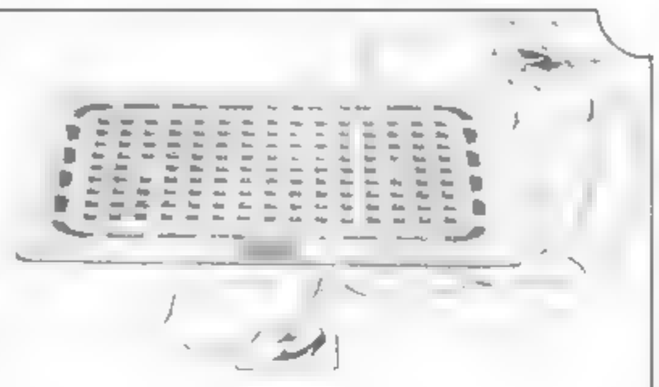
Stewart Shock Absorber

A new Stewart Product. Gives real riding comfort. No strap wear and breakage from friction as there is no friction on the strap.

Will give satisfactory service for thousands of miles without need for adjustment.

Set of four, $30.00
Set of two, $15.00

(Western prices $31.00 and $15.50)

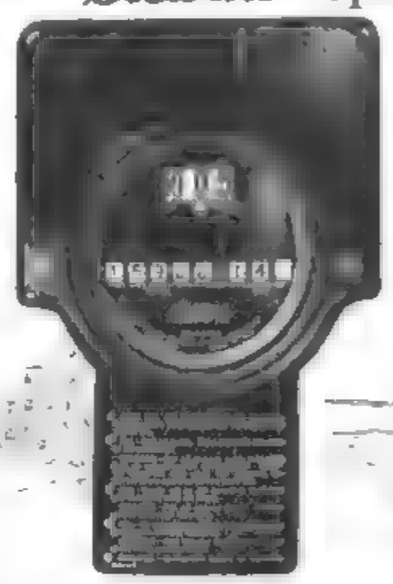


Stewart Heater

Quick heat is the big feature of the Stewart Heater. Before you know it, the car interior is warm and cosy.

Even a curtained open car becomes comfortable with a Stewart Heater. The amount of heat can be regulated from a dash control.

Stewart Speedometer for Ford Cars



A new feature with this Stewart Speedometer is a metal plate which is hinged to the speedometer. This plate tells where to lubricate the car, when colored numerals turn up in the mileage dial.

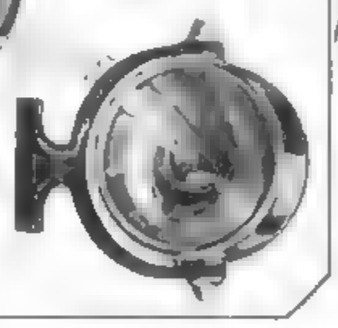
The Stewart Speedometer also registers your speed and enables you to avoid arrest and costly fines.

Price, complete $15.00
(Western price $15.50)

Stewart Searchlights

A handy little searchlight that can be turned in any direction to light the road, to read road signs, or to be used as a trouble light.

Price, $4.00



A miniature, drum-shaped searchlight with rear vision mirror set in back. Turns in any direction.

De Luxe model, in nickel and black, $9.00

Standard model, all black, $7.75

Stewart Mirror

This beautiful high-grade mirror can be tipped up, down or to either side to give a clear view of the rear. It enables the driver to watch rear traffic without turning his head. A safety device no motorist should be without.

For closed or open cars, complete, $2.00

Stewart Horn

A motor-operated horn with a loud, full funged warning note that gets the right of way.

Price, $5.00
(Western price $5.25)

(Push button and wire connection $.65 additional)

Stewart Bumpers

PRICES

De Luxe Model, nickel finish, $23.00
Black finish, $21.00
(Western prices $3.00 additional)

Standard Model, nickel finish, $20.00
Medium weight
Black finish, $18.00
(Western prices $3.00 additional)

DE LUXE MODEL

The double rails across entire front and rear of car give 100% protection to car and passengers.

The Stewart is built of highest grade material and correctly designed to absorb the most severe blows.

Look for the red Stewart name-plate and avoid imitations.

PRICES

Light Weight Model, nickel finish, $16.00
Black finish, $13.50

(Western prices $2.50 additional)

There are special models of the Stewart Bumper for Ford, Chevrolet and Overland "4" ranging in price from $ [illegible] to $16.50

Western prices $ [illegible] to $ 9.00

Stewart

CUSTOMBILT ACCESSORIES

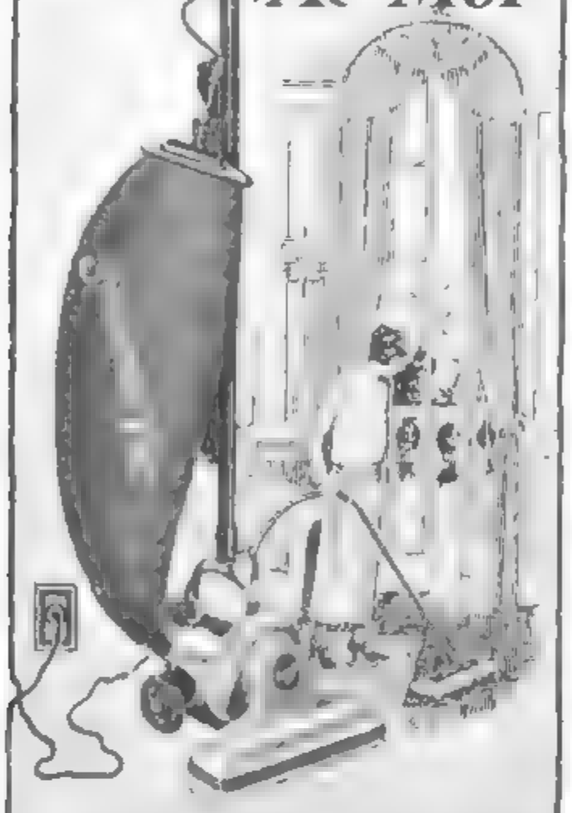
USED ON 9 MILLION CARS

Look for the Red Tag

The use of imitation Stewart replacement parts or any Stewart Product invalidates the Stewart guarantee.

When buying replacement parts look for the Red Tag attached to all genuine Stewart parts and be satisfied you are getting parts that will give real service, and not inferior imitations that will give trouble.

Sweep! Vac! and Mop! with the SWEEPER-VAC the Vacuum Cleaner with the VAC-MOP



For All Housecleaning

THE light weight, dependable Sweeper-Vac not only thoroughly cleans all grades of rugs—but, with its efficient attachments and exclusive Vac-Mop, cleans all furnishings and bare floors as well.

SWEEP with this all-purpose cleaner which combines both accepted cleaning principles. For dust, thread and imbedded dirt, it cleans by the ideal combination of gentle sweeping motor driven brush plus powerful suction. If desired, turn the lever, and clean by powerful suction alone.

VAC with the Sweeper-Vac attachments, cleaning quickly and easily mattresses, out-of-reach places, and all furnishings.

MOP with the Vac-Mop, an exclusive feature of the Sweeper-Vac which suction cleans hardwood floors and linoleum. All dirt and lint are carried by suction into a non-spill dust bag.

PNEUVAC COMPANY
Worcester, Mass.

PNEUVAC COMPANY
164 Fremont Street, Worcester, Mass.

Kindly send, without obligation, your booklet describing the two-in-one Sweeper-Vac and its wonderful Vac-Mop.

A TALL YOUNG MAN

Continued from Page 20

another was revealed. Ten minutes before, a priest and twenty words on the folded paper treasured upon her breast had transfigured it. And the priest had called her Mrs. Scarron!

Beside her, and a little in front, Scarron straddled his lean donkey, with his feet all but dragging on the ground. With his monocle, his pith helmet, his crumpled white clothes and his general air and attitude of a superiority to "this rotten hole" he might have struck an observer—but not her—as a sort of vulgarized Quixote. He turned his head.

"Let's push on, old girl," he urged. "That wine—it was stuff you could mark linen with! I want a drink."

"Yes, Clive," agreed Ana at once. She drummed with her heels on the framework of her donkey. "You go up to Mauser's tonight, Clive?" she asked after a pause.

He laughed shortly.

"S'pose so," he answered. "What's the idea?"

Ana did not answer at once, and when she did it was not directly to the point.

"Very hot today," she said at last. "Of course you are thirsty. I am silly girl to forget, but you marry me all the same. I am bad girl to forget. Clive, you cross at me?"

He turned again. There must have been a day when he had been a handsome tall boy, carrying a high head, with possibilities of honor and valiant endeavor. A reflection of that day glimmered in him yet at moments; it glimmered now.

"Silly little ass!" he replied.

And Ana bowed her head in pride and thanksgiving that her husband, her own tall man, should use her thus lovingly and familiarly. He, still looking, thought she was laughing quietly. He was wrong; she was praying!

It was nearing daylight the following morning when he returned, with the assistance of two Kafirs, to Ana's *kya*, her white, one-storied, cube-shaped house which was to be henceforth their home. His wife and all her household—Dona Ana da Gruzy Mendoza had quite a household, black, saddle colored and pale lemon—were waiting up for him. With extreme decorum, under the eye of the mistress of the house, he was lifted to his bed; there was lacking no respectful observance, no punctilio of deference; and finally he was left in his cool stone-floored chamber, slumbering unbeautifully, alone—save for his wife.

The last of them slunk out, leaving her sitting on the red chest beside the bed, her great scarlet shawl with its heavy fringe of bullion so cast that it covered her hair and hid the face she bent upon the poor wretched face upon the pillow. She was sixteen and would be an old woman when she was twenty-six; so since she had to suffer a whole lifetime in ten years, perhaps it was well she should learn early to suffer.

There is none to tell whether she kept unchanged that posture till, at noonday, he stirred, groaned and greeted the day with a curse, but it was so that he saw her when he turned.

"Hullo!" he said hoarsely. "Oh, my head!"

"Bad head?" she asked quietly.

"Awful!" he answered. "And my mouth! Like ——"

He described it vividly. She nodded, never taking her eyes from his face.

"You want drink?" she asked.

He drew in his breath.

"Bless your little heart!" he murmured, and closed his aching eyes. "You're not such a fool as you look!"

He heard her quiet little chuckle of happy laughter and felt her cool lips touch his forehead. Then there was the patter of her high heels of ceremony as she went forth to bring him his drink.

And thus the routine of life established itself. Scarron loafed and drank and Ana served him. Each month the river steamers that connected with the mail boats at Chinde brought him an envelope containing a piece of bank paper which he cashed at Mauser's, an establishment that comprised under one roof and over one counter a bank, a bar and a store. He had come to Tete nearly three years before, with about a ton of superlative kit and a magnificent battery of guns, and had explained himself by saying that he had come to look for big game. Beyond that he had given no explanations. Commonly the remittance men who came to Mauser's explained too much; Scarron told nothing. He had done no shooting and no traveling. His marriage with Ana had been his first achievement of note.

Time is only the distance between one event and another; if nothing happens, there is no time. And nothing whatever happened outside of the sloppy routine of their slipshod lives till that other day—it was actually five months after their marriage—when the stern-wheeled river steamer came to a stand upon the mud below the dreary, haggard town, spilled forth its multicolored passengers, its handful of freight and its sparse mail, and Scarron came running home through the man-killing heat with his open letter in his hands. He came pounding in through the gateway to the tiny courtyard at the heart of the house.

"Ana!" he was bleating. "Ana!"

She appeared forthwith, barefooted, in chemise and petticoat. He was standing on the stamped earth floor of the courtyard, staggering where he stood and dumbly waving the sheets of the letter at her. For all his haste and effort his face was pale save for wrongly placed blotches of strong color. He was drenched with sweat so that his clothes stuck to him.

"Clive!" she answered in swift alarm, and sprang towards him just too late to catch him ere he fell full length upon his face. Her cry brought forth the servants in a pack.

It was a long ugly faint, very like death itself for a while; but there were two wise old negro women in the household who had seen silly white men run about in the sun and get what was coming to them before. They propped his feet up on pillows and bathed him with hot water here and cold water there; they recited charms over him and bit his ears. And after a while he sighed deeply and looked up with eyes that saw. Then he was carried in and laid upon his bed. Ana cleared the room.

"Better, Clive?" She was kneeling at the side of their great low bed. "Oh, Clive, you frighten me! Why you go run about such a way in the sun, big clever man like you? What's a matter, Clive?"

He was staring at her; his face was back to its normal color; it was intent with consideration and device.

"That letter," he said. "Where is it?"

He took it from her. She saw typewritten sheets, three or four of them, and a sheet of the stamped bank paper that came every month. For a while he scanned them, and as he read she could hear his breath quicken. Presently he laid them down on the side farthest from her and turned his eyes on her again.

"I know you can read," he said. "They taught you that in that mission school. Did you read this?"

She shook her head, smiling.

"No, Clive," she answered. "I not read 'im yet."

She was frank and obviously truthful. He looked at her and made sure before he went on.

"You mustn't read it at all," he said at last. She nodded acquiescently. "I don't know if you'll understand, but it's a—a family secret. My family, you see. Something has happened; I can't tell you about it; but it's something very—er—very queer, and I've got to go home at once."

She nodded.

"Ver' well, Clive. We go home at once. 'Ow many *serrão* we take?"

He swore and rose on an elbow. Upon that, she understood; he need have said nothing more; but like a furious assassin who strikes and strikes again at the victim he has killed, he had to go on talking.

"Listen!" he cried. "I've got to go home, not you! I've told you it's a family secret, and it's my family. What's it got to do with you? You'll stay here—d'you understand?—an' wait—wait for me! That's all you've got to do, an' you damn well do it. I'll leave you"—he fumbled for the bank paper and found it—"I'll leave you all you want in the way of money. You can have anything you like—and I'll send you more. So don't let's have any trouble."

She smiled.

"Go!" she said. "Fam'ly secret? All right, Clive. But I got fam'ly secret too. Wonderful secret; you like 'im. S'pose I tell you my fam'ly secret, you tell me yours—yes?"

He stared at her, defensive, hostile. He might have read her fam'ly secret there and then, in the soft stars of her eyes, in the very tender shine of her face, without further words from her.

But he missed his cue.

"Oh, damn your family!" he said. "I'm goin' to get up."

"Poor Clive!" was all her answer as she moved to make way for him.

He was at least as good as his word regarding the money he left with her. The bank paper had been of noble proportions; it had nearly cleaned Mauser's out to cash it. Hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands of reis, in notes of denominations that read like astronomical calculations, were piled on the counterpane of the bed next morning before Ana's eyes. Actually it takes twenty reis to make an English penny or two American cents.

"Enough," she said, halfway through the counting.

"No," he grinned; "it's not enough. I can't explain. It's a family secret. You don't understand. There's plenty."

So she smiled and let him go on, for she did understand. There was no silly convention of secrecy and privacy about Ana; she had no more honor than any other loving woman; when she was hungry she fed and when she was curious she pried. While he slept that night she had taken the letter from his pocket and read it.

For an hour she had studied it, puzzled overmuch—for the awful English of the careful family lawyer is not included in the curriculum of a mission school—but she had learned her real name. It wasn't Mrs. Scarron.

He had the sense or the compunction to speak to her affectionately next morning. The steamer was waiting, so he slapped her cheerily on the nape of the neck and kissed her.

"Don't know how long it'll be," he said lightly. "You'll get the cash, though—regular—every month. Cheer up, you dear little idiot!"

He had his instant reward. She clung to him with both hands.

"Clive, my 'usband—my dear 'usband. Bend down your ear! I tell you my fam'ly secret!"

They were in the courtyard. The boys had gone on with his baggage; the other servants were banished; they were alone. She whispered and stood back.

"You're sure?"

She nodded.

He joined his hands behind his back and walked away from her. Twice he paced the little space of the tiny court.

"Look here!" He was facing her. It was plain he must have been a decent fellow once; if he could have kept up that tone and fulfilled that impulse he would have been one still. "Look here! I won't go!"

"Clive!"

"I'll stay, Ana. My poor little darling! I never guessed. I'll ——"

That's the stuff to give 'em—if they are as good as she was and you are as rotten as he! Her arms wrapped him; her face was on his bosom; her happy, grateful soul spilled itself in sobs.

"Clive! You go! You go! Oh, I am bad girl! Clive, you go! I don' keep you! I don' let you stay jus' for me—bad girl like me! I love you such lots, I nearly die. You go, Clive. But, Clive, some day you come back—yes? Come back to—us?"

It shook him; weeds are easily shaken.

"By God, I'll come!" he swore. As Voltaire omitted to say, if there wasn't a God to forswear by we'd have to invent one.

The money came regularly and, by the standards of Tete, lavishly. The baby was born in seven months, a tiny boy, and a month later it died. It died at about six o'clock in the evening, and at nine that night Tete, which never saw anything more lively than a native war, a plague or a murder, had a genuine thrill.

Mauser's big room was full. Riverlands, for instance, was in from the unmapped northern gold country in which he was the only specialist. Kirby Jones, originally of Kentucky, was there too. Gorilla Jones was his local name. It had reference to his strength, not his manners, which were almost oppressively perfect. And there were Parson Andrews and Dirty Dick and others, besides a black-and-tan medley of no-accounts. A boozing ken for boozers, an inn for travelers, a rendezvous for the real men whose beat extended from the Congo to

(Continued on Page 113)

The Universal Motor—Now Scientifically Refined

Which type of motor is the most popular?

The 4-cylinder motor of course! And we believe it to be the most economical, most practical.

There are probably ten times as many Fours made as all other types combined

In Europe, where virtually all cars are high priced units, practically every maker adheres to the efficient Four

Rollin White has simply taken the fundamentally sound Four and brought it up to the level of the most advanced European practice.

He has designed a new type of manifold and carburetor 25 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline is the result

The two outstanding engineering refinements of the year 4-wheel brakes and Firestone Balloon Tires—are both standard in the Rollin.

Mr. White has also developed a system of force feed lubrication to all rotating motor bearings.

Friction is greatly lessened

Upkeep is cut because of reduced strain on moving parts, and less vibration.

Arrange to see the new Rollin today—the most advanced car of the year

Touring Car De Luxe, $975*; Three Seated Coupe Roadster, $1175; Five Passenger Sedan, $1275. Prices f.o.b factory.

*This same model with wood wheels, cord tires and 4-wheel brakes, but without De Luxe equipment, $895.

THE ROLLIN MOTORS COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

ROLLIN

Tons of lead roll along every avenue

HOW much lead is in your automobile? In all the new motor vehicles built in a year, there are about 109,234,000 pounds of lead.

Today, in company with steel, glass, nickel, tin, copper, aluminum, leather, and rubber in millions of motor cars, lead is inseparably linked with the social and industrial life of the nation. It is helping to carry approximately 7,500,000,000 passengers every year over plains and mountains, through cities and villages. Lead is in the truck that distributes the necessities and luxuries of life to you and your friends.

Where the lead is

Without leaving his seat the modern car owner turns a switch, and electric lights flood the dark road before him. He turns another button, presses a pedal, and his powerful motor hums merrily beneath the hood in front of him.

In making possible this picture, man has called upon the aid of lead. The storage battery that provides electric power for automobile lights, starter, and ignition is mostly lead. It consists of lead plates, every other one covered with litharge and the rest with red-lead. Both litharge and red-lead are obtained from metallic lead. The plates are in hard rubber containers that have lead in them.

This use of lead in connection with more than 13,000,000 automobiles and trucks in operation today gives you an idea of the amount of lead the automobile manufacturer puts into his product. While this use accounts for the most of the large tonnage of lead used in the automobile industry, it is not the only use of lead.

Putting lead to work

The next time you step into an automobile, remember that if it were not for lead-tin solder, the seams of the gasoline tank would leak. The same kind of solder seals the radiator that helps to keep your engine cool and holds in place the windings of wire in the generator that charges the lead storage battery.

Every time you turn a hard-rubber switch button on your instrument board you are touching something that contains lead. When you adjust the mass of wiring about your motor, fingers grasp its soft rubber insulation, which also has lead in it. The rubber tires,

A turn of the switch, and the motorist connects the current from the lead storage battery with the ignition and starting systems

rubber top, and the rubber mat on the car step contain lead. The electric light bulbs are made of lead glass. Ground coats of hand-painted cars and light-colored finishing coats are sometimes white-lead.

Besides the lead that the car manufacturer uses in giving you a completed automobile or truck, we must add the amount of this metal which helps to refine the gasoline that feeds the engine. Litharge helps to produce more than 4,500,000,000 gallons of gasoline for the yearly consumption of motorists in this country.

Where you find the most lead

OF even greater importance, so far as tonnage goes, than the use of lead by the automobile manufacturer is the lead that you use in general painting. In one year approximately 350,000,000 pounds of white-lead are used on surfaces such as wood. For protection against the ravages of rust nearly 20,000,000 pounds of red-lead are applied to metal surfaces annually.

That record reflects the awakening of property owners to the necessity of paint protection. More of these owners than ever before believe today in the truth of the phrase, "Save the surface and you save all." And they are relying on white-lead and red-lead paint to prevent decay eating into the surface and perhaps destroying the entire building.

"Save the surface and you save all" Registered

Producers of lead products

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Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

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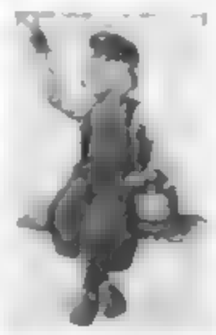
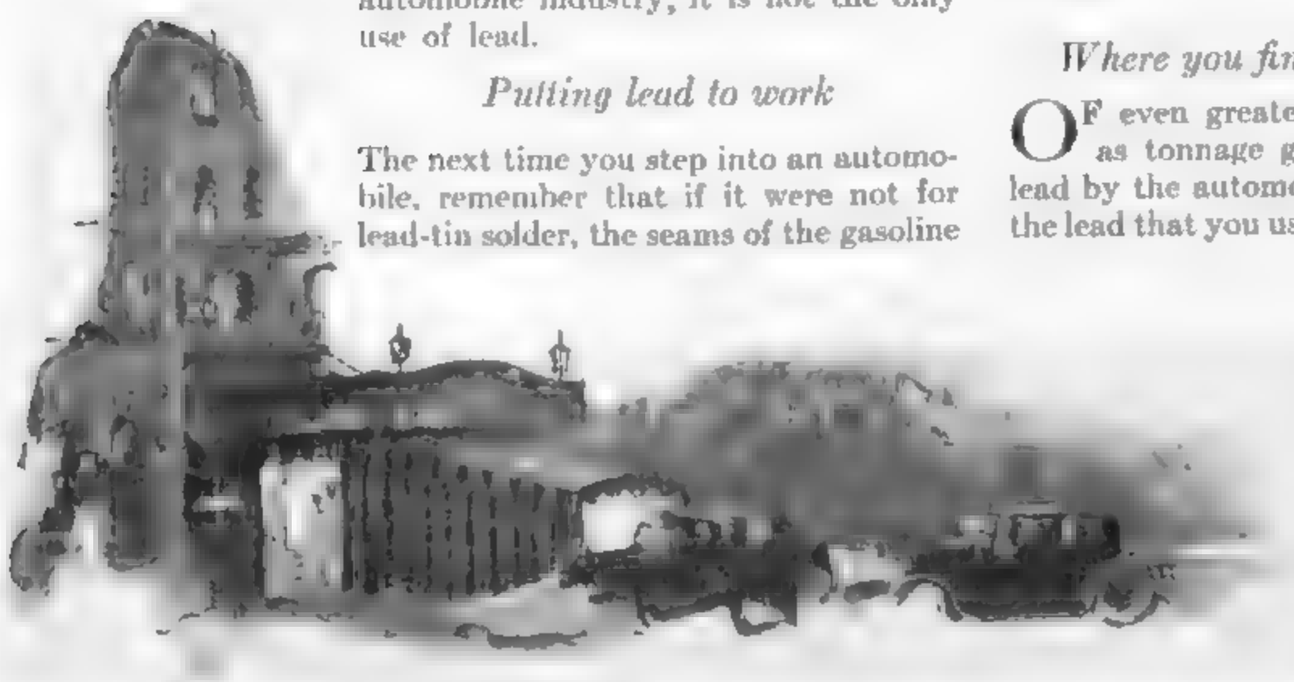




NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, [illegible]; St. Louis, [illegible]; San Francisco, [illegible]; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

(Continued from Page 110)

Mozambique. Oil lamps that flared and stank, whisky that would blister the enamel off a stove, company—leaving out a few—that would be blackballed for admission to hell. That was Mauser's.

It was all in full blast. Riverlands and Gorilla Jones were in respectable seclusion at the corner of the bar, the rest were in the usual huddle, when the doors slammed open with a crash. Most turned to see who entered so emphatically. Into the clear space at the entry came Ana.

Her gold-fringed shawl draped her from neck to knee; she had come forth clad in state. But the arms she stretched before her were bare, slender, gold-tinted with sun; and in each of her hands was clutched a rainbow-tinted bunch of paper money. Her great eyes blazed; her face was white as paper. All stared and there fell a silence.

"Yes!" she cried suddenly. "Today my baby go an' die! Never my tall young man don' go come to Mauser's an' say, 'Have a drink!' Never he don' come and say" she cast her eyes round, and they were blank as lamps—"an' say, 'Riverlands, what you 'ave?' But w'en he should come—ah, you take off your hats, you stand up! Yes! But now he never come. Me, his mother, I come for my tall young man! Drink wit' 'im now!"

She held forth the many-colored bank notes. Somebody laughed, and there was a stir among the tables.

Kirby Jones, of Kentucky, and Riverlands moved down towards her, Jones leading. Both were tall, brown, middle-aged men, quiet, responsible and long in the country. All English-speaking countries breed that good sour stuff; it's of all sizes and shapes; you find it everywhere; and you know it by the taste, for it is the salt of the earth.

"Ah, Gorilla!" cried Ana. "You will drink—yes?"

"I will," answered Kirby Jones. "Standin' and with my hat off. An' so will every da—I mean, every single man here, ma'am. But say, you don't want all this money. This'll be enough. Your fine young feller wouldn't come here an' blow in all this dough on a bunch o' toughs an' greasers like you got here. No, ma'am! This here'll fix it just the way he'd like it. I'll do this for you an' Riverlands'll take you back to your house. Riverlands!"

"Come, Ana," said the tall gentle Riverlands, and touched her elbow.

Kirby Jones made a sign; she passed out while every man stood and bared his head.

To get the true quality of Tete it is needful to visualize that funeral on the following morning, the robed priest with his little robed negro acolytes leading; the grave escort of six big men; and behind the priest, Ana, all in white, carrying the little body in her arms, wrapped for a winding sheet in the great gold-fringed shawl. Then the grave under a great wind-swayed palm, the priest's voice, the bent heads, the loin-clothed negro gravediggers in the background, the white-clad, gold-braided Portuguese civil officer smoking a cigarette throughout to demonstrate the fact that he was a professed atheist; and little Ana laying the shawl-clad body on the earth and tucking in the edges that it might be warm. And afterwards, Kirby Jones, of Kentucky—Gorilla Jones—crying like a child, and the civil officer screaming from the ground as Riverlands, the gentle Riverlands, remonstrated with him. It is needful to see all that.

And Ana, back again in her cube-shaped house, with her arms and her heart empty; the money rolling in regularly and uselessly, and time standing still.

But she had read the letter, remember! She knew the family secret, and she knew her name. She knew!

So she showed no surprise when Mr. Wilberforce, of Messrs. Wilberforce, Jennings, Tampson & Wilberforce, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, arrayed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, turned up one morning to tell her who she was. The firm had judged it best to send out a partner to find the facts. Mr. Wilberforce was an Oxford man, and at first she had a little difficulty in understanding his English. He was polite as an undertaker is polite—frightfully polite.

"Sympathy" was one of his words. "Profound regrets," "his late lordship," "regularize the situation," "important inheritance," were others.

Ana slashed the knot asunder with one question.

"Clive is dead?"

Mr. Wilberforce bowed his head.

"Yes," he breathed. "Ah, yes! He was, you know, after his cousin's death——"

"Lord Steyning," put in Ana calmly. "Me, I read all that long letter. I know all the time. An' now he is dead an' send me no more the money? You come for tell me that? Becos, if my Clive dead, my dear 'usband, you think I care a damn about the money? Clive, he marry me; my 'usband, my man! Oh, 'ell!"

Mr. Wilberforce was profoundly shocked.

"Oh, Lady Steyning——" he began, and paused. Ana was smiling, her hands to her bosom, her eyes half closed. She had been called by her name.

He decided to be businesslike with this fantastically beautiful savage. He wanted the certificate of her marriage, the birth certificate of her son. He contrived at last to shed his politeness and ask for them intelligently.

And again Ana smiled. They were in deck chairs in her courtyard; no gold-fringed splendors wrapped her now. Like him, she was all in white; but hers was the white of mourning.

She shook her head.

"But since you have them ——" Mr. Wilberforce began to urge.

"No!" answered Ana. "Me, I not got them. My tall young—my little baby got them"

"Eh? I—I don't think I understand," said Mr. Wilberforce.

"No?" Ana was patient. "He die; he go away from me; an' his papa he never see. How shall—shall they know w'at he is, who he is? Ah, *señor*, he is so little; so when I wind him in my big gold shawl I put the papers on his little heart for him to show he is gentleman and son of the Lord Steyning."

Mr. Wilberforce gazed at her for a while. Then he rose.

"You buried them with the child?" he said. "So now I must ascertain the facts through the local very imperfect records. I I must say I am disappointed I—I can only —"

"You can go to 'ell," said Lady Steyning—and smiled.

THE GHOST OF JOHN HOLLING

(Continued from Page 21)

surprised at her, because I've given up being surprised at women.

She had Suite 107 on C Deck, and Spooky Simms and I were her room stewards—we shared that series—so that I knew as much about her as anybody. She was a gold-and-tortoise-shell lady and had more junk on her dressing table than anybody I've known. Silver and glass and framed photographs and manicure sets, and all her things were in silk embroidered with rosebuds and bluebirds. A lady. From what she told me, she was traveling for a big woman's outfitters' in Chicago. She had to go backward and forward to London and Paris to see new designs, and by the way she traveled it looked as if no expenses were spared. I'm not saying anything against her, because she was a swell dresser and took hours to make ready. Nowadays it is every lady's ambition to be mistaken for a successful chorus girl.

As a looker, Miss Lydia Penn was in the de luxe class. I've never been a good hand at describing women and have got in bad at home often and often, owing to my not being able to say what women are wearing and how they looked—especially film stars that we've brought home. But this Miss Penn was easy. She had golden hair, just dull enough to be genuine, and a complexion like a baby's. Her eyebrows were dark and so were her eyelashes—black and long. I don't remember what her mouth was like. It must have been good or I should have noticed it. She was certainly nice looking. I admire pretty girls. I don't mean that I fall in love with them. Stewards don't fall in love; they get married between trips and better acquainted when the ship's in dry dock. But, if I was a young man with plenty of money and enough education to pass across the line of talk she'd require, I shouldn't have gone further than Miss Penn.

But she wasn't everybody's woman, being a little too clever to suit the average young business man. She didn't talk poetry or any of that slush, and the only book she ever got out of the ship's library was the Manchester Chamber of Commerce Yearly Review of the Textile Trade. If there was anything about love in that I didn't notice it.

The day before we made Nantucket Lightship, Spooky Simms came to me just as I was going off watch.

"Remember me telling you about Holling?" he said.

As a matter of fact, I'd forgotten all about the matter.

"He's on board—saw him last night as plain as you—if it's possible, plainer. He was leaning up against Number 7 Boat, looking white and ill. Plain? Why I can see him now! There will be trouble!"

And he was right. Mr. Alex McLeod, of Los Angeles, took his bag from the purser's safe that night to save himself trouble first thing in the morning. He locked the bag in a big trunk and locked the door of his cabin and wanted to give the key to Spooky, who was his steward. But Spooky was dead scared.

"No, sir; you'd better keep it. And if you'll allow me to say so, sir, I shouldn't leave any valuables lying about tonight if I was you."

This he said in my hearing.

When Mr. McLeod went to his bag the next morning, three thousand dollars and a gold watch and chain were gone.

"Holling!" said Spooky, and you couldn't budge him. He was one of those thin, bald men that never change their opinions.

The central-office people investigated the case, but that's where it ended.

It wasn't much of a coincidence that Miss Penn and Charley were on the ship when it turned round. Charley was on business and so was she. I saw them together lots of times, and once he came down with her and stood outside her cabin whilst she dug up some photographs of the South Sea Islands.

Charley's side partner was a fellow named Cohen—a little fellow with the biggest hands I've ever seen. They say he could palm a whole pack and light a cigarette with the hand they were palmed in without the sharpest pair of eyes spotting it. A quiet little workman with a home in White Plains and mad on photography. The only crook I ever met that had a hobby he couldn't be arrested for.

One morning I took Cohen in his coffee and fruit, and I thought he was sleeping; but just as I was going away he turned round.

"Felix," he said, "who is that dame in the private suite?" She traveled that way.

I told him as much as I thought necessary.

"She's got Charley going down for the third time," he said, worried, "and he's side-stepping business. We're eight hundred dollars bad this trip unless somebody comes and pushes a roll into my hand—and that only happens in dreams."

"Well, it's your funeral, Mr. Cohen," I said.

"And I'll be buried at sea," he groaned. "Tell me, Felix, is this vamp any relation of Charley's?"

"Not at present—so far as I know," I told him. "Why don't you ask him?"

"I've asked him," he said, "and got asked to the fire for doing it. This is my last trip, Felix—make a fuss of me!"

Cohen must have talked straight to Charley, because that same night the smoke-room waiter told me that Charley had caught an English member of Parliament for a thousand dollars over a two-handed game that this bird was trying to teach him.

We got to Cherbourg that trip early in the morning, and I had to go down to lock up the lady's baggage, because she was bound for Paris. She was kneeling on the sofa, looking out of the porthole at Cherbourg, which is about the same as saying that she was looking at nothing, for Cherbourg is just a place where the sea stops and land begins.

"Oh, steward," she said, turning round, "do you know if Mr. Pole is going ashore? He wasn't certain last night."

"No, miss," I said, "not unless he's going ashore in his pajamas. The tender is coming alongside, and when I went into his cabin just now he was asleep."

She looked very thoughtful at this.

"Thank you," she said, and that was all.

She went off in the tender and left me the usual souvenir. She was the only woman I've met that tipped honest.

There was some delay after the tender left, and I wondered why, till I heard that a certain English marquis who was traveling with us had discovered that his wife's jewel case had been lifted in the night and about twenty thousand pounds' worth of pearls had been taken. It wasn't found out until after the tender reached shore, though we always wake all the passengers when a boat touches port.

It is very unpleasant for everybody when a thing like that happens, because the first person to be suspected is the bedroom steward. After that, suspicion goes over to the deck hands and works its way round to the passengers.

The chief steward sent for all the room men and he talked straight.

"What's all this talk of Holling's ghost?" he said, extremely unpleasant. "I want to tell you that the place where Holling's gone, money, especially paper money, would be no sort of use at all, so we can rule spirits out entirely. Now, Spooky, let's hear what you saw."

"I saw a man go down the alleyway toward Lord Crethborough's suite," he said, "and I turned back and followed him. When I got into the alleyway there was nobody there. I tried the door of his cabin and it was locked. So I knocked, and his lordship opened the door and asked me what I wanted. This was at two o'clock this morning—and his lordship will bear out my words."

"What made you think it was a ghost?" asked the chief steward.

"Because I saw his face—it was Holling"

The chief steward thought for a long time.

"There's one thing you can bet on—he's gone ashore at Cherbourg. That town was certainly made for ghosts. Go to your stations and give the police all the information you can when they arrive."

On the trip out, Miss Penn was not on the passenger list, and the only person who was really glad was Cohen. When he wasn't working, I used to see Charley moping about the alleyway where her cabin had been, looking sort of miserable, and I guessed that she'd made a hit. We had no robberies either; in fact, what with the weather being calm and the passengers generous, it was one of the best out-and-back trips I've had.

We were in dock for a fortnight replacing a propeller, and just before we sailed I had a look at the chief steward's list and found I'd got Miss Penn again; and to tell you truth I wasn't sorry, although she was really Spooky's passenger.

I don't think I've ever seen a man who looked happier than Charley Pole when she came on board. He sort of fussed round her like a pet dog, and for the rest of the voyage he went out of business. Cohen felt it terribly.

"I've never seen anything more unprofessional in my life, Felix," he said bitterly to me one day. "I'm going to quit at the end of this trip and take up scientific farming."

He was playing patience in his room—the kind of patience that gentlemen of Mr. Cohen's profession play when they want to get the cards in a certain order.

"What poor old Holling said about Charley is right—a college education is always liable to break through the skin."

"Did you know Holling?" I asked.

"Did I know him! I was the second man in the cabin after Spooky found him; in fact, I helped Spooky get together his belongings to send to his widow." He sighed heavily. "Holling did some foolish things in his time, but he never fell in love except with his wife."

"Have you heard about his ghost?" I asked.

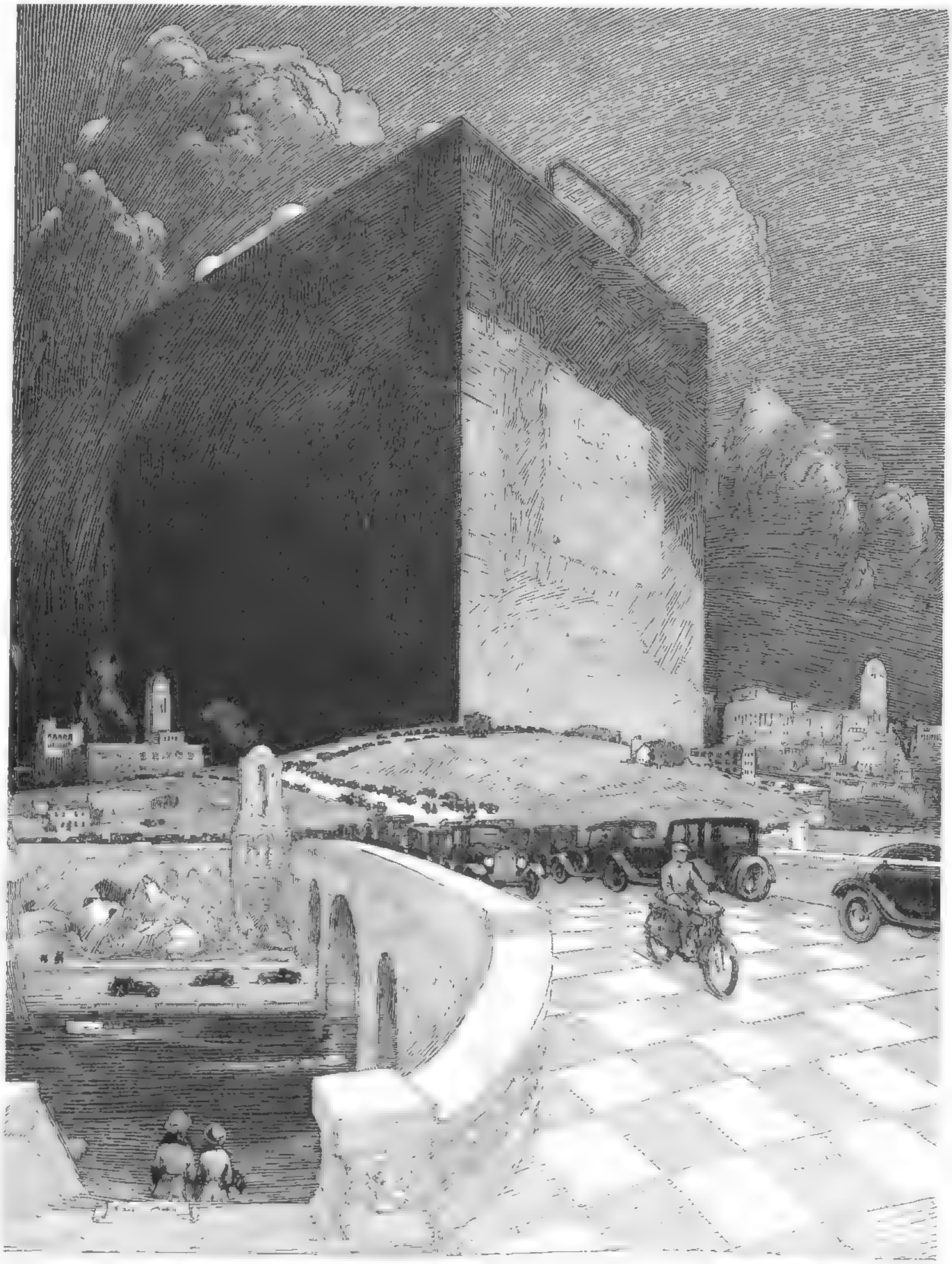
Cohen smiled.

"Let us be intelligent," he said. "Though I admit that the way Charley goes on is enough to make any self-respecting card man turn in his watery tomb."

Two days out of New York we struck a real rip-snorting southwester, the last weather in the world you'd expect Holling to choose for a visit. At about four o'clock in the morning, Spooky, who slept in the next bunk to me, woke up with a yell and tumbled out onto the deck.

"He's aboard!" he gasped.

(Continued on Page 116)



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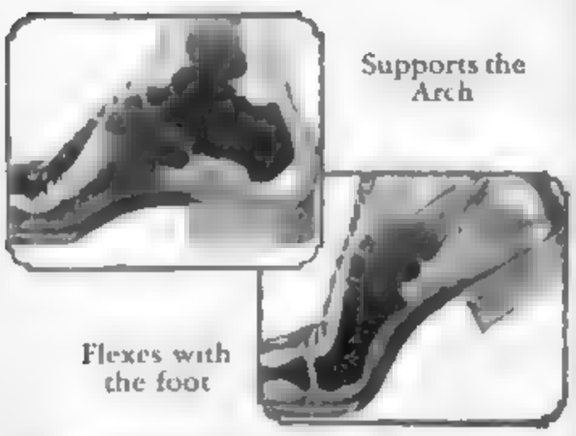

Wonderful Phlexopedic Archup

Continued from Page 113

There were thirty stewards in our quarters, and the things they said to Spooky about Holling and him and everything were shocking to hear

"He's come on board," said Spooky, very solemn. He sat on the edge of his bunk, his bald head shining in the bulkhead light, his hands trembling. "You fellows don't think as I think," he said. "You haven't got my spiritual eyesight. You laugh at me when I tell you that I shall end my days in the poorhouse and my children will be selling matches, and you laugh at me when I tell you that Holling's come aboard—but I know. I felt him!"

When we got to New York the ship was held up for two hours in the Hudson whilst the police were at work, for a lady passenger's diamond sunburst had disappeared between seven o'clock in the evening and five o'clock in the morning, and it was not discovered.

Miss Penn was a passenger on the home trip.

This time Charley wasn't so attentive He didn't work, either; and Cohen, who was giving him his last chance, threw in his hand and spent his days counting the bits of gulf weed we passed.

There's one place on a ship for getting information, and that's the boat deck after dark. Not that I ever spy on passengers I'd scorn the action. But when a man's having a smoke between the boats, information naturally comes to him.

It was the night we sighted England, and the Start Light was winking and blinking on the port bow, and I was up there having a few short pulls at a pipe when I heard Charley's voice. It wasn't a pleasant kind of night. It was cold and drizzling, and they had the deck to themselves he and Miss Penn.

He put down a mackintosh coat on one of the chairs and covered her with a rug he was carrying. I couldn't see that, but I guessed what was happening.

"You're landing at Cherbourg?" asked Charley.

"Yes," said Miss Penn's voice, and then, "What has been the matter with you all this voyage?"

He didn't answer at once. I could smell the scent of his Havana. He was thinking things over before he spoke

"You generally get off a boat pretty quick, don't you?" he asked in his drawling voice.

"Why, yes," she said; "I'm naturally in a hurry to get ashore. Why do you say that?"

"I hope Holling's ghost isn't walking this trip," he said.

I heard her gasp.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

And then he said, in a low voice, "I hope there'll be no sunbursts missing tomorrow. If there are, there's a tugful of police meeting us twenty miles out of Cherbourg. I heard it coming through on the wireless tonight—I can read Morse—and you'll have to be pretty quick to jump the boat this time."

It was such a long while before she answered that I wondered what had happened, and I heard her say, "I think we'll go down, shall we?" and then the creak of her chair as she got up.

I didn't move for a long time. When I did, I found my pipe had gone out -and do you wonder?

It was six o'clock the next morning, and I was taking round the early coffee when I heard the squeal. There was a Russian count, or prince, or something, traveling on C Deck, and he was one of the clever people who never put their valuables in the purser's safe. Under his pillow he had a packet of loose diamonds that he'd been trying to sell in New York. I believe that he couldn't comply with some customs regulations and had to bring them back. At any rate, the pocketbook that held them was found empty in the alleyway and the diamonds were gone. I had to go to the purser's office for something and I saw him writing out a radio, and I knew that this time nothing was being left to chance and that the ship would be searched from the keel upwards

"They can search it from the keel downwards," said Spooky, very gloomily, when I told him. "You don't believe in Holling, Felix, but I do. Those diamonds have left the ship."

And then what I expected happened. The ship's police took charge of the firemen's and stewards' quarters; nobody was allowed in or out, and we were ordered to get ready to make a complete search of passengers' baggage. The tug came up to us at about nine o'clock and it was crowded, not with French police, but with Scotland Yard men who had been waiting at Cherbourg for something like this to happen.

The police interviewed the Russian and got all they could out of him, which was very little, and then the passengers were called to the main saloon and the purser said a few words to them. He apologized for giving them the trouble, but pointed out that it was in their interests as much as in the interests of the company that the thief should be discovered.

"We shan't keep you long, ladies and gentlemen," he said. "There is an adequate force of detectives on board to make the search a rapid one, but I want every trunk and every bag opened."

The ship slowed down to half speed, and then began the biggest and most thorough search I've ever seen in all my experience of seagoing. Naturally, some of the passengers kicked, but the majority of them behaved sensibly and helped the police all they knew how. And the end of it was, as a lot of people had foreseen, that, though funny things were discovered in the cabin baggage, nothing that looked like a loose diamond was brought to light.

There was only one person who was really upset by the search, and that was Charley. He was as pale as death, and could hardly keep still for a second. I watched him, and I watched Miss Penn, who was the coolest person on board. He kept as close to the girl as he could, his eyes never leaving her, and when the search of the baggage was finished and the passengers were brought to the saloon again he was close behind her. This time the purser was accompanied by a dozen men from headquarters, and it was the chief of police who addressed the crowd.

"I want first of all to search all the ladies' hand bags, and then I wish the passengers to file out, the ladies to the left, the gentlemen to the right, for a personal search"

There was a growl or two at this, but most of the people took it as a joke. The ladies were lined up and a detective went along, opened each hand bag, examined it quickly and passed to the next. When they got to Miss Penn I saw friend Charley leave the men's side and, crossing the saloon, stand behind the detective as he took the girl's bag in his hand and opened it. I was close enough, anyway, to see the officer's changed expression

"Hullo, what is this?" he said and took out a paper package.

He put it on the table and unrolled it. First there was a lot of cotton wool, and then row upon row of sparkling stones. You could have heard a pin drop.

"How do you account for having these in your possession, madam?" asked the detective.

Before she could reply, Charley spoke.

"I put them there," he said. "I took them last night and placed them in Miss Penn's hand bag in the hope that the bag would not be searched."

I never saw anybody more surprised than Miss Penn

"You're mad!" she said. "Of course you did nothing of the sort."

She looked round the saloon. The stewards were standing in a line to cover the doors, and after a while she saw Spooky.

"Simms!" she called.

Spooky came forward. As he came, Miss Penn spoke in a low voice to the detective and showed him something in her hand.

"Simms, do you remember that I sent you down to my cabin for my bag?"

"No, miss," he said, "you never asked me for a bag."

She nodded.

"I didn't think you'd remember." And then, "That is your man, inspector."

Before Spooky could turn the police had him, and then Miss Penn spoke.

"I am a detective in the employment of the company, engaged in marking down card sharpers, but more especially on the Holling case. I charge this man with the willful murder of John Holling on the high seas, and with a number of thefts, particulars of which you have," she said.

Yes, it was Spooky who killed Holling—Spooky, half mad with this lunatic idea that he'd die in the poorhouse, who had robbed and robbed and robbed, and when he was detected by Holling, who woke up and found Spooky going through his pocketbook, had slashed him with a razor and invented the story of the face in the mirror. Whether he killed the other man I don't know—it is very likely. One murder more or less wouldn't worry Spooky, when he thought of his children selling matches on the streets. Was he mad? I should say he was. He had no children!

I never saw Miss Penn again until she came out on her honeymoon trip. There was a new gang working the ship, a crowd that had been pushed off the China route and weren't very well acquainted with the regulars that worked the western ocean. One of them tried to get Miss Penn's husband into a little game.

"No, thank you," said Charley; "I never play cards in these days."

Bignonia on Brewer Estate, Winter Park, Orange County, Florida

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GERMAN SPORTS

(Continued from Page 27)

If one of the duelists moves his foot from the chalk mark he has committed a grave fault. If, in order to dodge a blow, he moves his head he has done a shameful thing. If he does it more than once the fight is stopped and he spends the rest of his life trying to live down his disgrace.

There is no time limit to the duel. It continues until the master of ceremonies decides that one of the duelists has lost so much blood that there would be danger in proceeding.

The two young men then—one a tall fair-haired right-hander and the other a chunky, cropped-headed left-hander—took their places on the chalk lines with their seconds holding up their sword arms; and the spectators crowded around them solemnly, like medical students at a clinic.

The duelists flexed their knees as though to spring at each other. The master of ceremonies shouted the word "*Mensur!*" The seconds whipped away their swords and twisted their bodies downward and backward, away from the slashing of the duelists, and the duelists hacked at each other so suddenly and violently that the eye could scarcely follow the movements of the swords. One heard, rather than saw, the clash, clash, clash, clash of the blades—no more than four clashes. Then the master of ceremonies shouted "Bla-a-a!" or something similar, and the seconds whirled their swords up against the swords of their principals, so that no more strokes could be exchanged. The fighters straightened up while the auxiliary seconds stepped forward and wiped off the blades with cloths dripping with antiseptic. The officials of the duels looked over the two principals for cuts, but none had been received.

A Lively Encounter

Again the two boys crouched on their chalk lines. At the shout "*Mensur!*" the seconds released the swords, which flickered like shadows around the fighters' heads. This time the tall right-hander emerged with a slash which ran from his right temple out to the middle of his forehead, and from which the blood poured down over and into his goggles. One of the white-coated surgeons looked at it without much interest, and the young man shook his head, grinned and crouched for the third round.

In the third round the fair-haired right-hander got it again—this time a deep gash in the chest—while his bullet-headed opponent was untouched. The surgeons brought up a chair and pushed the right-hander into it while they swabbed his wounds, during which he smiled and chatted with his friends. He wasn't a particularly cheerful-looking spectacle, for his face and body were covered with blood.

Almost total silence was preserved by the spectators during the duel, though at the end of a round in which some particularly vicious strokes had been exchanged a gentle murmur of appreciation would buzz through the room for a moment. And it might be added that in spite of the whirling swords, the naked torsos, the bandages and the blood, the duel leaves one with little of the feeling of disgust that so frequently follows bullfights and prize fights. The reason for this I cannot explain, but it seems to be so. One feels considerable admiration for the cold nerve which leads these boys to face certain pain and mutilation with apparent equanimity.

During the fourth round the tall right-hander scored his first direct hit on his left-handed opponent by cutting a short but ugly hole just above his nose. Then, having solved the mystery of his left-handed delivery, as one might say, he proceeded in ensuing rounds to slash the left-hander on the sides as well as on the cheeks, taking a few cuts in return over his ribs, and another minor nick or two on his cheeks.

"Bloody, But Unbowed"

The duel stopped in the twelfth round, when the fair-haired right-hander evidently exerted all his strength and skill to finish off his opponent. His first successful blow, which was too rapid for the eye to follow, cut through the muscles in his opponent's sword arm. The second was a lunging downward sweep, administered as though he were wiping the cutting edge of his sword against the entire front of his opponent's body. We had seen him persistently trying out the same stroke at the practice *Mensur* on the preceding day. It broke through his opponent's guard, opened up the right side of his face from forehead to chin and gashed his chest from throat to stomach protector. Furthermore, it stopped the fight. The little left-hander was willing to go on—they are always willing to go on, even when they have been hacked into Hamburger steak—but he would soon have collapsed from loss of blood.

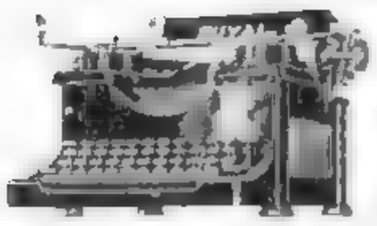
The floor between the two chalk marks was drenched with blood, so the clean-up squad appeared with a bucket of sawdust and laid down a liberal layer. The duelists, surrounded by admiring supporters, were led to the operating tables, where the surgeons took charge of them.

The patching-up process which follows a duel is as much a part of the sport and of the nerve-building process as the duel itself. The surgeons operate without the use of any anæsthetics whatever, and it is understood that the young men who are under repair will be guilty of pitiable and contemptible weakness if they wince or display any signs of distress during the operations. Consequently the two duelists, each of whom had enough wounds to entitle him to collect at least one hundred thousand dollars from a railroad if he had received them in a railway accident, sat quietly in their chairs and laughed and talked and jested with the friends who crowded around them, while the surgeons joined severed muscles and jabbed needles through the edges of wounds and hauled them together with an entire lack of gentleness and consideration.

Among those who talked and laughed and jested with the wounded ones were the four duelists whose duels were still to come, for there were three duels on the cards for

(Continued on Page 120)

BUSINESS and social life in America are becoming more and more intertwined. Business is the dominant interest among big men, and efficiency ways and methods are under discussion far beyond the limits of plant and office. Under these conditions has the Royal Typewriter arrived and flourished. Its speed, endurance and clean-cut presswork have installed it particularly in the service of industrial leaders, and *kept it there in the face of all competition.*



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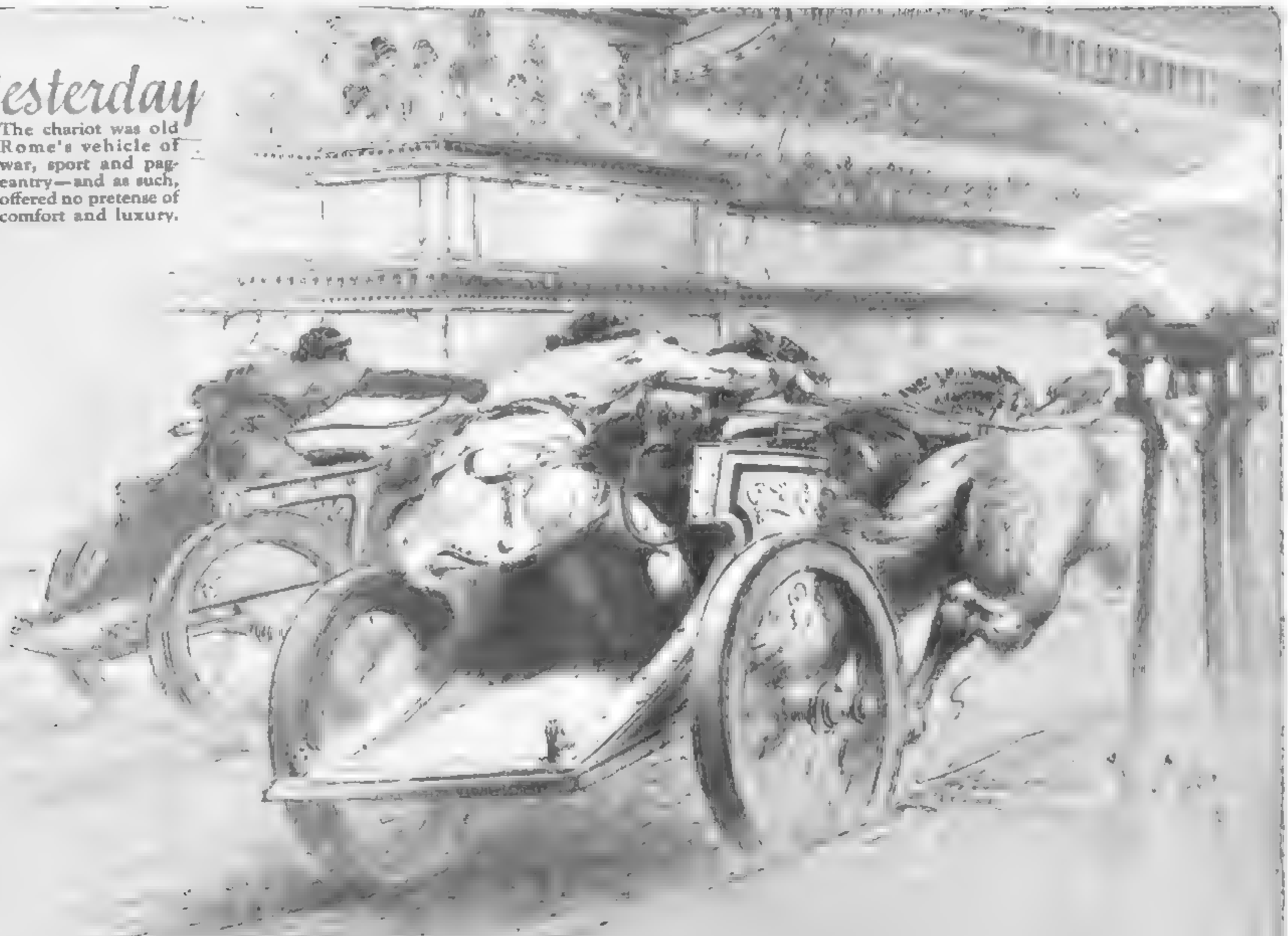
Only the Amateurs at the Game Fail to Take Water Through a Glass Tube

Yesterday

The chariot was old Rome's vehicle of war, sport and pageantry—and as such, offered no pretense of comfort and luxury.



Today in a motor car with

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C. R. WILSON BODY COMPANY, Detroit and Bay City, Michigan

(Continued from Page 118)

that morning. One might have thought that the spectacle of the blood and the repair work would have caused the prospective duelists to become somewhat bleak and thoughtful; but on the contrary, they were as cheery and gabby and gay as though there was nothing on their minds but hair.

My friend and I were unable to remain for the two other duels, so we beckoned our guide outside and asked him to let us send up a keg of beer for general consumption when the duels were over. He shook his head and thanked us.

"But sometime," said he, "you will perhaps say a good word for the German student."

I say it now, and with pleasure. The German student's idea of sport is different from ours; but for grit and cold nerve I have never seen anyone to beat him. If America should ever have the ill luck to encounter financial misfortunes in any way comparable to those that have ingulfed Germany, it would be a fortunate thing for the nation if its students were to display similar fortitude in enduring privation and distress for education's sake.

The *Mensur*, of course, is limited to men. There is another German sport to which women have access and in which they participate with great enthusiasm. It is almost as severe, in some ways, as the *Mensur;* but it is more gradual. This is the sport which is known throughout Europe as taking the cure; and it is in Germany that taking the cure has attained its finest flower and its most intricate development.

In Germany one takes the cure at a bad. One of the most peculiar things about the German language is the manner in which perfectly harmless and pleasant things are characterized by words which the English language connects with evil and unpleasant things. At any rate, Germany is full of bads, which is merely the peculiar German way of saying baths. There are hundreds upon hundreds of bads, from the big, glittering, scented, expensive bads like Bad Kissingen and Bad Nauheim and Wiesbaden and Baden-Baden and Bad Homburg and so on, down to small, insignificant bads which consist almost entirely of a bad smell and a spring of drinking water that tastes as though a couple of elephants had been using it for a mortuary chapel for some months.

When Doctors Disagree

The German bads—especially the large, scintillating ones—are supposed, when properly used, to cure everything from falling hair to falling arches and from hardening of the arteries to softening of the brain. In short, a good German bad is supposed to affect one exactly as he wants to be affected. If he is thin he can take a cure for it. If he is fat he can find a cure at the same bad. If he feels tired and dopy he can take a cure to make himself feel full of the old zizz and zip. If he feels too energetic and active and high-strung a similar cure will make him feel dopy and tired. If he eats too much the cure will remedy the trouble. If he eats too little the cure will fix him. If he thinks there is nothing at all the matter with him he will find on consulting the physicians at the cure that his condition demands an extensive course of complicated baths and intensive water drinking.

And the odd thing about it is that one can cure or attempt to cure all sorts of complaints, near-complaints and imaginary complaints by approximately the same sort of treatment, though this is a statement that will be indignantly denied by German physicians.

German physicians, however, hold such widely divergent views on every subject that there can be no harm in differing with them. Some of them, for example, declare that the celebrated Steinach operation for the restoration of youth is wholly worthless, while others claim in their firmest gutturals that it is a great thing and wholly effective. Some of them claim that when one drinks the waters at a cure one should take at least twenty minutes to drink each glass; others are sure that each glass should be gulped down at one fell gulp, in the same way that a Maryland stevedore disposes of three fingers of white mule. Since it is obvious that all of them can't be right, it isn't a criminal offense to disagree with them.

At any rate, the taking of a cure is a tedious, difficult and serious business, and that is sufficient to make it a popular sport in Germany.

The Germans have few sports, but they insist on working hard at the ones they have. The German idea of a nice walk is to cover forty or fifty miles a day for a period of three or four weeks, weighed down with a heavy woolen suit, hobnailed boots weighing about eleven pounds, a knapsack weighing sixty pounds, an alpenstock seven feet long, a pair of opera glasses, a camera, a green hat with the conventional shaving-brush decoration, and a long china pipe that interferes with the knees when held in the walker's mouth. If walking were made easier it wouldn't appeal to the Germans nearly so much as it does at present.

Automobiling is only enjoyed by Germans, apparently, if they can array themselves in all sorts of leather helmets, leather coats, goggles, face masks and leggings, and ride all day and all night through very bad weather in automobiles equipped with no tops and no windshields. Automobiling in a protected automobile evidently strikes them as weak and effeminate, and no sport at all.

So since taking the cure at a German bad is a very arduous and exhausting proceeding, it is probably the most popular of all the sports in which the wealthy Germans indulge themselves.

The Glass Carriers

I looked over a cure in a small, quiet town without the distractions and bustle of the very largest and most fashionable baths, but with a sufficiently large assortment of hotels and boarding houses to meet the requirements of sport seekers and cure takers of every degree of wealth.

According to local experts, the men of Julius Cæsar's armies discovered the springs when they were campaigning against the German tribes, and found, after drinking them and bathing in them, that the bruises, callouses, hang-overs and other ills incidental to a hard campaign were noticeably ameliorated.

Times have changed, however, and if the Roman armies were to come back today they would either have to devote themselves entirely to the taking of the cure as it is now practiced, or to campaigning. They wouldn't be able to do both, for after one has finished his cure for the day he has neither the time nor the energy for anything else.

The outward sign of all German bads is a tall glass about the size of a highball glass. Four out of five of the people that one meets at the cure, especially during the mornings, are carrying these glasses. Some of them hold the glasses chest high in a solemn and decorous manner, and suck gently at the contents through a long glass tube which has a neat bend in it so that it will clear the drinker's chin. Others swing the glasses at their sides, occasionally swinging them against buildings or other glass carriers, so that the streets frequently echo to the musical tinkle of breaking glass. Still others hang them around their necks with bits of string, and look as though they were wearing the Grand Order of the Tank Corps.

One encounters these glass carriers in every section of the town. They are at the railway station welcoming friends, or bidding farewell to friends, between sips. They may be found walking up and down the town's main street, staring into the windows of art or jewelry shops over the edges of their glasses. One finds them in delicatessen shops ordering a few yards of weisswurst between sucks on their glass tubes. They will be met going up and down hotel stairs, or entering or leaving the theater, or wandering along the banks of the river, always burdened with partly filled goblets. One finds them patiently twiddling their fish lines in the same river, with their glasses balanced beside them, or walking through the bosky glades of the adjoining forests, ever clutching their glasses in a relentless grip.

But the most impressive concentration of the glass carriers and water drinkers is found in the great hall of the cure house—or *Kurhaus* in the simpler and harsher German tongue—as well as in the *Kurgarten* just outside the *Kurhaus*.

The *Kurhaus* is a noble bit of German architecture, with high ceilings and huge arches and vast expanses of glittering tile, and in the middle of the *Kurhaus* there is a contraption that looks like an empty swimming pool. This is a sort of monument to the celebrated spring of the cure.

Chemical analyses of the spring—and most German bads have a spring for which the same claims are made—show that the water has nearly everything in it except alcohol and fusel oil. The spring itself is down at the bottom of the empty swimming tank, and can be seen boiling around in two little private glass-topped containers which protrude coyly from the swimming-tank floor.

Around the edges of the swimming tank run two huge railings of polished copper-colored metal, with spigots protruding from them at frequent intervals. The spring water flows through these pipes; and out of some of them comes hot water, and out of others comes cold water—for the temperature at which the water is drunk has a deep influence on the ailments of those who drink it, to hear the doctors and the cure takers tell it. They could probably get an argument from Cæsar's legionaries on this matter; but none of the moderns seem to question it. Present-day ailments are probably much more complicated than they were in Cæsar's day, and it may take more to cure a German than it did for an ancient Roman.

The drinking of this water is not a casual matter, to be indulged in when one is thirsty, or at any time of day that strikes the fancy. It is a grave and impressive ceremony, surrounded and permeated with a German atmosphere of solidity, stolidity, regularity, efficiency and grim determination.

The drinking hour is seven o'clock in the morning, and seven o'clock doesn't mean 7:30 or eight or 9:15. It means seven o'clock. From six until half past six every morning all the hotels—the large, expensive ones and the medium-sized, medium-priced ones and the small, oppressive, pathetic ones—and all the *pensions*, both small and large, echo to determined rappings and hoarse German shouts and slamming doors and the hurried footsteps of the red-and-black-aproned boot cleaners as they dash from door to door depositing the night's grist of shoes.

And from quarter of seven until five minutes of seven every hotel and *pension* spills out its guests, male and female, old and young, small and large, fat and thin, ill and well; and all of them clatter down the rose-arbored, tree-shaded streets of the town to the gates of the *Kurhaus*—which remind one of the gates of a small but highly decorated college campus—and push and crowd and pour through them and into the *Kurhaus* as though they were being piped away from their homes by a modern Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Water-Drinking Rites

Some of them bring their own glasses with them; but most of them go to a great counter at one end of the *Kurhaus* and bellow a number at the top of their lungs, whereupon the maidens behind the counter fish out glasses bearing numbered tags from a great accumulation of glasses on the shelves behind them.

As each cure taker receives his glass he rushes over to the copperlike railings that surround the swimming-pool arrangement in the center of the building and draws himself a glass of hot water or a glass of cold water; or he orders one of the attendants who stand behind the railings to shake his water a certain number of times for the purpose of removing a part of the carbonic acid gas from it; or he takes his glass of water over to a heating arrangement that looks like a big roulette wheel with holes in it, places his glass in one of the holes and hangs around anxiously until his water has cooked one minute or three minutes or five minutes or whatever length of time has been prescribed by the doctor who has instructed him in the details of his cure. Or he may have his water mixed with goat's milk—goat's milk being one of the few things, along with alcohol and fusel oil, that chemical analyses do not discover in the famous spring.

Promptly at seven o'clock a large and skillful band bursts into action. The band plays on a semicircular platform that fronts on the *Kurgarten* in fair weather; but when a rainstorm comes up the manipulation of a cunning device causes the entire stage, with the band still playing the regulation Tannhäuser music, to revolve majestically and come to rest fronting on the interior of the *Kurhaus*.

This little touch alone is of inestimable value to the patrons of the bad. It is a sign of progress, of development, of the last word in luxurious bath equipment. It causes each patron to look proudly at every other patron, as though to say, "Surely there is nothing grander or better in the line of cures than this." It is believed that the revolving stage has done as much to improve the health of the habitués in the past few years as have all the free carbonic acid and all the hydrocarbonate of lime in the water that has been consumed.

Promptly at seven o'clock, at any rate, the band bursts into something from Wagner, and the cure takers, holding their glasses of water chest high in a proud and rather supercilious manner, begin to stroll slowly and grandly around the *Kurgarten*, sipping their water slowly and methodically, and staring coldly at all the other slow and methodical sippers. At the end of half an hour they work back into the *Kurhaus* and replenish their glasses, and then they work out into the *Kurgarten* again and stroll and stroll and stroll and sip and sip and sip until eight o'clock, when the band blows the moisture out of its wind instruments and knocks off work for the morning. Thereupon the cure takers park their glasses at the glass counter or tie them around their necks with bits of string and rush back to the hotels and *pensions* for breakfast.

This business of sipping the water while walking around the *Kurgarten* for an hour is not at all necessary. It merely helps to make the cure a little more difficult, and consequently better sport from a German standpoint.

Water, Water Everywhere

At least half the ailments that are supposed to fade away before the water and the baths of German bads could be treated with exactly the same success by means of ordinary faucet water and the conventional shower bath, provided one had the same quiet and pleasant surroundings and regular hours that obtain at most German baths, and observed the proper rules of diet.

When one goes to a cure physician for an obesity cure, for example, he is first told with great minuteness what water to drink.

"In the morning at seven o'clock, before breakfast," runs the doctor's prescription, which is carefully entered on the official four-page blank of the cure doctors, "first take two hundred and fifty grams of cold water, warm it for two minutes and shake it six times. Drink it in one to two minutes near the spring, after which walk for thirty minutes. At the end of thirty minutes drink two hundred and fifty grams of cold water and walk for thirty minutes more. Then breakfast."

So runs the water prescription for obesity—and most of the German bads give considerable attention to obesity cures. The bath prescription is equally involved.

"Five time in the week," says the bath prescription—price two dollars in American money; no German currency accepted from Americans—"five times in the week a cold and sour salt bath at a temperature of thirty-two degrees Celsius. Remain in the bath for fifteen minutes, after which in the home for two hours, and remain quiet."

"And that will do it?" one asks the doctor; "that will peel off the old flesh, yes?"

"Ach, yes," replies the doctor, cunningly concealing the two dollars in the recesses of his vest. "Ach, yes; but there is the little matter of eating, not?"

"So! A diet?" one asks. "Are not the baths and the water sufficient?"

"It would be well," says the doctor profoundly, "to make a few small changes in the diet. One must go without potatoes, new bread, cake, pudding, biscuits, sweets, thick soups and rich foods. Likewise one must not drink. Furthermore, one must decrease one's smoking. Also one must walk a great deal."

After this, one thinks back with some suspicion to the labors connected with the preparation of the matutinal drinking water. Why take exactly two hundred and fifty grams?—two hundred and fifty grams, by the way, being the amount of liquid contained in the average highball. Why not take two hundred grams? Why not take a quart? And why heat it for two minutes? Why not five minutes? Why shake it six times? Why not shake it twelve times? Or fifty times? Why not shake two hundred and fifty grams for an hour and then throw it away?

These thoughts are justified, for when one goes to an obesity specialist in America one learns that one must go without potatoes, new bread, cake, pudding, biscuits, sweets,

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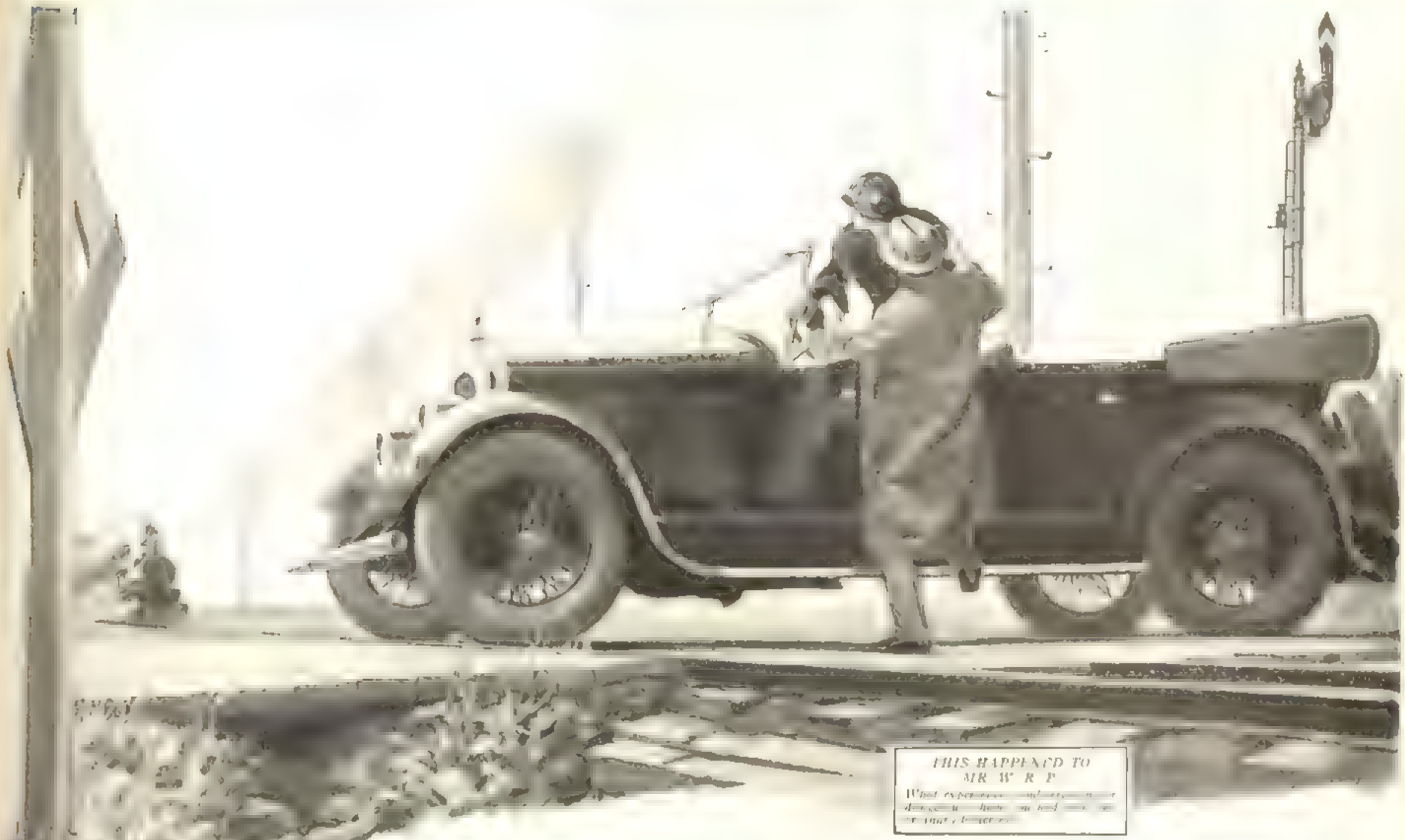

After this—a Philco!

"* * * I heard the whistle of a train. In an effort to spurt the car forward I stalled the engine and the car stopped on the tracks.

"* * * The train was coming rapidly, shrieking violent warning. I left the engine in high gear and stepped on the starter. *But my battery failed me.* We escaped, but the car was smashed to smithereens".

Thus writes Mr. Wen R. Phillips, Managing Editor of "Southern Construction", Miami, Fla., in describing a perilous—almost fatal—experience from battery failure while touring with his wife in Central Indiana.

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You can't drive comfortably, economically or safely with an under-size, under-powered battery. Increasing thousands of motorists, like Mr. Phillips, realize this fact—and they're buying sure-fire, power-packed Philco Diamond-Grid Batteries.

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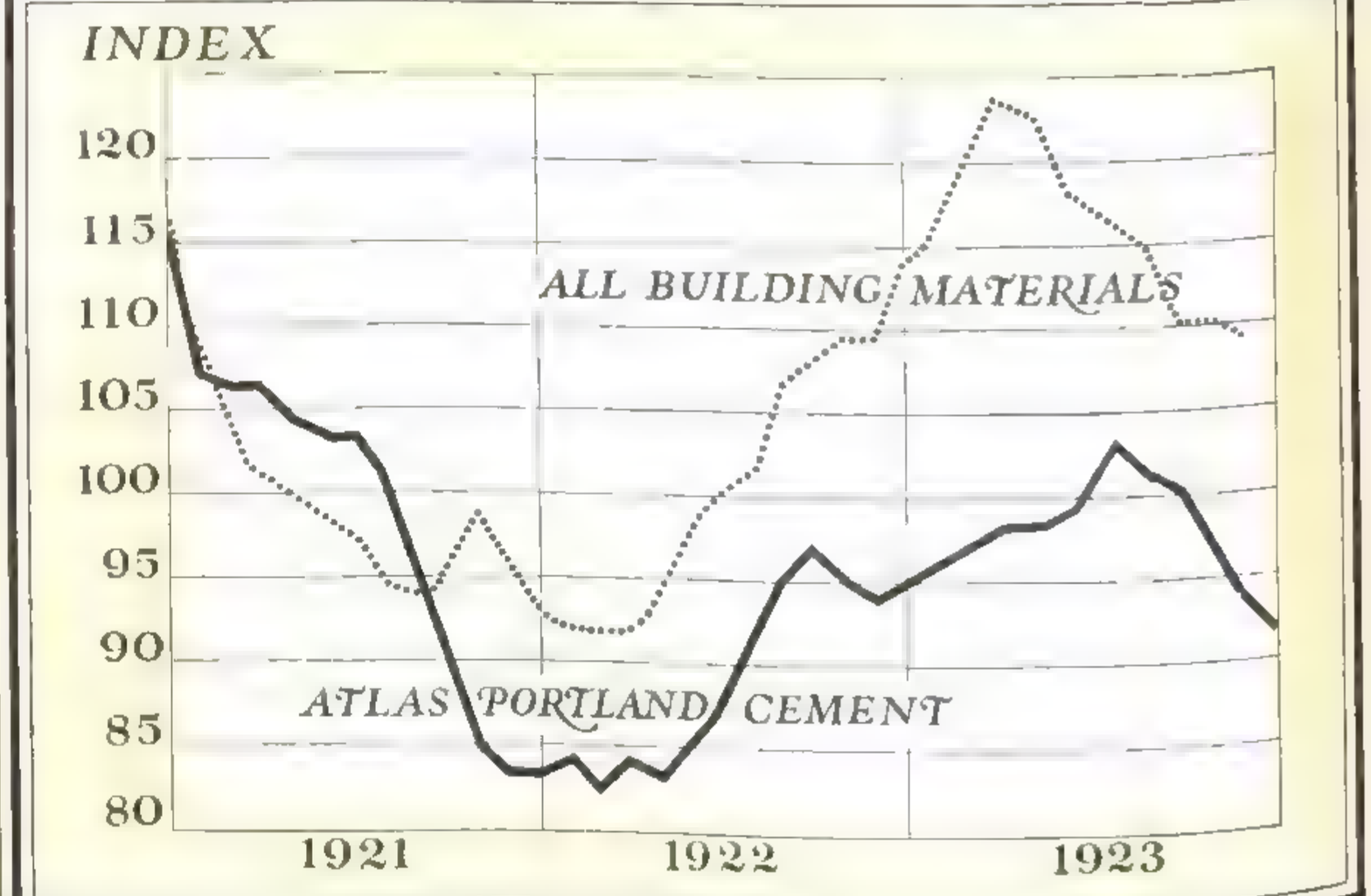
* Ford Size—exchange price east of the Mississippi River.

ECONOMY

Despite unprecedented demand Portland Cement remains the most economical building material

Comparison of prices of building materials and Atlas Portland Cement. Source: Building material prices from U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. Atlas Portland Cement prices from the records of the Company.



ATLAS EFFICIENCY
Insures Building Economy

THE chart above shows a comparison of the price of building materials in general and the price of Atlas Portland Cement. In a period of advancing costs, the price of Atlas has remained consistently low, and today it is cheaper than it was thirty years ago.

GENERAL GOETHALS, builder of the Panama Canal, expresses himself in a letter as follows:

"In my work on the Panama Canal, I became familiar with the Atlas product (I believe eight million barrels were used there) so my recent visit to your plant was of intense interest. Following through the 85 steps in the process of manufacture made me realize that only a very efficient and highly perfected process and organization could furnish cement to the public so cheaply. I can think of no other product, the result of a complete manufacturing process, that sells at so low a price"

IN the Atlas plants have been developed many of the improvements in processes of manufacture, contributing to quality and economy, which have helped make possible the rapid growth of the industry from slightly over one-half million barrels in 1893, to approximately one hundred and thirty-five million barrels in 1923.

ATLAS has grown as the industry has grown. During these years when cement has been winning its place of supreme importance in the building operations of the Nation, Atlas has been pioneering in its mills and laboratories for better and more economical permanent construction. Now Atlas mills are located so that large important territories may be served at the lowest possible cost.

ALL Atlas plants, operating under one central control, make only one grade of Portland Cement—the best that science and skill can produce—and every member of the operating group takes pride in helping to maintain Atlas as

"The Standard by which all other Makes are Measured"

ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT

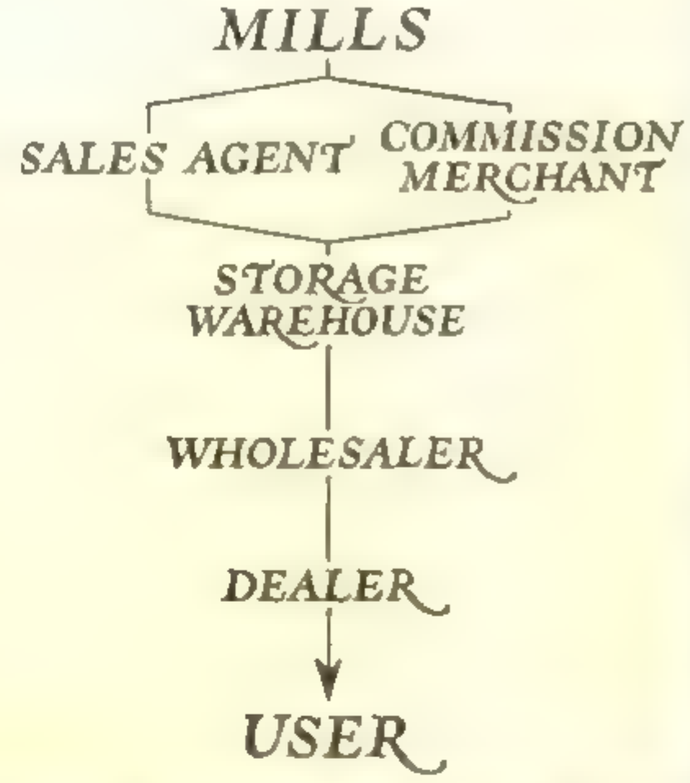
DISTRIBUTION

Distribution of Atlas Portland Cement is direct and economical through close co-operation of efficient local dealers.

A straight line is the cheapest distance between two points

The way ATLAS is Distributed

As it might be



ATLAS DISTRIBUTION
Insures Building Economy

THE cheapest of all products undergoing a complete manufacturing process is made available for any type of construction in any place through simplified economical distribution to the user.

BETWEEN the Atlas plants and the user there is but one distributor—the building material dealer—and the directness of this marketing is economically sound for it serves to bring Atlas to the buying public cheaper than any other method that has been devised.

THE Atlas dealer with his warehouse and yard storage safeguards building operations through an ample supply of materials; with his trucks and general facilities he can make prompt emergency deliveries; and back of the Atlas dealer is the Atlas reserve storage capacity, greater than the output of the entire nation twenty years ago.

THUS, the one building material having the widest variety of uses, making construction rapid because of its ease in handling, and providing fire-safety and permanence to any building, is brought to the user a few bags, or thousands of bags at a time, through a distribution method that sustains building economy.

Ask your dealer for Atlas Building Helps

THROUGH its dealers, Atlas supplies free books on concrete construction, written by Atlas Engineers who are recognized nationally as authorities. You are also invited to consult these Engineers without charge for advice on any building problem.

IF the dealer can't supply the book you want, write our nearest office.

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

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PHILADELPHIA BOSTON ST. LOUIS DES MOINES DAYTON OMAHA BUFFALO KANSAS CITY JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Look here now—

You are spending your good money for tobacco. And I take it that you want tobacco that tastes just right. In fact, you buy tobacco on its taste. The way a tobacco tastes depends on just two things: what kind of tobacco it is, and how that tobacco is prepared for smoking.

NOW, of course, there are different kinds of tobacco grown all over the world. Pipe smokers prefer Kentucky Burley—there's no doubt about that. It has a full-bodied flavor and mellowness that no other tobacco gives in a pipe.

But we can't stop there—for different sections produce different qualities of Burley, and even on the same plant there's a big difference among "tops" or top leaf, "lugs" or bottom leaf, and the "heart leaf" or middlestalk tobacco. We use only the leaf from the richest limestone sections of the Kentucky Blue Grass country. You just can't buy better Burley than we use in Velvet.

THE OTHER POINT is the way that tobacco is prepared—and this is equally important. Every ounce of tobacco in every pound of Velvet is aged in wood. Remember that—aged in wood. To get real tobacco flavor, to take the bite out and to put the flavor in, you've got to take time, even though it costs more money.

Very briefly, this is the Velvet story—the best Burley money can buy, and every bit of it aged in wood. That's why Velvet tastes so mild and mellow—and you can't get that good taste in any other way.

Remember—aged in wood.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

(Continued from Page 120)

thick soups and rich foods; that one mustn't drink; and that smoking isn't the best thing in the world. Nothing, however, is said about shaking two hundred and fifty grams of drinking water six times, or about bathing five times a week in cold sour salt water at a temperature of thirty-two degrees Celsius. If one follows the doctor's orders, moreover, he cuts his weight down materially without the aid of trick baths or half-baked water. But such simplicity would not conform in the least to the German ideas of sport, efficiency and thoroughness.

After the cure takers have rested from their early morning walking and water drinking by absorbing a large breakfast, they set out with their bath robes and bath towels done up in shawl straps and proceed to the bathing establishments, which are large substantial buildings somewhat resembling modern university halls or world's fair buildings.

Three Popular Baths

There are three principal forms of baths in use in the most refined, elegant and up-to-date German baths. The first is the carbonic-acid bath, known to the doctors as cold and sour salt baths, though they are neither cold nor sour nor salt. That designation merely makes the bath treatment seem a little harder and more sporting.

The second is the moorbad, or mud bath. The third is the Fango treatment for rheumatism, aches, pains, lumbago, sore backs and the dragging-down sensation—Fango being the same sort of blue volcanic mud that ladies have begun to use on their faces for beautifying purposes in recent years.

The cold and sour salt baths are the height of simplicity. One climbs into a large tiled tub full to the brim of what seems to be ordinary warm water, and immediately small bubbles form on every part of the body, escaping from their positions every little while and giving the bather a delightful tickling sensation, especially when they dance along the backbone. Time passes quickly in the cold and sour salt bath; for one can pass the moments by writing initials and sentences in the bubbles on his skin, as well as by drawing amusing pictures.

The moor, or mud, bath also offers a certain amount of distraction, though not of so pleasant a nature as the cold and sour salt bath.

The attendants in the moorbad section are a somewhat fretful and arbitrary lot, possibly due to the fact that the constant necessity of looking at and messing around with enormous masses of dark-brown mud gives them a dark-brown outlook on life. At any rate, they expect the patrons of the bath to be exactly on time for their baths; and if they are not on time they speak to them very sharply and imply that they cannot have their baths at all, and give them to understand that they are generally inferior to the mud.

Posing as a sufferer from nervous troubles, I had engaged a full-strength moorbad for a sunny summer morning in order to widen my acquaintance with professional bads. Unfortunately I was unavoidably detained, so that I was ten minutes late in arriving at my bathroom. The attendant in charge of my bathroom was in a temper at my lateness, and informed me shortly and sharply that the bath would do me no good and that I was not to take it.

After I had showered him with marks, however, he ceased all active protests and merely showed by his martyred manner that his day had been ruined by my carelessness.

My first sight of the moorbad led me to believe that I might have been wiser to pick a fight with the attendant and get myself ejected from the building rather than to persist in dallying with the bath, even for experience's sake. The mud filled a large tub to within four inches from the top; and it was a rich dark brown in color, and heavily clotted all over, so that it looked exactly like a bathtub full of half-cooked fudge. From it rose a dank, defunct, partially decayed smell. The whole thing was most unappetizing. The attendant stood around and watched me with an aloof and pitying air, as though to say, "This man is nothing to me; don't think that I am helping him to recover from whatever it is that ails him; in fact, I hope he chokes."

The fatal step had to be taken, so I spoke very peremptorily to the attendant about the length of time I wished to remain in the moor.

"I am not sick," I told him. "I am taking this to see what it feels like. So I do not wish to remain in the mud for twenty five minutes. I do not even wish to remain in for fifteen minutes. In fact I can learn all I want to know about moorbads in five minutes. So in five minutes come back here and get me out. Do you understand? I want to be out of this stuff in five minutes."

The attendant curled up his lip and said coldly that he understood, and then he stalked out and slammed the door behind him. Since there was nothing else to do, I got into the moorbad. It felt exactly as I imagine warm liquid feathers might feel, or a large chocolate soufflé. One oozed into its depths with a feeling of rich voluptuousness, and the horrid brown stuff surged up over one in an unpleasant manner. Then, as one wallowed around in it, one became conscious of twigs and whins and bents and brakes and little stones and other foreign matters that scarcely belong to a bath.

In attempting to kick up some of these things for examination, I kicked up a piece of paper that bore a striking resemblance to a beer-bottle label; but when I struggled up from the mud and strove to seize it, the movement of my legs ingulfed it in the mud again, and other efforts to exhume it were fruitless.

Since all my curiosity concerning moorbads was more than sated, and since the five minutes had elapsed, I called loudly for the attendant. He didn't answer. I called again, more loudly, but without result. Over the bath hung a rope—obviously a bell rope. I pulled it, and a bell rang loudly in the corridor; but still no attendant appeared. After a decent wait I pulled the rope steadily for a minute, and at the end of the minute the attendant burst in, purple faced and raving.

"Quiet!" he bawled. "Quiet!" How dare I distress the other bathers? How would it be possible for the other bathers to bathe in such turmoil and pandemonium? Where did I think I was?

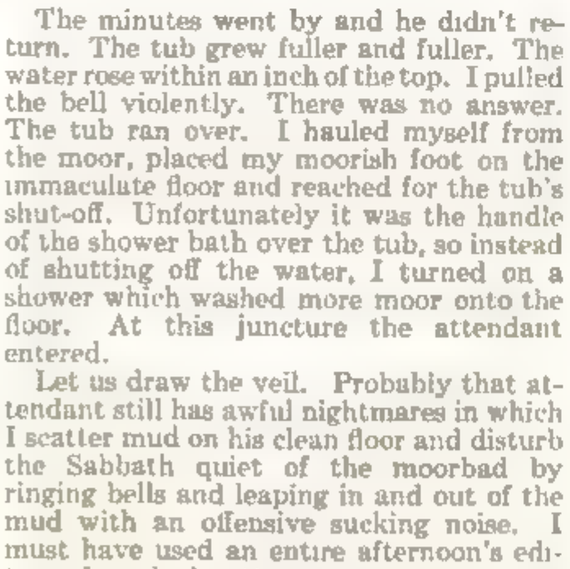
Grumbling and growling violently, he turned on clean water in another porcelain tub parallel with the mud tub, and only four feet away. Then he went out and slammed the door again, while I sank back, crushed, into the moor.

An Unpleasant Situation

The minutes went by and he didn't return. The tub grew fuller and fuller. The water rose within an inch of the top. I pulled the bell violently. There was no answer. The tub ran over. I hauled myself from the moor, placed my moorish foot on the immaculate floor and reached for the tub's shut-off. Unfortunately it was the handle of the shower bath over the tub, so instead of shutting off the water, I turned on a shower which washed more moor onto the floor. At this juncture the attendant entered.

Let us draw the veil. Probably that attendant still has awful nightmares in which I scatter mud on his clean floor and disturb the Sabbath quiet of the moorbad by ringing bells and leaping in and out of the mud with an offensive sucking noise. I must have used an entire afternoon's edition of marks in attempting to square myself with him. The general unpleasantness of the situation was heightened by the persistent itch that afflicts all portions of the body for some time after the moorbad.

The Fango treatment also has its interesting features—features that ought to take any patient's mind from his troubles for at least a short time. According to the authorities, Fango is mud from the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and it is shipped daily from Vesuvius. It is supposed to be a wonderful cure for gout, rheumatism and all sorts of muscular aches.



Posing as a sufferer from rheumatism—or Rheumatismus, as it is quaintly known in German circles—I was ushered into a fine large chamber in the Fango section of the bad. Like most of the fine chambers in German baths, it boasted a mosaic floor, the temperature of which was about seven degrees above zero, a whale-backed couch that had been used by over seventy-five thousand persons, and the customary generous, threadbare rug, eighteen by thirty-six inches, decorated with two dabs of cold mud.

The attendant, an intelligent-looking fellow with an alert eye, wishes to know for what trouble one is seeking treatment. Ah-hah! Rheumatismus! And where is, yes? Ah-hah! In the shoulder, so! Then all the clothes off take, please very! The attendant rushes away in a terrific hurry; so one off-takes the clothes and sits around on the couch. The couch is covered with a sheet and looks normal; but due to the conventional rubber blanket that lies immediately beneath the sheet, it feels as though it had just been brought from the ice chest. One has ten minutes for meditation, during which time the chill from the rubber blanket strikes in, so that one feels reasonably sure of developing a genuine attack of rheumatismus.

Suffering for Science

At the end of that time the attendant bursts into the room with a pail in one hand and an enormous fistful of dark-blue mud raised high above his head in the other.

"Up sit!" he shouts.

One up sits, whereupon, without another word of warning, he slams the entire handful of blue mud against the shoulder blades. The rumor that the mud comes from Mount Vesuvius is evidently true, and it is evidently shipped packed in hot lava, for it is so hot that one can almost hear the flesh sizzle beneath it. One lets out a wild scream of anguish as soon as one gets his breath back.

"Not so hot! Not so hot!" one screams at the attendant. But he assures one that it is not hot, and performs some strange bit of legerdemain on the sheet that covers the couch. One discovers later that he has been covering it with red-hot blue mud: and when he has finished, he places his large, rough, red hand against the chest of the patient, who is still howling about the heat of the lump on his shoulder, and pushes him rudely back onto the smoking, mud-smeared sheet.

Then, as the moans of agony ring out loud and clear, he seizes both sides of the sheet and pulls them tight around the patient, following this dastardly act by wrapping the struggling sufferer in the rubber sheet and two heavy blankets, so that he is as helpless as a mummy in its case.

In vain one protests that one hasn't rheumatismus, that one is only conducting an experiment, that one is already roasted to a dark-brown crisp, that one wants to get up and dress and go away, and that one will pay handsomely for the privilege of doing so. The attendant smiles fiendishly, ejaculates "Thirty minutes!" and vanishes for half an hour.

So in the morning early the cure takers drink and walk, and after breakfast they dally with the merry moorbad or the festive Fango or what not; and after a heavy lunch they walk through the carefully cultivated forests to neat tea houses, where maidens with thick ankles and red cheeks produce light snacks of beer, sweet cakes, tea, thick sour milk with ginger, and various other delicacies. Late in the afternoon they all hurry back to the *Kurhaus* and tank up on various waters while the band plays Wagner. And then, after a heavy dinner, they sit in the lobbies of their hotels and *pensions* and tell each other how they prepare their water and what the doctor said about the great change in them since last week.

And after three weeks of all this, they go to another resort for an after cure in order to recover from the tired feeling which they have generated in taking the cure at the first cure.

The Germans are a tough and hardy people, and they have reason on their side who fear that they will rule Europe at some not distant day. There is no limit to the feats that may be performed by the nation that diverts itself with mensurs and German bads.

EVERWHITE SANI-SEAT fits any standard size bowl, measuring 14½" from center to center of post holes—16½" center of post line to outside rim of bowl. Processed with all-white Pyralin, even to solid brass hinges. Guaranteed 5 years.

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SNOW-WHITE EVER-WHITE—the acme of beauty, good taste and sanitation—truly the aristocrat of the bathroom—yet priced within your means.

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is a new process Pyralin seat with a dainty, ivory-like finish like your bureau set. As white as the marble of Carrara even to the hinges—and positively sanitary—just rub with a damp cloth and it's pure as a china dish. Its beauty is lasting, too—guaranteed for five years.

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Plate Glass makes any car look its best and supplies a touch of refinement even to the least expensive car. It costs very little more, yet it makes a tremendous difference in a car's appearance.

The beauty of Plate Glass lies in its perfectly polished surfaces and clear body. From the outside, its gleaming surface reflects clean-cut lights and shadows like the surface of a mirror-pool. Looking through Plate Glass from the inside is like looking through the open air—you are not conscious of the glass itself. Plate Glass is free from annoying distortions.

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Genuine PLATE GLASS
MADE IN U.S.A.

THE SLUMP

Continued from Page 18

six, and he smiled down benignly on the Pinnacle star as he said, "Good morning, Miss Amour. How is A Woman's Chance coming on?"

She looked up into his benignly smiling eye with scant enthusiasm. The nifty young miner had already assayed Benjamin most carefully and rated him at about thirty-seven cents to the ton. He was a real nice old pappy, who, under stress of great cajolery, might give away a glass bracelet and think he was Santa Claus.

"A Woman's Chance?" she drawled. "It's finished, and I flopped it."

"You—what?"

Benjamin gazed at her incredulously, and, early as it was, his white bristles began to come through.

"I refused to approve it, and I ordered that it be not exhibited, on the ground that it is below the standard of those productions in which I made my reputation and would have a tendency to lessen the prestige I have acquired."

"But, my dear child, that picture cost over two hundred thousand dollars, cash! Aren't you aware that there is a slump in the business, that the public is dropping away from the pictures, that there is very little money coming in, and that, by your action, you are shutting the Pinnacle out of half a million dollars' worth of receipts?"

"I have nothing to do with that." Aurelia drew her ermine gracefully around her elongated figure and there was a glint in her eye. "In these times, Mr. Trust, it is necessary to be more careful than ever in the quality and class of the productions a prominent star permits to be offered to a public that is shopping for its pictures."

Thereupon the prominent star, stuffing her money in her hand bag as if it were waste paper, swept haughtily out of the bank, leaving Benjamin Trust to still the startled beating of his heart as best he might.

For collective money is, was and ever will be a creature with longer ears and legs than a jack rabbit, and so endowed for the same purposes. The custodians of collective money, now, heretofore and ever to come, of necessity partake in their official capacities of the timorousness of the creature itself, even though banks and banking have changed mightily. The time-honored slogan of the money lenders was, "I'd rather sleep on 3 per cent than lie awake on 8." Benjamin Trust was of the modern school which does not desire so much sleep; but, nevertheless, in this period of stringency he reverted to the instincts of his sires; and going into his office, he sent for Mr. Klekoff—in a hurry. The mighty one's pale evasive eye was hunting corners as he entered Benjamin's door; but otherwise he was quite debonair, with a pink rosebud in the buttonhole of his dark blue suit and the color scheme topped with his scarlet hair when he took off his hat and greeted his old friend cordially.

"You caught me at a busy hour, Ben, but I always have time for you."

Ben's social amenity only lasted while their palms touched; then said he, speaking distinctly, "I understand that A Woman's Chance is to be shelved."

Even Klekoff, whose poise was usually unfazable, was taken off his feet by the suddenness of this attack, for it had scarcely been an hour since Aurelia had maintained her rights; and he opened his mouth twice before he spoke. When he did his observation was asinine. It was:

"Where did you get that?"

"We have our sources of information," sternly spake Benjamin, with the age-old trick of the oracle in making mystery out of the commonplace for purposes of power. "The fact remains that such action has been taken, and it makes a difference of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' security to important clients of the Intercoast, since Benjamin & Co. were to have a lien on the negative for that amount."

"Couldn't be helped. Miss Amour stood on her contractual rights."

"How did she come to have such a fool contract? What mental capacity has this pin-headed young female with which to determine artistic, financial, ethical, moral or any other sort of merit? Who gave her that contract?"

"The Pinnacle!" replied Klekoff explosively, and he almost hissed it. "There's no use chewing over that. The contract exists and it wouldn't do to drag it into court."

From under his beetling brows Benjamin scowled at Klekoff, but decided to pursue that subject no further.

"Then this is next: I've been looking over your last statement and estimating your percentage of declension in receipts; and unless the Pinnacle has resources which its most interested creditor, our client, has been unable to locate, my apprehension that you will not be able to meet the next quarterly payment on your bonds becomes a fear."

"It's a certainty," smiled Klekoff, now speaking as the experienced man of business that he was. "I had a code conference with Roabert in New York last night of something over two thousand words, and it will be necessary for us to float something like eight hundred thousand dollars to meet those payments and other expenses."

"On what?" And Benjamin's voice rose so abruptly that his secretary in the next room thought he had called, opened the door a little way, and closed it hastily as he caught sight of his chief's face. He was purple, physically, but his spiritual self was pale, and had its ears laid back and its hind legs gathered for a frantic spring. "The Pinnacle is pledged to the hilt, Mr. Klekoff. It couldn't raise an additional nickel on any property it now controls, or on any form of paper ever devised."

The greenish pallor which set on Klekoff's face was perhaps enhanced by the color of his hair, and he moistened his lips with a queer indrawing movement that made them disappear almost entirely. He played his ace.

"Those bond payments must be met just the same—must! And it is as much a necessity for Benjamin & Co. as for the Pinnacle to preserve the Pinnacle's credit. It seems to me that Benjamin & Co. will be compelled to tide us over this low spot." He finished with a smile, and Benjamin Trust, regarding that smile, gave way to one moment of irritability.

"And you're making an asset of that! By thunder, I don't wonder that the banks never touch a picture proposition!"

"No?" said Klekoff quietly, and for the rest of it only looked at Benjamin; whereat Benjamin, after a moment of thought, began to color. His next speech was warmer.

"I'll disabuse your mind of your pet ides. Benjamin & Co. are not going to advance or procure any money to meet those payments. The Pinnacle is going to do it. It is going to shut down all its studios for a period of four months, beginning thirty days from now. What productions you have under way must be finished in that time. Then, with every dollar of your outlay and overhead stopped, your collections can be applied to liquidation."

"Oh, yes." Klekoff and Roabert had often discussed that emergency method, and, in fact, had applied it now and then, only not to this radical extent. "But that gives us no chance for dividends. It will play the devil with our stock."

"Benjamin & Co. are not interested in your stock. It carries only your bonds. You have my plan, Klekoff, and you know the alternative."

"I'll put it up to Roabert at once. He is the financier of the Pinnacle, you know." And Klekoff, taking such small comfort as he could out of that fact, which he never acknowledged except when finances were bad, lit a cigarette.

"By all means take it up with Roabert," agreed Benjamin. "You might tell him at the same time that he may have his choice of doing as I say or as my brother Daniel Trust, of the Broadwall Trust Co., says."

"Quite so." A chuckle, but no mirth in it. "Frankly, however, the scheme wouldn't be so bad if we could get all other producers to close. It would make a virtue of the situation with the public, and would not incur a concerted attack on the Pinnacle stock."

That was good sense, and hopeful; since, after all, it was vital for the Intercoast's important clients, Benjamin & Co., to save the Pinnacle; otherwise it might become painfully necessary to save Benjamin & Co.

"I should think it might be easily accomplished, because all the other producers are in essentially the same boat, with everything going out and very little coming in. They should be glad to coöperate and gather in some working capital."

Continued on Page 129

The most precious pearls of all—*your teeth!*

THERE are no finer or more precious pearls than pearly teeth. Nothing adds more to one's beauty and charm. With many men and women it is their supreme charm. More and more people are learning that simple truth.

And as fine teeth are the great element of personal attractiveness, so are they the foundation of good health. Without sound teeth, good health and all the things in life so necessary to it are easily lost.

A new way to make teeth glisten

A new way to bring out the natural pearly lustre of teeth is now at your command. It is finding wide favor everywhere. As a result of this new method vast numbers of people are discovering how really beautiful they can make their teeth. You owe it to yourself to try it. The outcome is certain to be a pleasant surprise to you.

4,118 dentists devised it

Dentists generally do not approve of the type of toothbrush used by the average person. To make it possible for everybody to have a toothbrush of *scientifically correct design*, 4,118 leading dentists evolved one wholly new in that respect—one that would brush the *five* (not merely *two*) surfaces of every tooth, leaving them clean, white and glistening.

Note the *slope* that the bristles of this brush take. Observe, also, the *wedge-like shape* of the *tufts* and the *wide spacing* between them. Press this brush against the teeth and the bristles slide clear through *between* them. The handle is shaped in such a manner that the inside surface of the front teeth and back teeth are thoroughly cleaned with ease with up and down motion.

Made by RUBBERSET CO.

Andrew Albright, Jr., President RUBBERSET Co., maker for nearly a half century of the world-famous RUBBERSET shaving, hair, nail, bath, complexion and paint brushes, perfected this new toothbrush.

Like all RUBBERSET brushes, the Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush is unqualifiedly guaranteed. The bristles *stay in*—they can't come out. The tufts are so grouped that a simple rinsing cleanses the brush of all foreign matter. Each brush is sterilized and packed in a hermetically sealed, transparent, sanitary, glassine envelope and enclosed in a protecting carton.

See the difference

See the difference that the Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush makes in your teeth after a few days' use. Stains, discoloration, cloudiness and tartar on them soon go. The new sensation of sweetness, freshness and cleanliness it gives your mouth will delight you. You can see and *feel* the good results it is bringing you. You will be amazed at the difference that the right toothbrush makes to your teeth. If your dealer is unable to supply you, send 35c and we will mail one promptly to you.

Over 10,000 dentists now endorse it as the correct toothbrush for YOU.

With the tapering slope and wedge-like shape of the bristles in the Albright Toothbrush, no teeth are missed in the cleansing. They reach *in between* and into every "*biting*" crevice with ease and certainty.

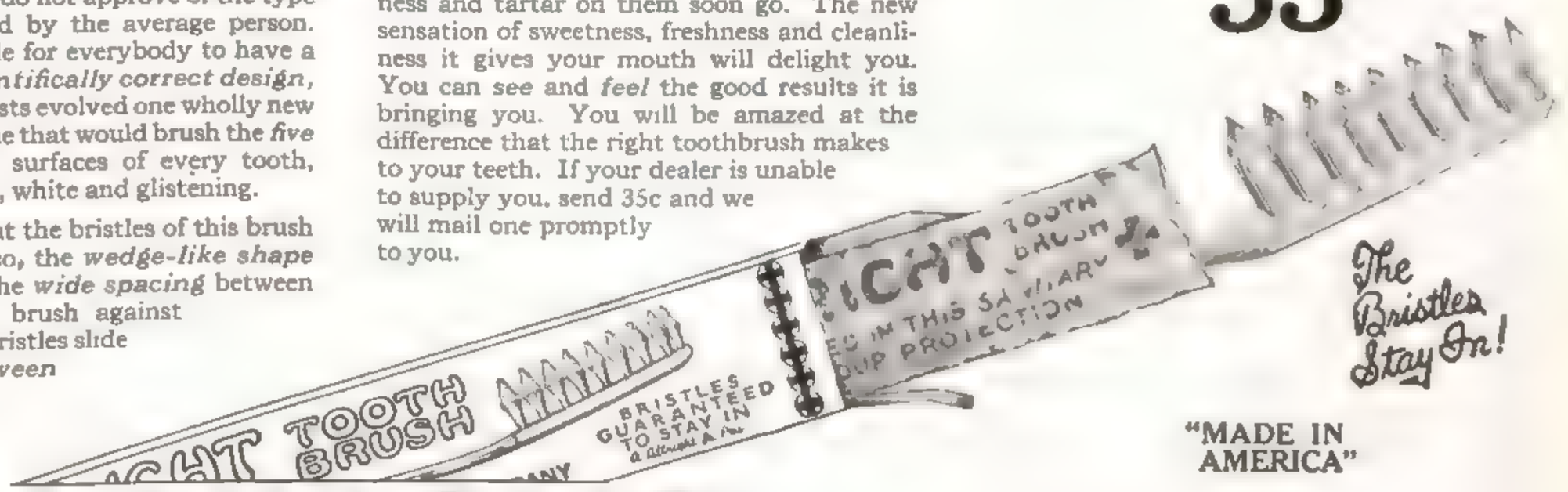
The bristles *stay in*—they *can't* come out. Proper curve of handle makes it easy to clean backs of front teeth with up and down motion.

The tufts are so grouped that a simple rinsing thoroughly cleans the brush. No foreign matter remains among the bristles in which germs may breed to be carried into the mouth.

Every brush sterilized, then packed in a hermetically sealed, transparent, sanitary, glassine envelope and enclosed in a protecting carton.

Quantity and Efficiency result in 75c quality for

35c



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F P 104

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Effecto Color Card and name of P & L dealers in your vicinity will be gladly sent you on request.

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P & L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by dealers everywhere.

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Continued from Page 126

"Uh-huh," said Klekoff, pondering deeply. He started to speak, then hesitated, and the scarlet of his hair spread down his temples and the back of his neck. "How about our chief competitor?"

"Iskovitch?"

"Iskovitch."

Iskovitch! Klekoff pronounced that name with an effort, for all the temper he had in him was bound up with the thought of this boy.

"I have no official information concerning Iskovitch and could not undertake to bring any influence to bear in the matter," declared Benjamin severely. "Iskovitch's financial affairs are, as you know, in the hands of a financial group with which we have no affiliations."

Consequently, as soon as Klekoff had gone, Benjamin Trust called up his son Edward Trust, of the Sunset Slope Trust Company, which had as clients the financial group with which the Intercoast clients had no affiliations, and he made a luncheon appointment. Of course as bankers they could not, in good ethics, discuss the affairs of their clients, and did not; but as relatives they might compare points of view on topics of mutual interest without ethical lapse, we hope. At any rate, immediately after lunch Edward, with his financial ears flat against his flanks and his financial legs quivering under him, sent for Isidor Iskovitch—in a hurry.

Edward was a most austere man, a youthful-looking middle-aged person in a neatly fitting salt-and-pepper suit, who needed only sideburns to complete him. One could tell at a glance that he was a generally admirable party. His was the department that handled the motion-picture clients of the Sunset Slope, and it is needless to say that at this period of the great slump he took life seriously, for Edward & Co., important clients of his bank, held an enormous share of the eight-million-dollar bond issue with which young Iskovitch had financed the building of his seventy theaters throughout the United States. Under the circumstances it may be excused the austere Edward if he tweedled his lead pencil and thrummed his fingers while he waited for yonder door to open, and that his concern deepened when it did open, for young Iskovitch looked distinctly harassed. He came into the gray salt-and-pepper office more gangling and more stooped than usual, the five creases in his brow more sharp and the hollows more dark beneath his eyes.

"How do you do, Mr. Iskovitch? How is business?"

"Good enough under the circumstances," replied Izzy, laying his hat on the corner of Edward's desk and sitting down with no lightening of the haggardness in him. "O' course, the slump's made all the picture business rotten; but I'm watchin' the costs so hard that I'm pullin' out about even."

"That's very fine—er—but I thought you seemed worried."

"Well, I am." Izzy rubbed the back of his bony hand along his furrowed brow. "Your telephone message caught me at home. My wife's in very delicate health, an' I don't think I slept five hours in five days."

"Oh!" Great relief in Edward's tone; then he added: "That's too bad. Er—I wanted a conference with you on account of the continued depression, Mr. Iskovitch. In view of the precarious condition of the entire industry, I have a feeling that we should work hand in hand."

"Sure!" And Izzy cast on his proposed financial pal a scrutiny so keen as to be almost disconcerting.

"We can't be too close friends when it's tough times like it is. But what's on your mind in particular?"

"May our clients, Edward & Co., count on your being able to meet your next bond obligations?"

"You bet you my life!"

"How about the next quarterly payment?"

"Say, looky! When I got this first payment made I'll begin worryin' about the next one, an' that's all you needa do. That's what I call workin' together."

"Quite true," assented Edward, who had no sense of humor and couldn't have used one if he had it. "But it seems to me, Mr. Iskovitch, that you are wasting a lot of money on productions for which there is no profitable sale, and I have a bit of advice which I think I should give you. I understand that certain prominent producers contemplate shutting down for four months."

"Oh, that's nothin'. Every extra that goes from one lot to the other spreads that rumor, because production is slow; but I guess anybody that can keep goin' wants to make the exhibitors and the public think he's still alive."

"No, it's more than rumor, Iskovitch. I have knowledge that some of the largest in the business will positively shut down."

"Klekoff!" guessed Izzy immediately, and he was no longer a customer of the bank in mere conference, but a young man full of passionate purpose; and just now that passion took the form of triumph. He sat forward, with his bony fingers clasped and his color heightened and a glitter in the crystalline structure of his dark-brown eye. "It can't be anybody but Klekoff or me, or you wouldn't say some of the most prominent in the business, an' you bet you my life it ain't me! If Klekoff closes, I stay open!"

There was such intensity in him that the cold Edward viewed him with startled disapproval.

"You are apparently deciding that on personal grounds, and I warn you that that is an impossible element in finance, particularly when finance is in a precarious condition. I am quite certain that you would prefer to protect yourself against having our clients forced to the necessity of putting a controller into your business."

He had poked the wrong hornet when he said that. He had prodded young Iskovitch at an instant when Izzy was already wrought to the stinging point, and now he was on his feet, his bony finger tapping Edward's desk, the hinges of his jaws strained and his whole olive-tinted face darkening.

"Looky here, Mr. Trust, when I fall down in the payments I gotta make, you can put a controller in to meddle with my business, maybe; but until I do, you ain't got any right to talk about it, much less threaten!"

"You are not very conciliatory to a man whose favor you might be compelled to ask," observed Edward, with something like intolerance in his salt-and-pepper eye.

"What's the use?" was the hot retort. "When I come to you for a favor you ain't gonna give it to me because you an' me is sweethearts, but because it's to your financial advantage, an' no other way; so I can say now what I please like I can say then, an' it don't make any difference. In the meantime, I wantta tell you this much: I started without a nickel. Today I'm one of the two biggest in the business, an' I made every dollar of it myself through backin' my own judgment with everything I had in the world at every step o' the way, an' I'm gonna keep on at it. An' say, here's another thing, Mr. Trust: You ain't gonna force me to play into Klekoff's hands with his money-wastin'. Do you get me? He's got advance productions an' old deadwood layin' around on his shelf that he'll be glad to get rid of, an' he can gyp the public with it for six months. I'm up to my release dates, an' that's all, an' I got no dead ones. When the shutdown was over I'd have all my money collected an' paid to you, an' no productions to sell, an' no money to make any. If you call that financin', I call it crazy. The next time you send for a busy man like me, have somethin' to say!"

Somehow or other the decision reached at that conference leaked out, arriving at Klekoff's tapestried little inner office by phone just as he had finished a three-hundred-dollar conversation with Roabert in New York, and his reply was characteristic of the radical decisiveness that had made the Pinnacle what it was.

"I'm glad he won't!" he lied. "I'm not going to lower the Pinnacle's commanding position by seeking the coöperation of any of the pikers in the business. I'm going to act alone, and now, with a good, swift poke in the eye."

Characteristic again that, even so fresh from his long-distance conference with the decisive Roabert, he used the pronoun "I" in speaking of the Pinnacle; but as he rose from his desk his watch chain caught in the key of a drawer and he gave it such a jerk that he broke the chain. In all this whole crisis there wasn't a redeeming feature, not one thing out of which he could take any satisfaction, not a ——

Suddenly, as he glanced out through his little side window, he saw Aurelia Amour tripping out of her dressing room, whither she had repaired to exchange her ermine for her Russian sables, the wind having blown up a bit more chill; and balm came to the mighty Klekoff's soul. In the very midst of far-sweeping plans which should affect millions of dollars of investments and every person in the motion-picture industry, he grinned with diabolic delight, threw open his window and called Aurelia to him.

"Don't bother about your costumes for that next production," he directed, "because there isn't going to be any."

"La-la!" laughed Aurelia, still flushed with her victories of the morning.

"No, sweetheart. And next week you'll find fifteen hundred dollars in your pay envelope instead of three thousand."

The merry la-la that Aurelia had prepared for this remark, whatever it should be, froze on her lips; and as she looked into those pale eyes, now held steadily for her inspection, she huddled in her sables and shivered.

"You're not shutting down!"

She made this astute guess because it was the only way she could be reduced to half salary.

"For four months, little playmate, beginning Saturday night. You are the first one to whom I tell the news, and the only kick I get out of it myself is that you'll be on idle-time half pay for a third of a year—as per the hitherto unexercised privilege of our contract. Now run along and pay your bootlegger."

He grinned down on a penniless pauper who was staring stark starvation in the gaping jaws, with only fifteen hundred dollars a week between her and the steadily advancing price of potatoes!

"Why, I -I can't live!" she gasped.

"Go blab that to your friend Benjamin." Snarling, he reached for the window bar to close out the national debt; but the light of calculation was in Aurelia's elongated eye as she mused:

"I've just been thinking of shifting my account to the Sunset Slope. What is Edward Trust like? I never met him."

"He's a giddy rake," Klekoff told her; and drawing down the window, he proceeded immediately and with great vigor to add the Pinnacle's earthquake to the seismic jolt which had been given the industry by the ungrateful public. He issued the most drastic closing orders that had ever been known, shifting his unfinished productions to rented studio space and reducing his mighty organization to the absolutely necessary office force; then he put his publicity experts on the job to announce the four-month shutdown, and rocked the industry from its boots to its hat.

It was all wrong—the picture business. Around the majestic art had grown the barnacles of waste, and the high-priced star and the extravagant director must go; while the thousands of spoiled and coddled lesser actors, thrown out of employment, would be glad to come back to work at a reasonable figure, and exhibitor and public would reap the benefit. The Pinnacle, always foremost in the industry, was closing to make an entire reconstruction of everything. When it got through all that was wrong would be jake. In the meantime the Pinnacle had spent two years in preparation for this moment, and it had manufactured in advance enough productions that the public, always relying on the Pinnacle for the highest in screen entertainment, would not be deprived of its favorite pictures. Far and wide this great good news was broadcast.

Other producers, on their last legs for funds, followed this shining example in a great enthusiasm to let their collections overtake their overhead, not particularly caring whether their stock went down or not, for any port is good in a storm; but Iskovitch, Inc., waited just long enough for the Pinnacle's publicity to lose its initial velocity, then it came out with a counter blast. It wasn't going to close down, not it! It had no obligations it couldn't meet. It had no extravagance to cut out and no overpaid actors to starve into submission. Moreover, it had already put into effect the reforms now being widely discussed in the public prints, which was why it could stay open, producing pictures that would be right up to date, not old ones that had been put on the shelf because they hadn't been good enough to exhibit before the slump came.

The great duel was on again, the titanic battle of Klekoff versus Iskovitch, the warfare for the public's nickels. In all this there was no thought of regenerating the films, no searching for new themes, new methods of presentation, new entertainment value, new attractiveness in general;

(Continued on Page 131)

The Proof of a Range

THEY say you can tell a good cook by the biscuits she bakes. Biscuits are an equally good test for the baking—or other cooking—the Tappan Gas Range can do.

"The Range with Rounded Corners"

TAPPAN
GAS RANGES

To bake good biscuits requires a hot oven, evenly heated in every part, and *unvarying* in temperature. The Tappan Cast-Iron Oven Bottom heats quickly, and radiates heat uniformly throughout the oven. The Tappan Heat Regulator keeps the oven heat at just the right temperature. Only *heated* air, pure and fresh, enters the Tappan Baking Oven. Triple-wall construction holds the heat in and makes use of every bit of gas.

Tappan users are uniformly successful cooks. There is sure to be a Tappan Gas Range in a size and style, and at a price, that will please you. Let us send you the Tappan booklet and the name of the nearest Tappan dealer.

THE TAPPAN STOVE CO
MANSFIELD OHIO
ESTABLISHED 1881

Dealers: In a few communities the Tappan franchise is still open. Some worthy, substantial merchant the dealer who takes on the Tappan line in these sections. Write us for full details of the Tappan plan.

SHE whose choice of foods is always of the best and finest serves Raisin Bread—quite naturally—on Wednesdays. For bakers everywhere prepare it "Special for Wednesday" —a baking rich with the fruitiness and flavor of Sun-Maid Raisins. These perfect loaves, together with rolls, coffee cakes, "snails," raisin pie and other tempting Sun-Maid Raisin foods, are to be had at any bakery, grocery store or delicatessen in your city. Make them a regular Wednesday custom in *your* home.

Endorsed by bakers everywhere, by the Retail Bakers' Association of America, the American Bakers' Association, and by the Bread and Cake Bakers Association of Canada

Raisin Bread *Special* on Wednesdays

At your Bakers & Grocers

(Continued from Page 129
and it looked black for the favorite amusement of the public.

"I see there's a slump in the movies," observed Pro Bono Publico.

"Is there?" asked Vox Populi.

"Yes. . . . How many cards do you want?"

"Two."

"You're holding up a kicker," charged Pro.

"All right. Then give me three," said Vox, and tossed down an ace. Everybody laughed and the youngest Populi poked a grain of popcorn in Baby Publico's ear.

III

JOHN BOOB, covered with the clean and pungent powder of his trade, came home from his carpenter shop, his pipe in his mouth; and trudging stolidly up the walk, a trifle bent as always, stuck his key in the door, opened it and picked up a letter that had been slid in by the postman during the day. With no change of expression whatsoever, he read the inscription in Mary's uncertain handwriting, turned the letter over and looked at the back, and put it on the mantelshelf. There were four others there all like this, and all unopened. He stood before them and looked at them for a moment; but there was no lift of his hand toward them, no hesitation, no temptation. He opened all the blinds and all the windows to give the house an airing, though the weather was quite raw. Every chair was in its place, and every doily clean and pinned exactly as it should be pinned. The geraniums, turned every day and picked of their dead leaves, were blooming as they should bloom, and the ferns and hanging baskets in the bay window were moist and green. His married daughter had offered to keep house for him. Phil could come to supper and they could go home to sleep, and pop could get his own breakfast. They had tried it for a while; but Myrtle had mussed the place up so, and wanted to make modern innovations, and hang cretonne at the windows in place of mom's stiffly starched lace curtains, and John had told her to go home.

He washed himself and cooked his supper and ate it, and he put his knife in his mouth and he poured his coffee in his saucer. He did up the dishes and set everything to rights, closed the windows, took up his hat and his tool box and walked out of the house as stolidly as he had come in, smoking his one cigar of the day. He had an overtime job tonight, an extension partition to put in a bank. A clerk was waiting to let him into the sacred precincts; and, moreover, in the back room Jackson Trust, president of the Prairie City Trust Company, was utilizing the extra light to ponder over certain dubiously convertible papers with care carking on his brow; for these were ticklish times, and when the barbed arrow of depression flies it strikes straight at the heart of business, which is the money.

Care cannot do so constant a job of carking as it would like when a carpenter is pounding; so Jackson came out to estimate how long his worry must be interrupted, and beheld one of the public! Here was a representative of that great mass of humanity which in former times had made motion pictures so profitable; and the motion-picture business was the chief burden of Jackson's carking care this night, for certain important clients of his bank, Jackson & Co., had advanced two-thirds of the money to build the Gingus Palace Theater, taking three-thirds as security; and the great slump was common property now, since the papers had made news of it; and some of Moses Gingus' notes were among those dubiously convertible papers over which Jackson had been pondering. So now we know.

When John Boob raised up to squint accusingly at a slightly warped panel, the banker and financier and trustee and agent, Jackson, said to him, "Do you go to the movies?"

"Yes, sir."

And as if set off by an automatic trip, he jammed the warped panel into its groove and began hammering furiously. Indeed he went to the movies! He made it his business to see all the movies that came into town, and he would not save himself a viewing of one of them by asking if Mary was in a mob scene anywhere. There were plenty who would have been glad enough to tell him, except that he rather discouraged conversation about Mary. It was commonly considered that she was an old fool, whatever else she was; but people who knew John were careful of where they said things about whatever else she was. Once John, always known as a peaceful man, had trudged clear out to South Prairie City to lick a perfect stranger—he did not say why; and once he had licked one on Main Street, in front of the Family Theater; and once he had beaten a fellow carpenter within an inch of the man's life. What was John's business was John's business, and nobody else's.

Last night he had seen Mary in a rain scene, just a flash of her as street atmosphere at a dark alley corner in Chinatown, with her clothes sopping and her wet hair stringing down over her face. She didn't look quite so fat, and seemed generally wretched; but, of course, that last was in the part she was playing. Huh! At home, if Mary got her shoulders wet, she had a hot lemonade and a hot bath and went to bed right away. John guessed that she didn't find it so easy maybe out there as at home, especially since the studios were shutting down; but whether he took any grim satisfaction in that or not, he himself could not have told; for when a man's pride is hurt as deeply as John Boob's pride was hurt, he has no clear perspective on himself. He can only pound, and he hammered out his turbulence so fervidly that it was some time before Jackson Trust could find a silence into which to insert another question.

"What is the matter with the public? Why do people stay away from the pictures?"

"Because the craze is over," declared John, turning with that explosive vehemence so startling in a stolid man. "And serves 'em right! The movies ought to go under. They're a bad influence. They put wrong ideas in people's heads. They break up homes. Yes, sir, they break up homes. That's what killed the roller-skating craze. And the pictures are going the same way. It's my opinion that anybody that tries to make a living out of the movies'll starve to death."

How slight are the things that influence men—even men of important affairs. Jackson Trust's orange sallowness turned lemon as he walked back into his office, his care carking at full capacity now in spite of the noise. He had heard the great, throbbing voice of the people, and each one of John's pounds emphasized it with deadly vigor. The movies were doomed! The craze had died out like roller skating! On Jackson's desk were the current issues of two motion-picture magazines. He thrust them aside impatiently, and seizing his phone called up the Gingus Palace Theater with a message for Moses Gingus to come over to the bank—in a hurry.

That message found Moe in the middle of the sidewalk in front of his theater with his fists in his pockets and his hat pulled down and his thick lips pouted inside out, looking up and down the street for the patrons who did not come, and he gave a scowling glance at the blaze of lights in the marquee.

There weren't enough people in the house to pay his electric bill.

"That's the first time I ever got a call to come to my bank at night," he said, care carking on his round brow. "I guess something rotten must 'a' happened, because it couldn't be good." And thrusting his fists deeper into his pockets, he trudged flat-footedly down to the bank with his shoulders hunched and was let in to the stern Jackson, who said:

"Mr. Gingus, Jackson & Co. are gathering in their collateral as rapidly as possible, and they would like to know if they may count on the prompt payment of these notes and interest dues of the Gingus Palace Theater, Inc., now waiting in this bank for collection."

Mr. Gingus seemed relieved of all worry, and smiled most ingratiatingly as he spread outward the palms of his hands.

"With such business as I got now, Mr. Trust? You couldn't expect it. I got to have extensions. I was coming in to see you about it a few days before they fall due, but I know it now as good as I know it then that I got to have extensions."

Jackson Trust felt his financial ears flicking his financial flanks, and he shook his head with an almost startled expression.

"I don't see how that can be possible, with the financial depression that has set in, and in view of the gloomy future that seems to confront the motion-picture business."

"Gloomy future? Ha-ha!" And Moe Gingus laughed a carefree laugh, the while he restrained his cark with violence. "Why, Mr. Trust, never in the history of the industry was the outlook so fine for the motion-picture business! The slump was good for it. It made 'em reform. Just look what it says in those trade journals you got on your desk, and you'll find out about the era of prosperity which is opening before us. Gloomy outlook? Ha-ha!"

"Yes, I've read them, and I know how and why the reforms were instituted," returned Jackson with no elation; and, indeed, he had read those journals, week by week, until he was surfeited with their cheery optimism, as the Populis had been surfeited with the flood pictures.

To look through those pages one would have imagined that never until now had there been any real money in the picture business. In not one paragraph could it be found that the great slump had hurt anybody, or had been anything but a normal necessity in the life of any infant, like the mumps and the measles. The entire industry, though harmonizing on no other point, had instinctively, systematically, persistently and Spartanly concealed beneath its tunic the fox that was tearing out its vitals; but an experienced midnight traveler past graveyards might well detect a note as of whistling loudly to keep up the courage, while panic stretched the pupils of the eyes to the obliteration of the iris, and quivered the knees and put thin breath in the chest.

With this breath Jackson said, "Mr. Gingus, we may as well look the facts in the face. I think the movie craze is over, like the roller-skating craze."

"Roller skates! Ha-ha!"

But the laugh of Moe was thin, and Jackson Trust ignored it.

"I must insist that strenuous efforts be made to meet these payments, or our clients, Jackson & Co., will be compelled to protect themselves."

"*Um Gottes Willen!*" muttered Moe in the utmost discouragement, for the great slump had nipped him by the calf at last, and it looked like back to the junk wagon for Gingus. "I'll go up and see Eschgabibble. If I get Marcus' indorsement on those notes, then how about those extensions?"

"Our clients will look into Mr. Eschgabibble's present financial status," was the guarded reply; and in dire depression Moe, early next morning, hopped in his flivver and whizzed up to Key City, where, with merry mien, he tried to unload his troubles on Marcus Eschgabibble, proprietor of the Splendor Theater, part promoter and part investor in the Gingus Palace at Prairie City, also the Blumberg Palace at Prairie Gate and the Hintzfelder Fireside Theater at Prairie Center, branch manager for Iskovitch, Inc., and a short, broad man with carking care on his brow as he sat in his little office up over his lobby, with his short, broad arms folded over the electric telltale that mocked and gibed him with its quota of empty seats.

"You certainly got a nerve, Moe, to ask me to indorse those notes at a time when you know, as I know, that money there isn't any. Whatever put it into your head that I could be such a sucker?"

"Let that go whether you're a sucker or not, or me; but you got money invested in my theater and it's as much your business as mine to save the business."

"Go back home," said Eschgabibble. "That's where I sent Sammy Blumberg and Ike Hintzfelder. You got to raise that money, Moe, and you got to raise it among your own friends; I'm using mine."

"Say, are Blumberg and Hintzfelder and you up against it, too, like I am?"

"Sure! It takes money to run a picture house, and when the public don't bring it in you got to get it some place else."

"For the picture business?" objected Moe indignantly. "Why, down in my town they're pushin' an ordinance that if you say movie to a man with money they lock you up with the other thiefs. Say, listen. Let's put this up to Iskovitch. He got me in an' he's got to get me out."

"Well, I'll see," finally promised Eschgabibble grudgingly, as he had promised the others; "but I won't say that he'll do anything. Izzy's got seventy theaters, you know, fixed just like we are maybe."

"Oi," groaned Moe. "I'm sorry I sold my bony old horse."

But when he went back to Prairie City he put on his merry mien to Jackson Trust as he threw the burden of hope on Isidor Iskovitch. Him Jackson gravely promised to investigate at once.

As a banker, Jackson Trust respected the confidence of his clients; but when he had luncheon with William Trust, of the Rolling Plains Trust Company, the discussion was merely of family matters. So when Morris Wallstein, of the Neighborhood Theater, carelessly overdrew his account that afternoon by thirteen dollars and fifty-one cents, a clerk telephoned Morris to come in immediately with the currency. He came in red-eyed and went straight to William Trust, an iron-faced man with a jaw like a steel trap, whose favorite amusement was drastic action.

"Vat's t' matter?" Morris demanded. "I done bitzness wit you ten years, and you know t' deposits vat I make tomorrow morning, vich vill be liddle enough, I bet you, vould chust t' same cover t'is cheap liddle accidental overdraft. Yet you treat me like I vas a liddle tinhorn peanut vagon!"

"Don't become excited, Mr. Wallstein," said William severely. "It is not the amount of your overdraft, but the principle. Your check has been honored. I merely take this means to call your attention to the fact that in the present condition of the motion-picture business you must be circumspect in your financial transactions."

"Vat? Vat you mean t' present motion-picture bitzness?" And immediately the concern of Morris was not for his injured pride, but for his injured future credit. "Chust because we got a liddle fluctuation you think the motion-picture bitzness is on t' blink. Vy, Mr. Trust, never in t' history of t' industry vas t' outlook so goot for t' motion-picture bitzness. It's being all done over. You chust ought to read in all the motion-picture trade journals vat it says about t' era of prosperity ve goin' t' haf!"

"Yes, I've read them," rasped William; "but, nevertheless, all motion-picture properties are tremendously deteriorated, and I think I may state that the banking industry as a whole does not regard motion-picture securities as a bankable proposition. I happen to know that right in this and contiguous territory certain of the most important houses are seeking extensions on their paper which their financial sponsors will not grant unsupported."

"Is t'at so?" And Morris Wallstein suddenly beamed as if an electric light had been lit up inside of him, for the only important theaters in this territory outside the Pinnacle theaters, of which Morris Wallstein's Neighborhood was one, were Iskovitch theaters, and the competition between the houses of Iskovitch and Pinnacle was so fierce that any disaster that overtook the one was bound to be a blessing to the other.

Jubilantly Morris hurried out to tell his good news to the Pinnacle branch manager. At that moment Marcus Eschgabibble and Jackson Trust were writing letters on the same wave length, and immediately the Pinnacle branch manager tuned in with a letter of his own. The same mail train hurried toward Hollywood three vital communications concerning a crisis in the affairs of Isidor Iskovitch—a crisis that might topple the entire Iskovitch, Inc., edifice into its own cellar; and the letters were addressed to Izzy, to Edward Trust and to Klekoff. Klekoff!

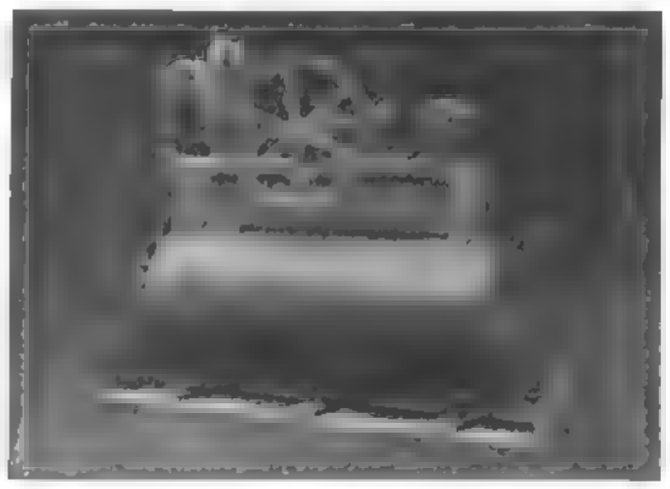
It's an ill slump that slithers nobody any good.

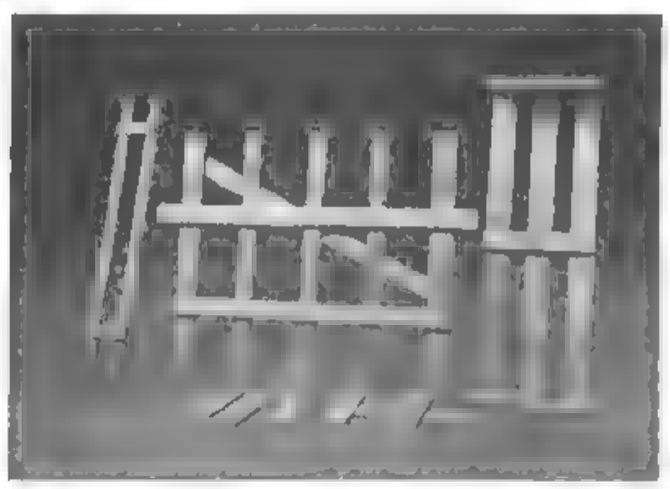
IV

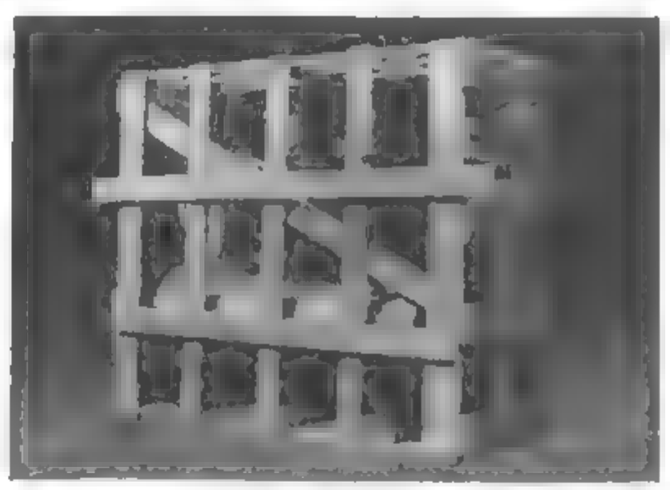
DUST in the air, a hot sun in a clear sky, but rawness in the wind, the yellowness of winter on all the fields and rolling hills; and poverty in the road. Not that poverty of a meager income which scarcely meets the necessities of life, but that poverty which has no income at all, and no money and no credit, and nothing to eat and nothing to wear and no place to sleep. It's a ghastly thing, that sort of poverty. It puts in the mind the great arraignment of life itself, of why, in a world so teeming with the riches of earth, there should be such an inequality that some should want for food; and it puts in the faces of human kind such gaunt desperation as that to be seen in the mob before the Iskovitch Art Productions Studios.

Amid that sea of faces blear and seamed, of faces sallow and pallid and painted, of faces feeble of will and dazed of purpose, faces disfigured by every imaginable ravage of mind and body, there were doddering old men who belonged by sheltered firesides to bask out their half dozen remaining years in drowsing warmth; there were decrepit old women whose faces told such tragic stories of existence as would wring the heart; there were young girls, who, flocking to Hollywood from far and wide, high

(Continued on Page 134)



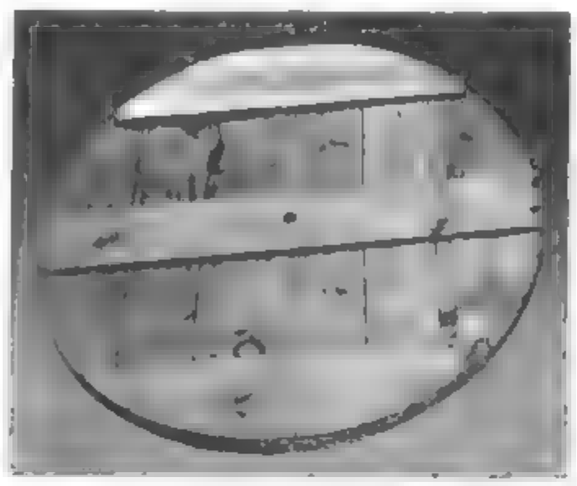


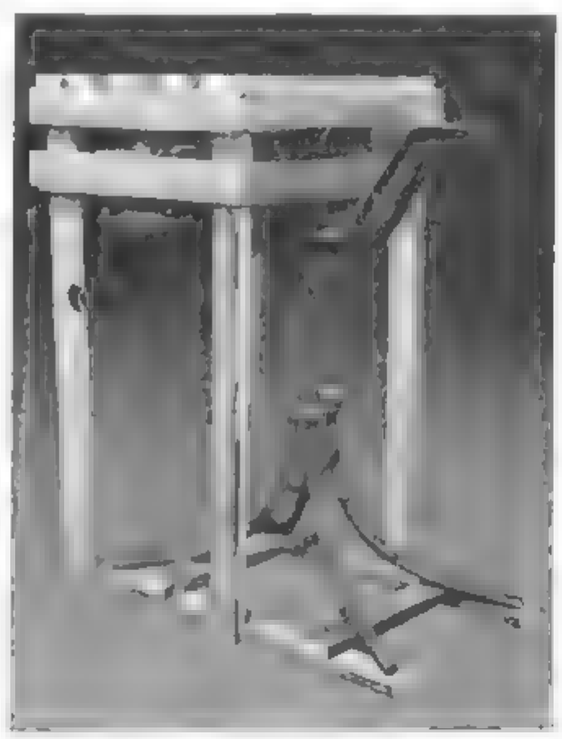


How a Pump Manufacturer Cut His Shipping Costs

Here is an example of the work of one of the Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers for a large pump manufacturer who formerly shipped his pumps completely enclosed in boxes. The picture on the left shows the pump bolted to the bottom section of the crate; in the middle are the top, side and end sections ready for assembly; the completed crate is shown on the right.

The outstanding facts in this particular instance are these: A saving in lumber of 34%, which in itself amounts, in round numbers, to 46 cents on each package; and a saving of 50 pounds in shipping weight, made possible by the use of less lumber of a lighter weight wood. The crate is stronger than the box because of more bracing and better nailing and is assembled over the pump without turning it or handling it in any manner. To box the pump as formerly it had to be turned over three times during the boxing operation.

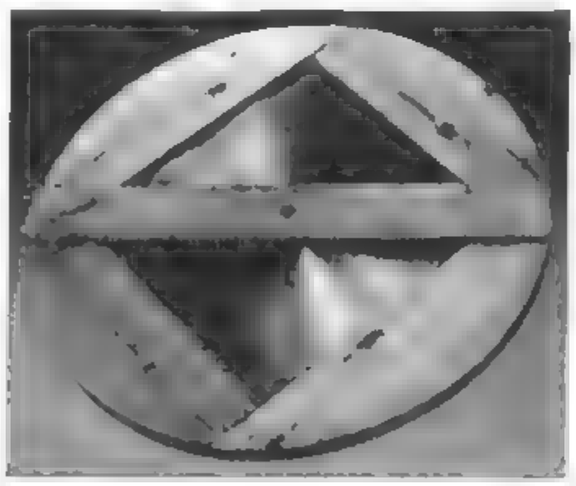


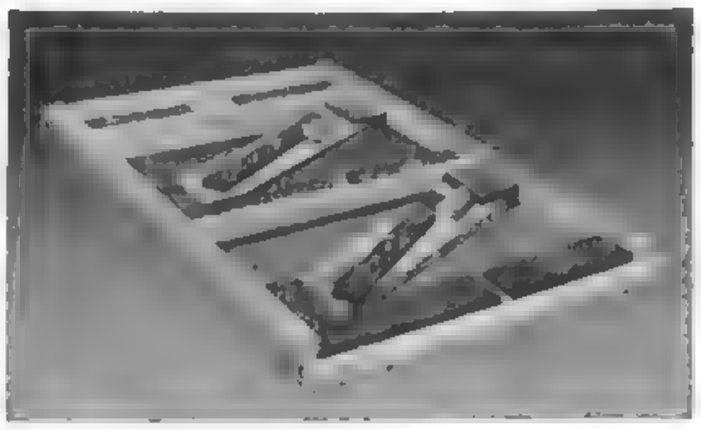


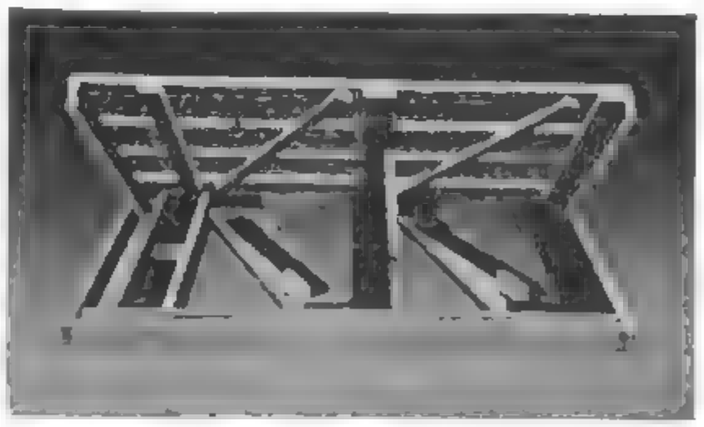
Improved Crate Reduces Freight Rate

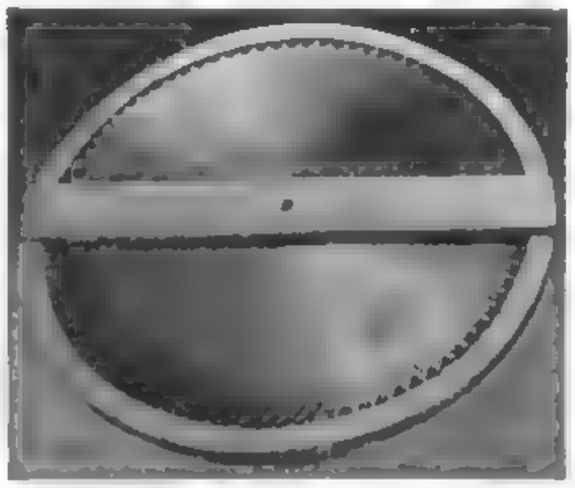
Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers frequently uncover unexpected savings. In this instance the crate shown at the right, because of its adequate protection to the contents, entitled the shipper to a one class lower freight rate than he had been obliged to pay on the old crate shown at the left. On the year's volume of L. C. L. shipments a reduction from 1st to 2nd class rate means the saving of a considerable sum.

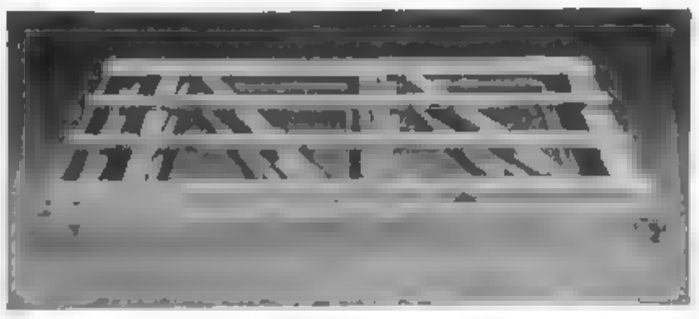
Other advantages of the new crate are greater strength, a reduction of 13.3 cubic feet in displacement, a saving of 6% in lumber and a saving in labor cost.

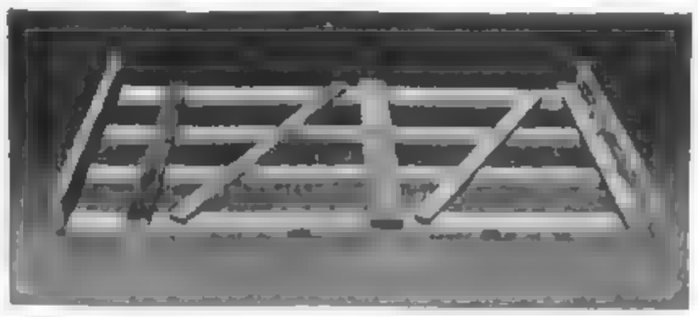












Less Lumber—Less Freight

At the top is shown the crate formerly used by a saw manufacturer for circular saws. Below it, in front and back view, the new crate—designed by a Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineer.

Over the entire line of circular saws the new crate effects an average saving in lumber of 33⅓%. Not only that: Circular saws are shipped largely by express or L. C. L. freight and the saving in shipping weight means a handsome saving in freight and express bills.

How Nailing Jigs Insure Standard Crates and Cut Labor Costs

For shipment of standardized articles or equipment, crates can usually be designed for sectional construction and the required sections made up on nailing jigs with a substantial saving in labor cost.

A simple nailing jig is shown above (top left). The lumber is cut to size in the shop. The various individual pieces are then laid into the jig (bottom left) and the complete crate section nailed together. Metal plates under the points at which the lumber is to be nailed (shown black, top left, above) automatically clinch the nails. In the upper, right-hand picture, the crate section is being lifted out of the jig and is shown completed at the lower right.

The point about the use of nailing jigs is that crates thus made are always uniform. The sections always fit. Labor costs, both in the shop and in the packing room, are less. Crates can thus be standardized; the packing operation simplified.

Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers understand the relation of sectional construction and nailing jigs to crating efficiency and labor costs. They not only design and build crates; they follow the whole operation through to include, where necessary, the designing of the jigs as well.

What the Weyerhaeuser Crating Service Has Done for American Shippers During its 21 Months of Operation

LESS than two years ago the Weyerhaeuser Lumber people announced to the American Manufacturer a service in Better Crating.

The response was immediate.

Shippers saw in it the road to lower packing costs, less damage to goods in transit—better relations with their customers.

Railroad men recognized its influence in reducing the number of claims on damaged goods, a large item, by the way, in determining transportation costs and rates.

To the public it meant much needed relief all along the line. More important still it meant another forward step in the practical conservation of our forest resources.

* * *

To date 324 manufacturers have utilized the services of Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers.

These represent 63 different lines of industry.

Taking their experience all along the line, these 324 manufacturers are saving from 18% to 50% in the cost of crating lumber alone.

Five instances of other savings are illustrated and described in this announcement.

* * *

The striking thing about this whole matter is that the crating service worked out by the Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers does not involve buying *more* lumber—but *less*.

Not more labor—but *less*.

Not more weight—but *less*.

Not more space in the car—but *less*.

Not more costly lumber—but often *cheaper* kinds.

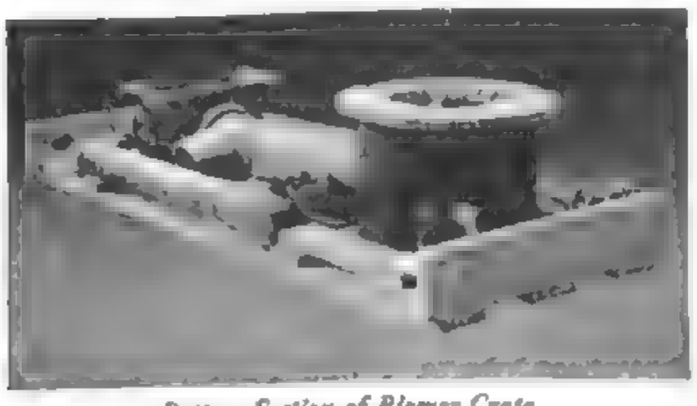
All this is merely an example of how the expert lumber knowledge of a great lumber producing organization is today being personally applied to the individual needs of the industrial lumber user.

In the future you will find the Weyerhaeuser Organization taking more and more responsibility for the benefit of its industrial clients.

* * *

Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are available for appointment with industrial concerns during 1924 without cost or obligation.

A booklet "Better Crating," outlining further the principles of crate construction, will be sent free on request.



Bottom Section of Blower Crate
Note how various items are blocked and strapped in place.

Third Step in Crating Blower
Side slats, diagonals and cross braces nailed in place.

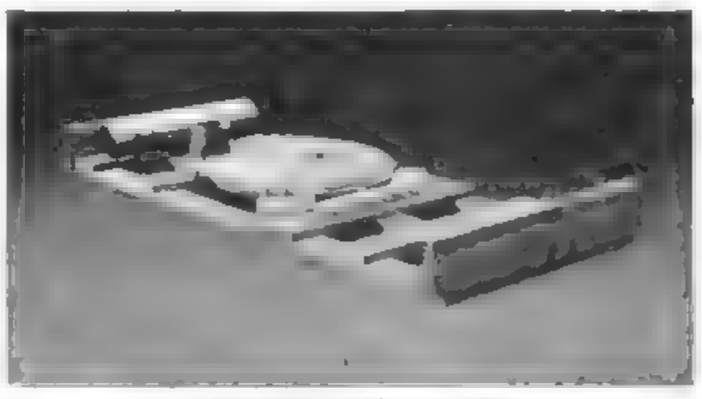
Internal Blocking Important Secret of Crate Efficiency

The blower crate here shown illustrates the point that a large part of the success in crating many products lies in the internal blocking—that is, in the provision made to hold the contents securely in place within the crate. The crate, in this instance, is made up in sections in the carpenter shop. Much of the necessary blocking is built into the top and bottom sections before they go to the packing room.

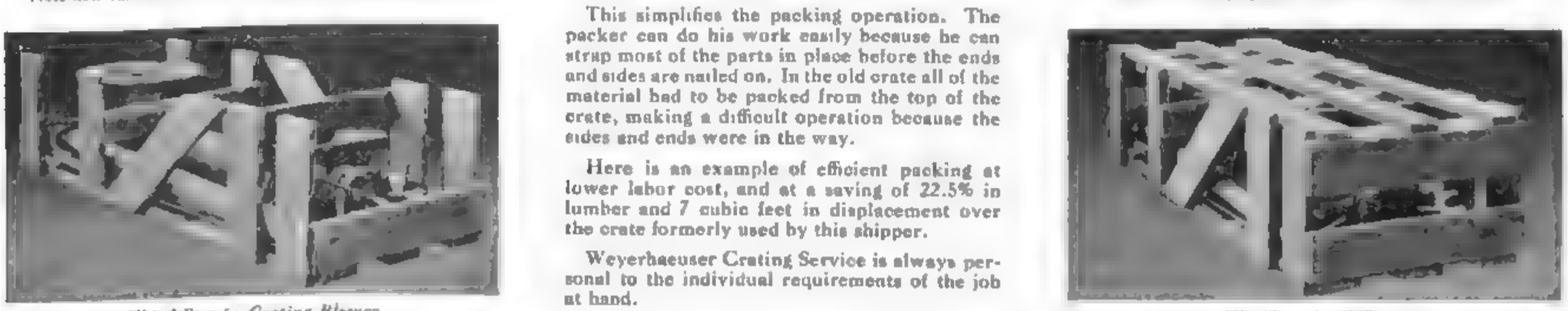
This simplifies the packing operation. The packer can do his work easily because he can strap most of the parts in place before the ends and sides are nailed on. In the old crate all of the material had to be packed from the top of the crate, making a difficult operation because the sides and ends were in the way.

Here is an example of efficient packing at lower labor cost, and at a saving of 22.5% in lumber and 7 cubic feet in displacement over the crate formerly used by this shipper.

Weyerhaeuser Crating Service is always personal to the individual requirements of the job at hand.



Top Section of Same Crate
Blocks and straps prevent movement within the crate.



The Completed Crate
Saves 22.5% in lumber and 7 cubic feet in displacement.

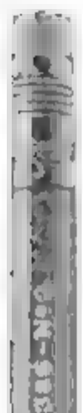
WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS
SAINT PAUL · MINNESOTA

Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 So. La Salle St., Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Bldg., Baltimore; and 2694 University Ave., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.

DIXON
"TI·CON·DER·OGA"

– a fine American name for a fine American pencil. High quality–medium price



"Its rounded edges make it pleasing to the fingers"

at all stationers

Write for Sample

Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon "Ti-con-der-oga" pencils—enclose five cents—and we shall send you a full-length sample.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Pencil Dept. 8-J Jersey City, N. J.

DIXON
"TI·CON·DER·OGA"

(Continued from Page 131)

with hope of fame and fortune, had drifted down with the tide to this precariousness, and worse, with no living wage for either.

Yes, the great slump was on in earnest. The Pinnacle had made good its threat to bring the actor folk to their knees; but the burden of it and the distress of it had not fallen on the Aurelias of the profession, but on the rank and file, particularly on the extras, those forlorn waifs of humanity who in the best of times could earn but a beggar's living at the business, people who had just drifted into the queerly assorted picture army and didn't know how to get out.

Like flies, they flocked here in the road before the gates of the only important concern left open, an appalling horde of doomed and damned, and they stayed from morning until night, on the bare chance of a day's work—at three dollars and fifty cents a day.

A stir in the throng, and it surged solidly forward as the little side door opened and the casting director came out, a sandy-complexioned man with a hard shell and soft inside.

"I want ten women and four children and five men," he announced, holding up his bearded hand for silence. "It's a water scene and you have to get wet and stay wet. All who are not game for that, step back."

Not one stepped back. They were game for anything, that crowd, and the casting director glanced around, baffled, to Eli Iskovitch, who stood back in the door, warm in his purple-and-orange silk shirt in spite of the rawness.

"No way but to go through and pick 'em out, Tom," said Eli. "If you say you want nothing but old ones, they'll push in from sixteen up; and if you say you want young ones, they'll push in from seventy down."

"Hey, Eli!" A broad-shouldered man with a battered face came jamming his way through to the front by the sheer force of his bulk. "Here's me, you know. You know me!"

"Beat it, Charlie." And Eli shook his head at the hard-boil. "You horned your way into the last two pictures, and Izzy says we got to spread the jobs around to reach as many as possible."

"Yeh, but look here, Eli"—Charlie grabbed him by the suspender, holding him firmly while he lowered his voice—"my old woman's sick in bed, and I got a prescription in my pocket I ain't got the money to get filled."

Eli sighed. They all had stories like that.

"All right, Charlie. Go on in, but it's only three and a half."

"Three and a half's three and a half better'n nothing. Say, can you use my friend here?" And he made way for the woman he had dragged behind him during his tumultuous assault through the other poverty-stricken. "She ain't worked in four weeks, if that's the way you're figuring it."

The hokum specialist cast his eye swiftly over the candidate, an oldish middle-aged woman with a pouchiness in the cheeks that had been plump, and pitiful patches of rouge on those cheeks; wrinkled eyes that had a tendency to be watery, a soiled and torn bit of hand-knit lace around the collar of her loosely fitting, soiled and torn purple foulard dress, and a quivering that could not be stilled in her flaccid lips.

"Can you stand the water? It's pretty cold now, you know."

"Oh, I don't mind getting wet. Not at all!"

No hope to get rid of her that way. She wasn't the type Eli wanted. He had vigorous, hardy women in his mind's eye; rough women of a frontier type, and there was no roughness in this one; she was just weak and pathetic.

"Say, look," whispered Charlie. "This 'n's down and out right, and if she don't get something pretty quick she'll do a dutch. I'm telling you! Say look, Eli, in the water that way, you can't tell the difference. You ain't gonna close-up 'er."

And all this while the watery eyes were fixed on Eli with that gaunt wistfulness which would have melted the heart of a fiend, and her flaccid lips kept quivering, and quivering, and would not stop.

"All right," snapped Eli; then he turned savagely on the casting director. "Listen here, Tom, you got to pick the rest of these yourself. You know the types I got to have, and you can get anything you want in that mob, and if you don't pick 'em right it's your responsibility, see?" And whirling on his heel, he left to Tom Foley the unpleasant task of deciding what four hundred and eighty-odd of these helpless and hopeless might starve for another day.

But the woman who had made herself free was inside, and registered. She gave her professional name, La Madeleine au Printemps. She had found that name in the first flush of romantic inspiration on a Paris post card, with a pretty flower girl so far in the foreground of the Madeleine that Mom Boob had thought the name belonged to the girl; but it was a common thing now, and sordid, like everything else. In a dumb stupor of wretchedness, she found her way to the location, an artificial ravine sixty feet long, and in stupor she sat down to wait for whatever might happen; though in that she was no different from the other extras as they came straggling back by ones and twos.

Gone was all the glamour of the pictures. Those elaborate camouflages of houses and streets that went straggling up the hill to the sky were no longer splendid illusions, but flimsy fakes that had nothing but spiderlike scaffolding behind their false fronts; and the principals, who came flocking down presently at the call of the assistant director, were no longer glorified creatures floating amid the pink clouds of idealism, but hard-working actors in a cheap hokum picture, and panic-stricken like the extras as they looked forward to tomorrow, for even the Iskovitch lot was slowing down on productions and skimping on actors. Why, before the slump there would have been fifty extras in this scene in place of nineteen!

"All right; snap into it!" yelled Eli, running down to where the cameraman had already set up his box. "Scatter 'em around there, Jerry. We got to get through with this bunch today."

Jerry was already herding his little handful of human scenery into the ravine, disposing them here and there about a camp fire as a landscape gardener might stick a spruce here and a hemlock there and some mossy rocks yonder. It was Mom Boob's business to go through the motions of washing some clothes in a big wooden pail, and she did it mechanically, while her lips quivered and quivered and would not hold still. Eli Iskovitch, standing behind the camera, looked over his ensemble with a critical eye, then he nodded and raised his hand; and up above an assistant raised the sluice gates of the reservoir and let loose the floods of water on the sodden extras before they knew it was coming; this to get them in a consternation that should be genuine.

It was brutal, that scene, in its disregard of human sensibilities. As the solid rush of the water came surging down on the peaceful and unsuspecting encampment there were screams from the startled women, shouts and oaths from the men; and wide-eyed with terror, they scrambled for the banks while the cold water twirled them off their feet, tumbled them over and over, left them choking and spluttering and gasping for breath.

"Gee, that's fine!" exulted Eli, all artist as the turgid torrent suddenly stopped because there was no more water in the reservoir; then the volunteer life guards waded ashore with the most flustered of the human puppets, and Charlie dragged La Madeleine au Printemps out on a prop fallen log, where she sat huddled and whimpering, with the water running out of her cracked shoes and her wet dress plastered to her flabby limbs and her gaunt eyes stark and staring, while that eternal quivering of her flaccid lips kept up as if they had some sort of palsied life of their own, independent of hers; and somewhere up the bank a terror-stricken child kept screaming on and on, as it was taken hurriedly out of hearing by its mother.

Eli was immersed in his next scene by now, the apex of the hokumism, where the leading lady, wet and half drowned, had crawled up on the bank hoping that she might die, for her wrongdoing had overtaken her and the terrible retribution of screen drama had swept down on her. She had left her happy home and loving husband, poor girl; she had been deserted by the polished scoundrel to whose luring lies she had listened; the rough settlers who had befriended the outcast had been swept away by the flood and she was all alone in the world. She loved her husband now, but she dared not go back to him, for he would never believe that she had gone no further in her wrongdoing than the censorship would permit, thus holding the mirror up to life until life should conform to that reflection and we all be pure and sweet.

"Come on now, Dale! Give it to us! You know now you love your husband, you know! But he won't take you back, you know! You're all alone! You're starving! Your heart's broke!" A gulp, and the tears were streaming down Eli's fat cheeks. "Oh, this is a great situation! And you wish you could die! That's the stuff, Dale! That's ——"

There was a splash in the water. A short, thick-set, lumpish woman extra had jumped in, the principal in an impromptu scene of her own. It was La Madeleine au Printemps, and as Charlie fished her out struggling, she was sobbing "Let me die! Let me die! I want to die!"

"Say, who wrote that in?" yelled Eli, frantic with the interruption, and he came over wiping from his eyes the tears of his recent emotion. "What's the matter with this woman?"

"She run away from her old man to go in the pictures," explained Charlie, slapping mom's wrists industriously with his enormous hands. "She wants to go back home, but he won't answer her letters."

It was a great situation, but it wasn't in a movie; and it gave the specialist in hokum no kick at all.

"Well, she ought to know enough about the picture business not to try to do a dutch right in front of my camera. Go get her some hot coffee and ——"

Suddenly she screamed and straightened and stiffened, with no movement in her but that constant quivering of the lips, while Charlie went sprinting up to the emergency hospital on the grounds and came back with the doctor, who almost immediately turned on Eli with stern accusation.

"This woman should never have been allowed to go into that cold water."

"What's eating you?" demanded Eli indignantly, for he had never before been accused of heartlessness. "All these extras knew they'd have to work in cold water, and they was glad enough to get the jobs. You think you're saving their lives by signing 'em up, and next thing you know —— Say, listen! What sentiment I got I got to put in the picture, not scatter it around outside!"

"What's the matter?" asked a crisp voice. It was Izzy, and as he listened to what was known of the miserable, bedraggled, flabby lump of humanity with the gay little French name, his jaws set. Particularly gentle was Izzy these days, for at home, amid all the luxuries that money could buy, Miriam's strength was failing day by day, and in him had grown a great fear, the first obsessing emotion that had ever come into his life—outside of his business. "It makes me sick," he said, looking around at the other shivering extras. "Say, doc, see that this woman gets taken care of the way she oughtta be, an' charge it to me, personal. An' say, Eli, have a good hot dinner for these people when they get through."

"Sure! It's already ordered. I'm paying for that myself. Come on, Jerry, kick it along! Come on, Dale! Hop in and get wet again. The wind kind o' dried you."

Slowly Izzy walked back across the lot in an uncomfortable feeling of depression quite foreign to the cocky self-confidence with which he had built this big business out of nothing; that depression which comes on an intensely active man whose activities are perforce slowed down. The sprawling plant, usually teeming with life in detachments and battalions scurrying to and fro in the flush of big things in the doing, was laggard in the lethargy of little things in the doing—just small clusters of movement in vast empty spaces. Over yonder, Jim Graves, as a villainous sheik, was dragging a careless American tourist, fluffy Dorcas Sinclair, from her horse by the hair of her head, and doing it with all the zest in the world. They were old-timers, as much a part of Iskovitch, Inc., as Izzy himself; but Jim should have had three score of dare-devil horsemen behind him in place of this listless dozen, who, as in actual life, seemed to lose their daring from their lack of numbers.

Down on the open stage, Dixie Day, another of Izzy's firm stand-bys, was prancing about with all the vigor of her plump body in a striped flannel nightgown and a twelve-inch Psyche knot, holding up a burglar at the point of his own gun, and making him turn the small change out of his pockets. But the crowd which the burglar's screams brought in was only a small crowd, and

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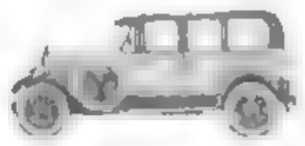
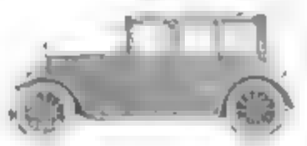
Whose opinion would you ask about Stabilating your car?

Marmon



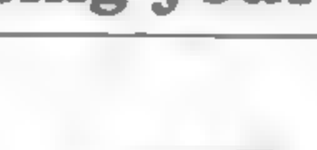
Duesenberg
Straight Eight

Cunningham
Livery Limousine



Brewster

Franklin



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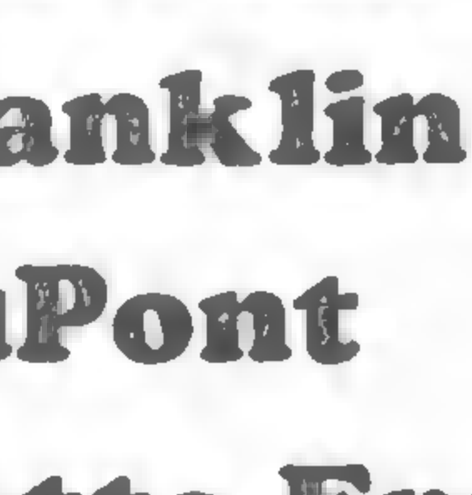
Isotta Fraschini
Eight-in-Line

These are the kind of cars that have achieved the driving comfort and safety that only Stabilation can give.

If you want to know the sensation of true roadability, take a ride in any one of these cars.

JOHN WARREN WATSON COMPANY, 24th & Locust Sts., Philadelphia



A Thousand Brakes in One

Each different extent to which a car spring has been compressed by a bump means a different violence of spring recoil—slightly compressed, the car springs recoil gently—heavily compressed, they recoil violently.

You must not too heavily check a gentle recoil force or you will interfere with the return of the car body to its normal position. And yet, you must *heavily* check a *violent* recoil force or you will be thrown.

Stabilators check each and every recoil force with just the right amount of braking resistance—the size of the Stabilator brake automatically increases in direct proportion with each increase in the compression of the car spring. Stabilators are the only devices working on this proportional braking principle.

WATSON
STABILATORS
Change the Whole Nature of Your Car

The earliest white settlers in the Oil Creek district of Pennsylvania found the Indians making use of an oil which bubbled forth from the ground. The alert frontiersmen were quick to follow the Indians' example. Today a Pennzoil refinery stands within a few rods of the original oil spring

Maintaining a Heritage of Quality

A Leaf out of Oil History which carries a dollar-saving lesson for careful motorists and those interested in industrial lubrication

EVER since the first oil well in the United States was drilled in the valley of Oil Creek in 1859, Pennsylvania petroleum has been a world's standard of quality. No later field has produced an oil of higher lubricating value. Pennsylvania petroleum always sells at a wide premium above other oils. Lubricating oils properly refined from Pennsylvania petroleum are admittedly unexcelled.

Every drop of Pennzoil Motor oil is supreme Pennsylvania Quality. It is refined in Oil City, the very heart of the Pennsylvania oil territory. The modernly-equipped refineries which make Pennzoil are manned by men who have grown up from childhood in this atmosphere—they have almost literally "been brought up on oil." They know oil as it can only be known by men who have lived, breathed and thought oil continuously.

Their product is Pennzoil—*an oil which holds its lubricating power obstinately under heat,* an oil which gives greatest mileage before it needs to be drained and replaced.

Pennzoil is the oil for which careful motorists have long been searching.

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

OFFICIAL INSIGNIA OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY

Refineries, Oil City, Pa.

Division Offices

BUFFALO OIL CITY LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

PENNZOIL

(Continued from Page 134

working with the vimless fervor of those who work on empty stomachs. Yonder in front of the worn-looking chapel of compo board and ivy, Ernest Sapp was directing a bridal procession, in which Prudence Joy was her lovely self and Dennis Doone the same manly bridegroom he had been a hundred times on this lot; but the wedding guests —— Oh, what was the use? Izzy was doin' the best he could. It had required all the nerve power he possessed to hold his business together thus far toward the crisis of the great slump. He was doing it too; but his huge commercial edifice, so many years in the solid building, was now so delicately balanced that the slightest breath might blow it clattering about his ears. It was a very careworn Izzy who entered his office and sat at his desk -and picked up that vital communication from Marcus Eschgabibble.

Would he indorse the notes of Moe Gingus and Sammy Blumberg and Ike Hintzfelder? Would he? Just how long he sat staring at that letter without a movement of his bony body, even to the blink of an eyelash, he could not have told. This looked like the start of the finish. If those three of the theaters he had financed went blooey because of the lack of local credit, the entire Trust family, with all its intricate ramifications of interrelationship due to close inbreeding, would curl their cotton tails into a tight little fluff beneath the tips of their feathery ears and dash straight for the same jolly hurdle, and the rest of his seventy theaters would crumple in financially like wet pasteboard. Beneath that soggy mess, what was left of Iskovitch, Inc., might wriggle and kick with every ounce of its expiring energy, but smother it must!

He had reached that turn which comes to every man of meteoric success, when backset follows backset, and every bright surface seems to tarnish; and it was only by that queer perverse custom of fate that this direly critical moment in his business should coincide exactly with the most critical moment in his private life. He roused himself with an effort, for just when he should be keenest in this great menace that confronted him, he found his thoughts wandering to Miriam, to the little white face with the big black eyes so full of that great wistfulness which made everyone tender with her. This was no time for him to go blah.

What should he do about those notes? Tell Eschgabibble he'd indorse them. There was no way out of it. He had to support these three theaters on the chance of staving off disaster to the others; but if more of them leaned on him he'd have to quit. He couldn't hold up the entire seventy, unless —— He felt an ashen grayness creeping over him as he was forced to the conclusion that he would have to close down, like the Pinnacle, stop all his production cost and overhead, and so be prepared to use his collections to sign away on notes. Craven panic seized him. If he had to close, the quicker he acted the better, and he was just reaching out to call his business manager, Joseph Iskovitch, and give the word, when there passed his window a sharp clanging that stilled his heart for an instant.

There is something about the sound of an ambulance gong that goes straight to the nerve centers. There is something so brazen in its wild warning that near at hand is human pain, human misery and the imminence of that silent end of all human adventure; and to Izzy, already filled with fear for Miriam, the sound had an especial significance. They were coming for that poor wet lump of clay that the hand of the potter had disdained, to take her away from amid those other shivering extras little better off; worse perhaps, for while Mom Boob was going into comfort and care, they would soon find even the Iskovitch plant closed to them, and with that practically all chance of a livelihood; for a hustling new country has not many places for the inefficient, for the feeble of will and the dazed of purpose.

Suddenly came up Izzy's ire, and with his temper came his courage. He wouldn't do it! He had said he wouldn't close down, and he wouldn't. The trouble with the whole industry was a lack of confidence, and this was no time to be whining around and lying down. It was time for a fellow to use his backbone—if he had any. He'd not only keep open but he'd keep open with a whiz. The rest of them, and the Pinnacle, could be quitters if they wanted to; but when business had come back to normal, Iskovitch, Inc., would enjoy the glittering prestige of having stood solid as a rock throughout the storm.

He pressed two buttons at once. Through one door there bounded his cousin, little Izzy Iskovitch, a boy as snappy as a cricket and as bright-eyed, and through the other his Cousin Emmy Iskovitch, a sharp-featured, fleshless spinster with six needle-pointed lead pencils in the scrawny knot of her hair. He sent little Izzy out pop-eyed with his message, and gave to Emmy a crisp, enthusiastic letter to Eschgabibble. Of course he'd indorse those notes! He'd let the Key City territory know it had somebody back of it and in front of it and all around it; somebody that was going to do business right along at the old gait, slump or no slump. All get together, boys, and push! There was new life in Izzy Iskovitch; he was his old self. It was more like him to brace up the morale of those seventy theaters with his own courageous spirit than to feed them with his heart's blood. Mom Boob's ambulance had done this for him. That was her share in his destiny, and destiny seems so largely composed of trifles and accidents.

Meantime little Izzy was dashing madly to and fro over the lot with his clarion call, leaving behind him a tingle and a thrill wherever he went; and in no time he returned at the head of a motley procession of sheik and tourist, bride and burglar's Nemesis, editor, production manager and directors, lean and fat, one each. They came thronging into the office, eager with curiosity, to find there not only Izzy and Emmy but Joseph Iskovitch, the business manager, and Mischa Iskovitch, the treasurer, and Benny Iskovitch, the publicity manager, and little Izzy to close the door on the last of them and lean against it, panting, for further orders.

"Fellas," said Izzy, "I don't have to ask how many of you is willin' to hop in an' help me take the biggest gamble I ever took, because we been through together before." And his eyes moistened as he saw how true it was that he didn't need to ask them. "Ten minutes ago it looked to me like I'd have to shut down, but in place o' that we're gonna open up! We're gonna put in an intensive production scheme. We're gonna double up all our facilities an' produce the cheapest line o' high-grade productions that was ever put out, because I gotta cut the cost o' my pictures to my exhibitors by thirty-three an' a third per cent. Can we do it?"

"Yes," drawled his editor, Hillary Wells, with that whimsical grin he would have worn in the face of death. "And to hell with art!"

Izzy winced, for he had been proud of the quality of his product, and they all felt the hurt in him.

Then Sapp said, "Oh, I don't know. I can arrange to eat on Wednesdays and Sundays and sleep on alternate Thursday nights and preserve my precious art."

"That's exactly what I mean," grinned Izzy. "We ain't just gotta work overtime; we gotta work all the time. Now looky! I'm gonna put this thing to you straight. I'm runnin' a chance o' goin' flat smash broke by doin' this; but I got more'n a chance o' goin' flat smash broke if I don't. So it's up to us, an' if we win we're the cock o' the walk. An' besides that"—he hesitated—"besides that, all these workers in the profession that's gonna starve if everything shuts down'll have jobs to divide among 'em."

"Whoops!" cried Dixie Day, wiping a tear from her emotional eye. "Ain't he the grand little man?"

V

EDWARD TRUST bore the weight of the world on his salt-and-pepper shoulders at this moment. He had just come from luncheon with Benjamin Trust, who had just been in conference with Klekoff, who had just received the vital communication from the Pinnacle branch manager at Key City, conveying the news that Morris Wallstein of Prairie City had gleaned from William Trust's accidental revelation of what Jackson Trust, of the Prairie City Trust Company, had revealed to him at lunch, concerning Moe Gingus' Palace Theater, an Iskovitch house; also concerning the Iskovitch houses at Key City, Prairie Center and Prairie Gate.

In all this chain of circumstances there had been nothing official, of course; but, nevertheless, Edward had come from that luncheon very much distressed over the financial situation in existence between two important customers of the Sunset Slope Trust Company, the same being Edward & Co. and Iskovitch, Inc. Now Edward was a man far too austere and too rigid in his ethics to have any personal prejudice in favor of either customer, both of which were mere corporations and without personality; but being a financier, and being put to a choice between the two great masses into which humanity is divided, his sympathy and his allegiance lay with that division known as the creditors; which was right and proper of him, although, after all, the debtors, those who borrow money to conduct great enterprises, are the ones who keep currency in circulation, and without them the creditors could not make a nickel. All this being true, Edward found his chief concern centered around what might happen to Edward & Co., and the great problem of his existence was how he could most wisely, as agent for Edward & Co., handle the affairs of Iskovitch, Inc., to its best benefit, and make certain also that Edward & Co. got its. The necessity of decision lay under his hand; the vital communication from Jackson Trust, of Prairie City; and, in addition, vital communications from Peter Trust, of Prairie Center; and Cornelius Trust, of Prairie Gate. Queries as to the financial capability of Iskovitch, Inc., were these communications, all three, and on such delicate shadings as Edward might put into the answers to those queries rested the financial comfort of Isidor Iskovitch and Iskovitch, Inc., one and the same. By trifles are the momentous affairs of men disposed; by trifles light as air. Should Edward follow the instincts of his sire and his sires, or should he be swayed by the undoubtedly brilliant record of the customer whose affairs were in the balance? Let him be just. Let him be wise. Let him be prudent.

Small wonder that, with the weight of the world thus on his shoulders, Edward should feel annoyed by the information that a motion-picture star, Miss Aurelia Amour, wished to see him on a matter of business and would consult with no one else. The fact that she was a motion-picture star won her admittance, for who could tell what straw might show which way the braw blasts blew in this winter of the motion-picture discontent?

He stiffened in his austerity as the business person came in. She was conducting her prospecting in mink on this occasion, with a shining new tint for her lips and an audacious new Paris hat to cheer her in these doleful days; and the exquisite fragrance of Parfum d' Aurelia preceded her to Edward's desk by four yards

"I'm so happy to meet you." Thus she opened the business conference in her most feminine voice, and she turned on him the full battery of her elongated eyes, flinging back her mink cape to reveal the elongated ivory forearm with the ruby-studded bracelet and the four rubies on the tapering fingers of the elongated hand, as she dropped gracefully before him the Pinnacle's check for fifteen hundred dollars. "I've heard so much about you."

"And, of course, I have heard a great deal about you," returned Edward, carefully concealing the fact that this statement was not flattering, and he eyed the check aloofly. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to open an account for me with this in your bank," she told him, sighing happily.

This had been her goal ever since the shutdown of the Pinnacle; but there had not been a Saturday, until now, when she had not been compelled to rush to the Intercoast with her half salary to anticipate the checks she had kited; and she had felt it imperative to meet Edward under polite financial circumstances.

In spite of his intense disapproval of motion-picture people in general and of this frivolous specimen in particular, so divergent from all his austere ideals of womankind, Edward was charitable. She had no thought in that feather-brained head of hers that she was disturbing a very busy man with a routine insignificance that could have been conducted by an ordinary under officer. If she thought at all, no doubt this queenly young person imagined that she was conferring a favor on him by bringing this paltry check to him direct; but it was in his stern ethics to show that he was above no detail of his business.

"I am certain we shall discover that we are very happy to enroll you among the customers of the Sunset Slope," he observed; and, with a sidelong glance of disapproval he could not prevent, he produced from somewhere the printed forms used in a business transaction of this sort and proceeded to fill them out with a few perfunctory questions. As he wrote, a renewed

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fragrance floated subtly up to him, and he was sufficiently absorbed that he unconsciously found it not unpleasant; in fact quite the contrary. It distracted him, however, by and by, and he involuntarily sought its source. It came from the ivory hand and forearm which lay on his desk quite near him. That was a beautiful arm. His gaze unconsciously followed it up to Aurelia's long oval face, smooth and velvety with its constant massaging and creaming. It was considered by many, and even by Edward, a beautiful face. The elongated eyes were beaming their limpid languor on him, and on her carefully curved lips was a smile to which Edward -the austere Edward—actually gave a vague response; and in that fraction of an instant the alert Aurelia saw behind the frigidity of his salt-and-pepper eyes a sheen, distant and indistinct, but, nevertheless, a sheen like pearl necklaces. Immediately it was gone. Edward batted his eyes as one emerging from a momentary stupor, and turning his head with a jerk went back to his blank forms more austerely than ever; and when in passing her a pair of cards to register her signature, their little fingers touched, he drew his hand away quite deliberately, and he disliked her very much.

"Thank you," said Aurelia in her softest of voices. "I'll promise you I'll try not to overdraw my account, Mr.Trust. I know you bankers don't like that. I do wish that I could find some sensible, level-headed business man who would take the trouble to help me save my money—make me behave, as it were; collect my salary, for instance, and be a trustee, I think you call it, and not let me issue any checks without his O.K., and ——" She paused, groping. There was positively no rise in Edward to this, and if she went on with the neat little proposition which would necessitate an occasional meeting or so to balance accounts and the like, she'd run into a flat refusal. She saw that in his salt-and-pepper eye; that and nothing else. "—— and so forth," she finished, laughing. To what other subject should she quickly shift? Benjamin Trust had been keen about motion-picture gossip. "Oh, have you heard the latest?" She rose and drew her mink gracefully around her elongated figure. "The Iskovitch plant is going to open up wide. It's going in for intensive production, with every unit working overtime, and cutting the cost to exhibitors one-third. Young Iskovitch is the hero of the profession this afternoon; and no wonder, for he said to his own staff that he was doing it so the actors could have more jobs."

By trifles light as air are the affairs of men disposed. There could probably be no trifle lighter than Aurelia, for that gifted young prospector carried away with her a cheering assay in the memory of that instant when she had seen the sheen in the salt-and-pepper eyes; but there was a sheen like ice in those eyes as Edward, reverting to the instincts of his sires and the influence of his sire, carried over from luncheon, answered those vital communications.

"I see," observed Pro Bono Publico, "that one of the big motion-picture concerns out in Hollywood is going into intensive production, whatever that is, on account of the heavy demand on the part of the public for its pictures."

"Is it?" asked Vox Populi. "Which one?"

"I didn't notice. . . . How many cards?"

"One. Either a seven spot or a spade or both."

"I've got it in my own hand," grinned Pro, and showed it.

But the exhibitors knew which one. Iskovitch pictures could be had for a third off the price, fresh ones, right out of the camera, prices effective for those productions already on release, and effective until the slump should raise, if it ever did. If only they had any money to buy with, or anybody to pay to look at them, they'd order Iskovitch pictures to replace the reissues and old junk with which they were trying to reattract business; and, anyhow, it was a ray of hope shining through the drear of their Saturday and Sunday nights. As for the straight Iskovitch theaters, the moral tone was distinctly and immediately improved; and back in Hollywood, Isidor Iskovitch and his hard-working staff were preparing at top speed to put into shooting that effervescent plan of making two rolls of film grow where one had grown before, and with the same money; and the lot was teeming with life in platoons and battalions, keen with the zest of big things in the doing, on the day when a special-delivery letter from Marcus Eschgabibble arrived for Izzy, marked personal.

Those notes! At any other time Izzy would have tossed them down indignantly, and would have used his resourcefulness to find some other way to satisfy the creditors of the Gingus Palace and the two other theaters, for they were virtually demand notes. But at this time they found him with a matter on his mind so grave that any detail of that business to which he had given his life seemed trivial and worthless. Miriam's doctor had just telephoned. She had suffered another spell of that recent faintness which had so terrified them all. The doctor considered it advisable that she be removed to a sanitarium at once.

So it was that Izzy sat with those notes clutched in his hand, unread, while his pale lips were sharply compressed and his pain-contracted eyes stared out into that dread possibility which had seemed to come nearer and nearer to him in these past days. Miriam! He knew now what she had been to him all these years, how much more and more she had come to mean to him—more than anything else in all the world. When he arose to go he found those notes still in his hand, automatically indorsed them and mailed them in their inclosed envelope—and for the first time in his life he failed to make any entry of an important transaction!

When a lead wolf gets himself crippled the next strongest kills him. It is the only way to attain leadership. When Klekoff learned that Isidor Iskovitch had gone out of town on personal and private affairs, leaving his business in the hands of subordinates at the most critical time in his career, he grinned. This was better than he had hoped. He made certain, by roundabout means, that those demand notes had been signed; and then he made public a statement which completely upset that portion of the financial world interested in motion-picture investments and brought Roabert out to Los Angeles with froth on his beard.

Klekoff had laid bare the ghastly details of the slump in the picture industry without adjectives or fancy writing of any kind. He merely issued a neatly tabulated list of figures which interested the public at large not a whit, but which made motion-picture paper of any sort so undesirable that anybody who had a piece of it was glad to sell it. Roabert, who had been straining his back in trying to push Pinnacle stock up towards its old-time level, would have liked nothing better than to gouge out his scarlet-headed partner's right eye to pay for this new backset; but when Klekoff showed him the three pieces of motion-picture paper which he had felt that they could afford, Roabert almost gave his partner credit for financial intelligence, in spite of all his previous emphatic statements to the contrary.

This was too good to be true. It had only been hoped to bring down on young Iskovitch harassing demands that should make him see the error of his ways and be clubby enough to close his plant like the rest of them; but now ——

Quite as a matter of routine, Joseph Iskovitch walked into the Sunset Slope Trust on the due date of those quarterly bond payments, handed in the check of Iskovitch, Inc., for the amount, and received back the check with a polite:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Iskovitch, but this check is a total overdraft. The bank account of Iskovitch, Inc., has been attached, pending the disposition of notes indorsed by President Isidor Iskovitch."

Joseph scarcely waited to mutter some perfunctory reply to that, for he had to reach a phone in a hurry. He got the sanitarium, but after an interminable wait a voice told him, "Mr. Iskovitch cannot be disturbed. His wife is in a very critical condition."

"Tell him it's important!" urged Joseph, frantic with the tragic consequences of delay. "Tell him it's his cousin Joseph! I have to speak to him in a hurry! I must speak to him!"

"I told him that it was important," came the cold voice at the other end of the wire. "I cannot disturb him again."

Joseph gasped for breath as he clung there to the phone, then he suddenly hung up the receiver and ran down the street to the nearest telegraph office. He sent Izzy a wire setting forth the facts, but that telegram was not opened when it was received.

(Continued on Page 141

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(Continued from Page 138)

Izzy sat in a cold bare room with Meyer Guldengeld, holding his bony fingers clasped tightly together, so tightly that the knuckles were white; and big broad-shouldered old Meyer, Miriam's grandfather, sat with his jeweled hand spread out motionlessly over his black whiskers; and neither man spoke a word. They had not spoken for the past hour, for there was nothing in their minds to talk about except what might be going on in that little room yonder from which both were barred. An interne brought Izzy the telegram. He looked at it with lackluster eyes, crumpled it in his hand without opening it, stuffed it loosely in his coat pocket and forgot it, while in his office Joseph sat at Izzy's desk waiting for the answer and pondering on every possible means of aid. There was none. The entire Iskovitch family connection had scraped together its every nickel and pledged itself for another two years to come, to take a part in Izzy's most recent expansion; and there was no collateral or negotiable value within reach anywhere.

It was after banking hours when Edward Trust walked into the office where Joseph still sat at Izzy's desk in a stupor of despair.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Iskovitch," said Edward icily, because his long-standing opinion of all motion-picture folk had been justified this day. "But through default of this concern in meeting its bond obligations, I am empowered by your agreement with Edward & Co., entered into at the time of the issuing of the mortgage indebtedness, to step in as controller without any other legal process than the proper filing of my authority."

"Wait a minute," begged Joseph.

Emmy Iskovitch and Mischa, at work in the adjoining room, came to the door with pallid faces and wide-stretched eyes. They stood motionless while Joseph got the sanitarium on the phone. He asked for Izzy eagerly, but at the reply his face turned waxen; and without a word he rose and gave Izzy's desk to Edward Trust. At that instant there was a cry—a low, intense, piercing wail from Emmy, for she had guessed from Joseph's face the truth.

Miriam was dead.

VI

KIND heaven will protect the working girl. If not she must do it herself. Aurelia Amour, driven to desperate straits to make ends meet, was down to her jewelry now to eke out her meager stipend, and something must be done. Accordingly, heaven and Aurelia both got on the job. Heaven sent Edward Trust to San Diego with the Iskovitch books to spend the time in fruitful labor until after Miriam's funeral, and Aurelia, finding where he had gone, soaked her rubies and followed in forty-five minutes with two trunks and her maid. If the great slump was to result in the survival of the fittest, she was determined to prove how fit she was; so, securing a suite at Edward's hotel, she attired herself in the best in her luggage; not the gayest, but the best, a real refined evening gown she had worn in her great society picture; and draping her chinchilla gracefully around her elongated figure, she strolled into the dining room.

Ah! A waiter was just seating her correctly clad prospect at a little side table by a window, where the soft lap-lap of the peaceful ocean around the verandas might lull the appetite.

"Why, Mr. Trust!" Aurelia exclaimed in her most feminine tones as she paused at that table.

Edward rose with correct stiffness to greet the movie person.

"Miss Amour." The bow was all in the hips and none in the neck.

"What a jolly surprise to see you!" she laughed. "I had anticipated being so lonely in this old place, for there's never anybody here in midweek at this time of year, and I fairly hate myself when I have to dine alone."

And what could he do? There, across the table from Edward Trust, the movie person settled her dominating personality, wafting toward him her insidious Parfum d'Aurelia and beaming her limpid languor into his eyes; and her smooth shoulders shone with a velvety luster in the shaded light, and her long, tapering arms glittered with bracelets which enhanced their ivory whiteness, and her long, tapering fingers flashed with gems—sapphires.

It may have been the soft lap-lap of the ocean, or it may have been the rising moon; but, austere as he was, Edward felt a sort of surreptitious satisfaction in the juxtaposition—particularly since, as she had observed, there was no one here. That last was why he had come straight to this place from the Iskovitch plant with the Iskovitch books—to work. He had, of course, refrained from announcing his controllership coincidental with the death of Miriam Iskovitch; but on Friday, the day after the funeral, he would file his authority, then close down the plant until its collections should overtake its overhead. It was the only sensible thing to do on behalf of Iskovitch, Inc., and on behalf of Edward & Co., especially.

He found the oval eyes of Aurelia fixed on him in penetrating keenness which instantly became limpid languor.

"You are thinking of your business," she gayly reproved him; then she sighed. "I do wish we could have logical and substantial minds in the picture industry. What we need is sensible business men."

This was interesting. It was a pleasant surprise to find presently that this girl, when taken away from her environment, was not the feather-brained female he had assumed them all to be, but a young woman of reflective ideas and good sound common sense. Quite unusual in creatures so softly feminine, he believed; and unconsciously his eyes strayed to the glittering bracelets and the tapering ivory whiteness about them; and at that instant Aurelia once more detected the sheen of pearl necklaces behind the frigidity of his salt-and-pepper eye. But ah! The slightest snap of a twig may raise the quail before the shotgun can be swung to the shoulder; and never a woman so discreetly void of deliberate feminine appeal as, regarding him seriously, she listened to his words of austere wisdom.

The dance music was on long ere they had finished dinner, and Aurelia had him on the floor before he knew it, dancing most stiffly and correctly, and she danced much more circumspectly than almost any of the young ladies of his sedate acquaintance; but always the cling of her tapering arms upon him, and always the exquisite fragrance of her Parfum d'Aurelia encompassing him; and the luster of her velvet shoulders and the languor of her almond eyes; and they walked out on the terrace after the dance and watched the glint of the moon path on the rippling ocean.

Alas for human frailty! He had the honor, though he did not know it, of being one of the few people who had ever met Aurelia at breakfast, since she almost invariably breakfasted in bed and in a vile temper; and inadvertently he made an engagement for a drive with her that afternoon. Of course, they met at dinner after that. And after that they danced again, and on this evening Aurelia unbent a trifle from her circumspection, and so wove the spell of the siren about him that she inveigled him into taking a small drink of orangeade, made more palatable by some flavoring extract which she put into it from a little diamond-incrusted gold receptacle. It was a thrill for Edward, and he laughed quite a bit about the novelty of the experience. He even repeated it, he had grown so emancipated under her tutelage; and it was he who made the appointment for tomorrow's breakfast, he who lingered when it came time to say good night and held her hand over long -and there was a tiny point which looked like a gathering flame behind the iciness of his salt-and-pepper eye.

The next night—this was Thursday, the night he was to go home—they began at teatime with the orangeade and flavoring extract, and just before dinner they had the flavoring extract alone, and some more of it with the dinner, in ginger ale, and some after the coffee. The lights burned very brightly, with everything else in a most agreeable soft focus, and events slid into each other with surprising ease. A gay party sprang up around them somehow with more flavoring, and much laughing and dancing, a flock of live members from Hollywood having run down at Aurelia's behest; and there was a jolly ride in a car crowded with merrymakers. Finest people in the world! Sperthicly wondershul people, 'spitty feller din preciashem before. S'wasted life not to.

More lights. More hilarity. Music and dancing, and dark-skinned faces; and somebody was gambling! Somebody was gambling recklessly and scattering money all over the roulette table, and raking it in by handfuls. Somebody was the sensation of the evening. Who was it? Edward who? Washa diffunce? Hurray!

More lights, more everything; and then a soft, warm, agreeable, blank world, totally blank; out of which awoke a headache, and then a painfully struggling consciousness, and then a most austere personality, and then Edward. Edward who? Edward Trust! Edward Trust, with the daylight smarting his eyes, and he sickeningly aware of a pervasive odor which he remembered with surprise to have once thought an exquisite fragrance. But where was he? Out there was the soft lap-lap of the Pacific Ocean, but this wasn't his room. It was a big room, with flowers all over it, and he was in a narrow bed -a twin bed. Painstakingly he turned his head, and there, on the pillow of the other twin bed, reposed the curly head of a young woman whose almond eyes were wide open and gazing at him steadily. As she caught the horrified stare of the austere Edward, she smiled.

"I thought you never would wake up, darling."

Shocked to the very core of his being, Edward half rose to his elbow and gasped "Aurelia Amour!"

"That's a funny break, Eddie dear," she laughed. "It's never Aurelia Amour any more; it's Aurelia Trust."

"It's—it's ——"

Words failed Eddie dear, while his scrambled mind strove wildly to delve into the immediate past and come out of that jumble with a clear fact or two.

"Now listen, Eddie, you're not going to try to tell me that you don't remember." And there was a warning inflection in the soft voice of the bride. "We were married in Mexico last night with twenty-one witnesses, but it was too late for the morning papers. The afternoon ones, however, will have time for photographs, and we'll get a million dollars' worth of publicity on it."

"This is terrible!" gasped the groom, horror overwhelming him as he thought of the austere Trust family. He sat on the edge of the bed, holding his aching temples between his palms; but he was not left for more than one moment of solitary reflection, for his wife was out with a thousand-dollar negligée over her three-hundred-dollar nightrobe, and was confronting him in a gracefully determined manner.

"What do you mean—terrible?" she demanded. "Now understand me, Edward, I have two stories ready to give the papers, and there's a flock of reporters from Los Angeles waiting in the lobby for the lowdown. It's up to you which story they get."

VII

PRETTY much kicked in was Isidor Iskovitch as he stood alone in a room over a crib where lay a tiny red-faced mite of humanity, the gift to Izzy for which the gentle Miriam had laid down her life. Only yesterday she had been put to rest, and this morning was that blankness which none can know except those who have been into the chill void. Great black circles were about Izzy's eyes, and his cheeks were hollow and seamed, and his five deep creases were chiseled in his brow; the stoop in his shoulders was quite marked, while his clothes hung limply on his gaunt frame. The years of his youth were gone from Isidor Iskovitch, and this day was the day which set him toward his middle age.

For some minutes he was as motionless as if he were a figure of bronze; then he stooped and kissed lightly the tiny red fist which lay outside the silken quilt. Somberly he turned from the crib, his hat in his hand and the band of crape around his sleeve.

As he opened the door Meyer Guldengeld stood there, somberness in his eyes, too, and hollow circles under them, for Meyer's only granddaughter had been the center of all his joy.

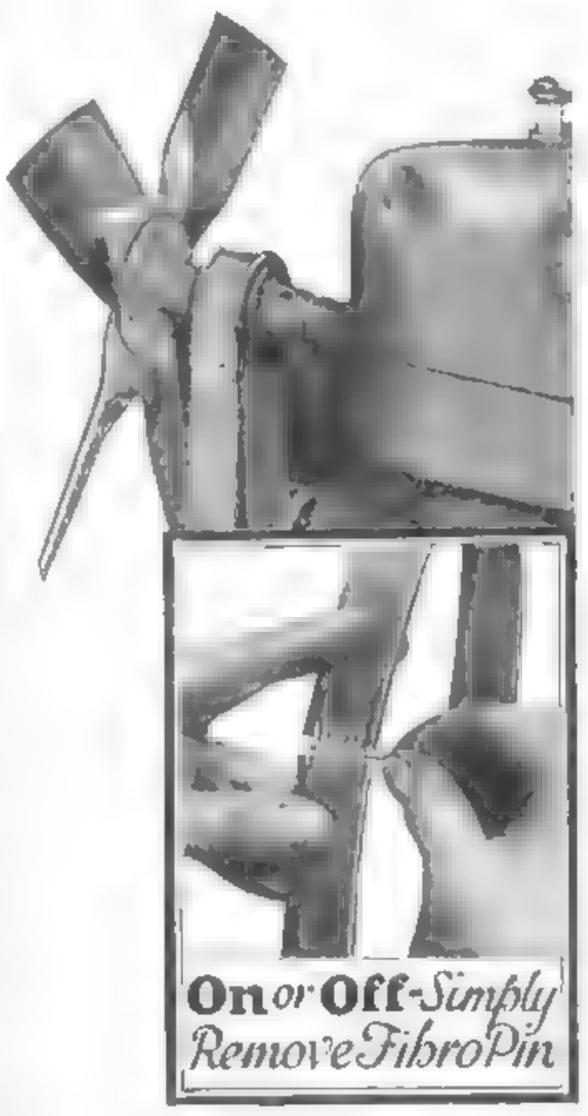
"You are going to town now, Izzy?"

"Yes, I gotta get busy."

"Are you sure I can't help you any?"

"No, Meyer, much obliged." And the two shook hands.

Strong men, these; but as they stood in that handclasp the tears sprang into the eyes of each, and Meyer's broad breast was heaving with suppressed sobs as he walked in to the crib; but Izzy set his lean jaws hard together, and striding down to his car jumped in and was sped quickly to the city, for he had much work before him—work complicated by the knowledge that he'd find Edward Trust in charge of his plant and it closed when he got there, and his credit and his standing and his prestige and all his fine record in the business blurred by the broadcast publicity attendant on that.



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But he was miles ahead of Edward; hours ahead of him, thanks to the interference of the needy Aurelia in his destinies; and he was in a mad rush at business until well past the noontime; while at the courthouse a half dozen publicity men waited to seize the expected news and make much of it between the jaws of thousands of printing presses, and Joseph stood on the courthouse steps waiting to seize Edward when he should arrive; and up in the little inner office of the Pinnacle, Klekoff fumed and fretted under the noncommunicative eye of the modest-appearing little Roabert.

Where was Edward Trust? Klekoff had waited three interminable days to hang his jinx on Isidor Iskovitch, to blazon far and wide the news that would compel the certain impression that Iskovitch, Inc., was on its last legs financially; that it had been closed under the compulsion of a controller, rather than voluntarily, as the Pinnacle had closed; and so would be put the finishing touch on the shaky credit of the Iskovitch theaters throughout the United States; and so would be brought down that crash which should smash Izzy flat.

The noon hour passed. One o'clock. Two o'clock. Almost three, and out there the great Pinnacle plant, dead and cold, was like a morgue. A knock at the door. Stuart came in, Klekoff's yes man, his cheeks as pink and his mustaches as neatly curled as ever, the only human being in the industry on whom the great slump had made no difference whatsoever.

"Mr. Iskovitch to see you, Mr. Klekoff."

"Iskovitch?"

"Iskovitch!" exclaimed Roabert.

"Iskovitch," repeated Stuart, and all three looked at one another.

"Send him in," ordered Klekoff curtly, and he and Roabert continued to eye each other in deep thought until the door opened again and Izzy stood before them. He wasted no time. He nodded to Roabert, but it was to Klekoff he spoke:

"You took advantage of me, didn't you? You stabbed me in the back when you knew I was tied up the way I was, when I had my heart tore with somethin' I wouldn't talk about to you because you couldn't understand it, you dirty bum! An' you didn't think I'd get back, either, this quick after what happened to me, an' I wouldn't maybe, except—except now I got a son to leave my business to! An' believe me, it's gonna be a business when my son gets it! An' I guess you didn't think I could do anything if I did get back, did you? What kind of a sucker do you think I am? Have I been the kind of a business man that'd go on notes when he didn't know how to pay 'em? I guess you thought that all my resources showed in the bank or some place! Well, ever since you started houndin' me, Klekoff, I been pinchin' out a private sinkin' fund, an' if you wantta know where I got the money to lift your attachments at my bank an' release my account an' pay on my bonds an' make it no use for Edward Trust to file his authority because he ain't got any, for this time, anyhow—an' if you got any curiosity about all that, go an' look at your stock ticker, you dirty bum! Both o' you!"

For the first time he bent the fire of his resentment on Roabert. But Roabert didn't get it. Without waiting to bandy any words with this convincing competitor, he had rushed to the ticker in the corner and stood aghast at the tragic tale recorded there. Pinnacle stock, which he had been building up with every drop of his financial blood in the past weeks, had taken an eighteen-point slide and was steadily going down!

"It was me done that!" shrilled Izzy, the tears springing into his eyes from the repression of his passion. "I dumped three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of that stock on the market in one block, an', believe me, it'll stay where I put it until I wantta buy it back—if I ever do! An' now here's what I come in to tell you, Klekoff: I'm gonna make you pay for what you done to me this time! I'm never gonna stop till I bust you—you hear me?—bust you flat! I ain't gonna stop till you can't find any place to borrow a nickel to get a sandwich! I ain't gonna stop till you're down in the gutter an' I can ride past you an' splash mud on you! Say, looky, you!" And he shook a quivering finger. "All these years you been houndin' an' hammerin' me, an' I never once went outta my road to do you anything; but from this day on it's gonna be me that starts the scraps! It's gonna be me that does the dirt! It's gonna be me, do you get that? There ain't gonna be any Klekoff in the business when my son is the Iskovitch!"

Roabert turned to Klekoff with pale wrath.

"You would do it!" he hissed under his breath; but Isidor Iskovitch, as he went out of the door, saw that glare of hatred between the partners and treasured it as he would any other asset.

Mary Boob awoke out of her long delirium, and as somebody smoothed the pillows she inquired in a fluttering voice that was scarcely more than a whisper, "Is the slump over?"

"I don't know, mom," said a stolid voice. "If it's the pictures you mean, I ain't been to the pictures since Mr. Iskovitch sent for me to bring you home."

Mary turned her head to stare. John! She was in her own spick-and-span room, at home! She gazed around, then her eyes suffused with tears and her flaccid lips quivered, and she motioned her husband to bend down his head.

"Say, John," she whispered in his ear, "I'm an old fool, but I'm nothing worse."

"Nobody ever said you was, Mary," replied John stolidly; "not and got away with it."

"Hello, Vox! Coming in to get back that thirty-two cents we're still ahead of you?" inquired Pro Bono Publico as he sat in his shirt sleeves on his front steps, surrounded by the rest of the Publicos. "No, you earned it." Vox Populi stopped in front of the gate with the rest of the Populis. "We're going to the movies."

"I see in the paper only last night," observed Pro, "that motion-picture art has advanced a dozen years in the past six months."

"Has it?" inquired Vox; and, shopping carefully for his picture, he stepped up to the box office of the Gingus Palace and bought his tickets.

Instantly the current of new life surged and tingled through the depleted veins of the motion-picture industry. The great slump was over. Vox Populi was on the job again with his ninety cents! Carking care fled, also, from the brows of the Trust family; for, by the great horn spoon, it needed its share of that ninety cents! It had to support Aurelia. Aurelia who? Aurelia Trust!

That picture for which Vox Populi so carefully shopped? Oh, the picture was a fine, zippy, sensational flood scene, with houses bobbing in the torrent and the erring wife on the brink of the falls, with the forgiving husband coming. Can he make it, and live?

IN THESE DAYS OF COMPACT LIVING

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SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

"We do seem pretty snug here, don't we? Last time you visited us we were still in the old home on Elm Street. It rambled all over the lot and, Martha, my dear, what a care that big house was.

"This little place seems to suit my age and inclinations perfectly. Instead of several we only have one guest room now. But here's a secret, this davenport has a bed in it; you'd never guess it, would you? The bed part is really separate, with regular bedsprings and a real mattress. Comfortable? Well, when Paul and Mary come back from college there's always a battle to see who gets to sleep here.

"So you see we have two guest rooms although only one of them is visible in daytime. I'm going to put you here tonight, for the Martins are driving over later on so that we'll all be together and ready for an early start in the morning."

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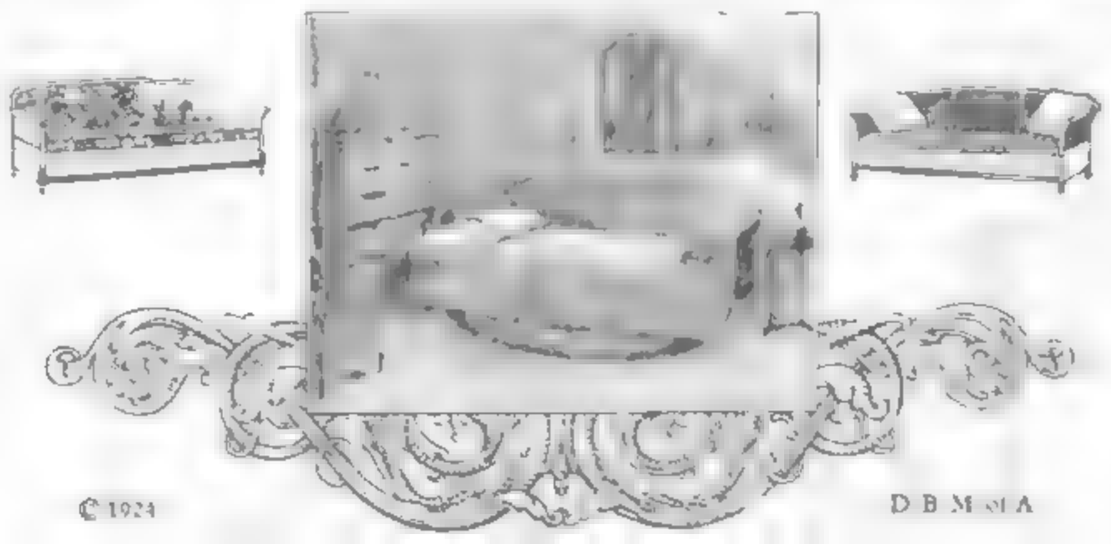

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30

'There's a young fellow one of our Nifty models would look good on, because he's got just the right figure to carry it off'; and sure enough ——"

"—— a fellow like yourself, that doesn't want a cheap car, nor an expensive one, but just a medium-price bus that can pass anything on the road ——"

"—— just as soon as I met you I seemed to sense your strength, and it was such a comfort to have someone like that around it makes me feel so sheltered and protected. And I just told the girls that you couldn't have helped but make the success you have, with such terrible strength of character. Why, it just scares me sometimes, though I know that you could never use it against a poor weak girl, but only against the strong."

"—— you want your kids to have their chance, don't you, and grow up strong and everything? What will you feel like if you stay here in the city, and one of them gets run over by a truck or something? Just sign here, and clinch this here lot out in Golden's subdivision, where there's some sunshine, and the kiddies have a chance."

"—— a lady that lives over on the south side—thirty-six pounds in five weeks, and it was just like play, she says. People hardly know her, she looks and feels so young." —*Chauncey McGarry Morley.*

Jackasses

I'M DUMB with awe when I think how far
On his upward climb to the farthest star
Man has progressed since he lived on grass,
An ignorant, stupid, fool jackass.

Man's godlike form now stands erect;
No trace of the jackass, I expect—

Save when he opens his mouth to bray;
Then the mortified jackass slinks away.

Man brays and brays and brays and brays
Of the heat and the frost and the cloudy days,
Politics, poverty,
lack of wealth,
Fame and mosquitoes and rotten
health,
Other men's theories,
cults and creeds,
And the fleas and the flies and the jimson weeds.

The jackass utters
one heartfelt bray,
Then closes his
mouth and calls it
a day.

The man will squander his hard-
earned wealth
For a sinister fluid
that wrecks his
health
And paints his nose
with a crimson
glow
You can see for a
mile and a half
or so.

The jackass never
goes on a bat;
The jack is not such
an ass as that.

The man stays up till
the peep of day,
The life of some fe-
verish cabaret,
Spilling the bootleg
down his neck,
Swallowing lobsters
by the peck,
While his brain de-
cays and his heart
grows weak
And the wrinkles
gather upon his
cheek.

And his dewlap sags
and his eyes grow
dim,
And faster and
faster, with visage
grim,
Premature age
creeps up on him.

No such fun has the fool jackass,
He drinks at the brook and nibbles the grass
Till the sun goes down, then heaves a deep
Sigh of contentment and goes to sleep.

Man brays and brays and brags and brags
Of his motor car and his moneybags
And his ancestors and his battle flags
And his murdering kings and his mighty brain
That lifts the world to a higher plane.

He brags of a new dope that will save
Dozens of sick men from the grave;

Brags of a new dope that will slay
Millions of men in a hideous way

The jackass does not boast; alas,
He's only a peaceable, fool jackass.

He has no mind and he has no soul;
All he can do is to lie and roll
In the warm sunshine and humbly bray
To Nature's God in his asslike way.

He has not learned to look around,
Nor raise his dull eyes from the ground;
Too short his sight to gaze afar
And yearn to reach that farthest star
Where we enlightened creatures are

Gods! Thinking beings, full of brains
And plots and indigestion pains
And bugs and booze and liver pills
And fifty-seven other ills.

In some far epoch, I expect,
He'll feel the urge to stand erect
And smoke and steal and lie and cuss
And be a civilized man like us.

But oh, the æons he must pass,
Living the life of a mere jackass!
The gloomy years till he evolutes
Out of the class of abysmal brutes!
Till he awakes and lifts his eyes
And sees the God's blue of the skies,
Feeling the realization roll
Through him at last—that he has a soul!

That he has a soul and a reasoning mind,
And no tail tagging along behind!
My eyes fill up as I see him there,
Learning to butcher and hate and swear.

A MAN at last! I can hear him raise
His manly voice in a storm of brays,
Chanting himself a hymn of praise.

He lifts glad cries to the smiling sun
And sharpens his knife and buys a gun.

A MAN at last! And he learns to jazz
And give the Enforcement Law the razz.
His highest joy to loose the pup
Of War and hunt his neighbor up,
And with a bray of hatred, slam
A six-inch shell in his diaphragm.

But oh, the æons he must pass,
Nibbling brush and chewing grass—
Merely a peaceful, fool jackass!
—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Recapitulation

On a Tenth Wedding Anniversary

TEN years ago I verbally
Declared my passion for you.
I said, without hyperbole,
"My darling, I adore you!"
(The information was exact.
Restated, it would still be fact.)

I thereupon, with urgency,
(Your disagreement dreading)
Declared that the emergency
Required our speedy wedding,
Wherein, without a spoken word,
You, much to my delight, concurred.

With ardor mounting crescently
I sketched our new existence
(You blushing acquiescently
Which loomed at no great distance:
A little work, a little fun,
A little home, a little one.

With youthful volatility
I limned our home's expansion
(Reward of my ability)
Into a costly mansion.
(Our family we'd keep quite small;
Two would, we rather thought, be all.)

Now, gazing retrospectively,
Upon that crude depiction,
It was, I muse reflectively,
A not untrue prediction.
Although I bragged—a callow male—
It's all worked out, save one detail.

The residence manorial
I planned, with bosom swelling,
As yet is incorporeal.
Our first small bridal dwelling
Still houses us, I must admit.
(Eight children are the cause of it.)
—*Baron Ireland*

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SEADOG FIXES IT

Continued from Page 25

the cottage his mind went back to a problem which had worried him for weeks. The problem was Janeth.

"You see, Bill," he explained, "Janeth is pretty unhappy. Bustedness is all right for us, but it's different for a girl. We can take it out—oh, in driving airplanes or doing any number of damn-fool things. But a girl can't. There's a lot of feeling against the family here, and Jan gets the brunt of it. I mean parties and dresses and cars—all the sort of rot that means a good deal to a girl."

"Why don't you teach her to fly?" interrupted Seadog.

"Well—I have, a little; but not enough to let her go up alone. I don't like the idea. It's" he scowled—"it's undignified for a girl to be in that sort of game!"

"Woman's place is in the home," agreed Seadog, too readily. Allan glanced at him suspiciously, but Seadog continued, "That's the trouble with a home. Boresome places, if you ask me. Always a lot of women lingering around, wondering what in the devil to do with themselves. Sorry for them, but"—he sighed deeply—"someone has to be dignified. Better them than us."

"Um-m," commented Allan, "but you wouldn't want your sister hopping around in a plane like an acrobat!"

They crunched up the gravel path between hedges of privet towards the clump of trees and flowering bushes which hid the cottage from Brent House. That view of the old house, with its gracious sweep of lawn, was one which always tugged at Allan Brent's heart. He had not been inside of it since his return, and yet his memory of it—the huge hall, with stairs curving up to the landing, the clock with its somber ticking and deep bell, the glass doors at the rear, looking out across a small emerald lake into the clean woods—was so vivid that it seemed he had just stepped out. Janeth had taken some of the most beautiful furniture for the cottage, graceful Sheraton and Hepplewhite pieces, which seemed always to share his own impatience for the day when they should be returned to rooms where they belonged.

Janeth was not in the cottage.

"I'll ask Dotty where she's gone," said Allan. "Spread out, old dear, and be comfortable."

Bill Seadog, at the end of his long journey, slouched down in a comfortable chair, stretched his legs, lighted a cigarette, closed his eyes and sighed in contentment.

A shadow from the door leading to the veranda fell across his eyes; he opened them and discovered a young woman, her arms filled with a mass of brilliantly colored flowers—burnt-orange dahlias, scarlet salvia, red zinnias—against the fresh yellow of her dress. She looked amazingly like Allan Brent—the same cut of features, the same alert expression of amusement about her mouth. Bill Seadog's long arms and legs worked together to hoist him to his feet.

"Hello, Bill Seadog," she said softly. "I thought you were asleep. I'm Janeth."

She put out a small cool hand for him to clasp, and smiled up at him. His blond head was slightly cocked, and he was blushing.

"Of course I'm all kinds of a fool, you know," he began. "Always have been, for that matter." He became conscious that he still had her hand in his, and blushed more violently as he released it. "But I thought," he continued, "that you were a youngster—the sort that one dandles on one's knee, you know."

She shook her head solemnly, gazing up into his eyes.

"You—you look jolly with those flowers," he added.

Janeth grinned, and whispered to herself, "Times ten!"

"What did you say?"

"Nothing." She smiled. "I'm awfully glad you're here! Would you like to help me fix these flowers?"

"Rather!"

"Bettina Howland is a little idiot," announced Allan, "and I'm hanged if I'll go to the club with her!"

Janeth started to speak, but her chin trembled and she turned away towards the cottage. Allan, realizing that he had hurt her, followed and slipped an arm about her.

"We'll go to the club if you'd like," he said anxiously. "It'd be nice to take Seadog and show him the place. But why go with her, Jan?"

The toe of Janeth's boot was digging into the turf. She shrugged. "Betts asked if she couldn't call for us," she explained. "I thought it'd be nice to go in someone's car, instead of getting a jit!"

"Right enough!" Allan responded, giving her another hug. "Sorry I was cross, dear. Didn't mean to be. But Betts Howland is an idiot—and Seadog hates a silly

In Her Eyes Still Glowered All That Dotty Described as Crosspatch, But She Gave Him a Smile

girl as much as I do. There'll be lots of other girls there. Telephone her that we'll go."

With the letters which Janeth had given him he turned and walked slowly back to the plane. Seadog was mounted on the engine section, changing spark plugs. Girls puzzled Allan; Janeth especially. Perhaps that was because Janeth was the first girl he had ever studied from really close range, and he had started with the supposition that because she was his sister he must, as a mere matter of course, know her very well and understand her. Just a week ago Janeth had been furiously angry with Bettina Howland. And now they were planning to go together to the club for the Saturday-night dance!

"Too much for me!" he said.

Janeth had been sauntering along Elm Street with the mail when Bettina's car pulled up at the curb. Bettina was a small girl with frothy blond hair, a round face, and large brown eyes which seemed always to be looking for some great big strong man to protect her. She usually had several men stricken into devoted admiration of helplessness, but to girls she was as colorful and opaque as a glass of water which has been given a very slight tinting of pink. Her mind was notorious for emptying itself of all it contained, like the wares of a peddler shaken from their sack.

"Hello, Janeth dear," she said. "Can't I take you home? You know, the other day," she continued breathlessly, opening the door of the car, "when I rushed past you I wanted to ask you to ride with me, but father was simply raging for his mail, and I didn't dare waste a second. I do hope you'll forgive me, dear!"

"I don't remember," answered Janeth. She hesitated, then got into the car beside Bettina.

"I do hope you're coming to the dance tonight!"

The big car swept away from the curb. Bettina always seemed so laughably immature, half hidden behind the wheel. "Who is the man you have visiting you?" she asked, ever so casually.

Janeth, though she was tempted fearfully, caught her breath and answered negligently:

"An Englishman—friend of Allan's. His name's Towar."

"Let's all go together tonight," suggested Bettina.

"Well—maybe," Janeth answered. "Perhaps Allan has planned to do something else. I'll let you know, Betts."

"Oh, do come! Isn't the little cottage sweet! Don't you just love a little house?"

"No," answered Janeth flatly. "Of course if I had the big house and no servants, I'd be stumped. But we have lots of fun in the cottage—and then we have the plane."

"I think it's too wonderful!" gurgled Betts. "I'd love to have a plane and fly!" Bettina's gesture denoting flight was vague.

"I'll telephone you," said Janeth as she left the car. "We'll come if we haven't anything else on."

As she went out on the field to find Allan, Janeth felt vengefully pleased with herself. Even though she wasn't allowed to confound Bettina's senses by telling her that Seadog was a real, live lord—and wouldn't she fall all over herself!—Bettina was adequately aroused by the mere sight of a new man.

Janeth could not imagine a better foil, for she knew that Seadog would be wearied to distraction by her.

As the two men came towards the cottage for luncheon Allan remarked, "The kid wants us to go to the club tonight, Seadog. Dance—and that sort of guff. I tried to duck it, but her feelings were hurt. You'll be able to live through it."

"By all means, if she wants us to go!" responded Bill Seadog. "Probably enjoy it immensely."

"A silly sort of girl is going to take us over," added Allan apologetically.

"I was thinking, just a few days ago," observed the other, "that there is a great deal to be said in favor of a silly woman. You know, Allan, if a girl is silly she can't worry one. Then along comes a girl who isn't silly. And what happens? Behold proud man making a jolly idiot of himself!" Having delivered himself of these sentiments, he added in a profound voice the verdict, "Grim!" Ten steps farther he said, with even more conviction, "Very!"

Knowing the Honorable Bill Seadog as well as he did, Allan sensed a state of emotion which the other had not yet divulged. Could it be possible, he wondered, that the invulnerable Seadog—in India, or on the boat, perhaps—had been touched by gentle passion? He scowled.

That would never do!

At the club that night, as they stood at the head of the stairs waiting for Allan—Janeth, Bettina, Elsie Fiske, Dan Barbour and Seadog—there came an electric moment of embarrassment. A portly man, verging upon middle age, had bounded up into their midst, with a "Hello, my dears!" His eyes held a startled expression as he suddenly saw Janeth, and he flushed. He nodded to her abruptly, and hurried away. Evidently she was not one of his dears.

The orchestra started, Bettina put her arms up to Seadog, who, bewildered, allowed himself to be whirled away.

"That was frightful!" exclaimed Bettina. "Whew! Did you see Janeth cut him?"

"Who was he?"

"Didn't you know-w-w?" asked the amazed Bettina.

"Know what?"

"That was Dick Stinchfield—the man that Janeth was going to marry!" Her head came back so that she could stare up into his eyes. "The Stinchfields are the ones who've leased Brent House! Hasn't Allan told you how he stopped them from eloping?"

"No; he hasn't told me."

"Why, Janeth got mad at Allan, and——"

"No; Allan hasn't told me," interrupted Seadog. "I say, this American music is jolly for dancing! London's filled with American orchestras now, they say. But I haven't been back for so long." They had completed their circuit of the room. "Let's wait with Janeth until Allan comes," he suggested and allowed his arms to become limp.

Allan appeared, claimed Bettina, Seadog and Janeth swept away together. He glanced down at Janeth's dark curly hair, put his head a little to one side so that he could study a certain alluring aspect of her cheek. Their progress about the floor was effortless, graceful; Seadog was a good dancer, not because he had been trained in dancing to any extent, but rather because his muscles had been taught to function easily and accurately in every sport he had encountered.

Beneath the bodice of her pale green frock Janeth's heart was still hammering from the excitement of being confronted by Dick Stinchfield. It had been horrid to have him bound up the stairs that way. Of all the people in Sound Brook, Stinchfield had gone farthest out of his way to make her life miserable during the past month. Dick Stinchfield who was accepted in Sound Brook only because his father had added millions to his fortune during the war! The Stinchfields—upstarts and squatters in Brent House.

Janeth did not know which one of three things hurt her most deeply: To need and accept the lease money from them; her own pique which had led her to become engaged to him—it had been a purely vengeful thing on her part, for she knew that she had not cared for him; or the contemptible things he had said about her after she had broken the engagement. Allan, engrossed with his plane, was blissfully unaware of Stinchfield. Several times she had been on the verge of telling him, but she disliked

Continued on Page 151

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"AS YOU WOULD SEE IT IF YOU WERE THERE"

(Continued from Page 146

carrying her troubles to others. It made her feel like a weakling. Then, too, she knew that Allan's one impulse would be to maul Stinchfield unmercifully, and that would mean scandal. People already had enough mean things to say about the Brents

In these few weeks Janeth had come to the point of hating all Sound Brook, despising the pretense of it and its chattering cruelties.

The smooth flow of dancing quieted the tumult of thoughts in her mind, and unconsciously she gave a little sigh of contentment. It seemed such a painfully long time since she had been contented.

"I hope you'll bring me here often," said Bill Seadog. "Never have seen so many pretty girls!"

She looked up and found him staring down at her.

"Would you like to meet them all?"

"God forbid!" he answered quickly. He floundered, almost lost step. "I mean, you know—I'd really much rather dance with you—if you don't so awfully much mind my being a dub at it."

"Ten!" she breathed softly.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. You dance divinely, Seadog."

That night when they returned home Seadog appeared worried. At last he admitted, "Miss Howland asked me if I wouldn't take her up in the plane. It's all right, I hope, for I—I promised, you know."

Allan smirked behind his hand.

It was a deeply preoccupied Seadog who installed Bettina Howland in her seat, fastened the straps about her and climbed into the pilot's cockpit. All morning and through luncheon his face had worn a perplexed frown, which made Janeth, especially since she had caught him studying her guardedly several times, wonder if he was displeased with her. Obviously he was displeased with something; and, quite as obviously, it was not Bettina, for he could not be persuaded to think about her.

From the veranda of the cottage Janeth saw the plane sweep along South Field and rise into the sky. It was just like Bettina to pounce upon him—or, perhaps, being Bettina, to swoon upon him—and beg to be taken up. Janeth, trying valiantly not to be angry, turned into the cottage, her face wearing a little expression of disgust. In her room she threw herself crossways upon her bed and buried her face in her arms.

She sighed, and said, half aloud, "Lordee, I'm tired of emotions, and doing nothing! I wish I could get away from here!" Then later, "I hate Sound Brook!"

High above the rolling green country Seadog crouched over the control stick, scarcely conscious of Bettina Howland behind him. Once he turned and smiled dutifully, but his chief thought about her was that he wished she weren't there. If he were alone he could indulge in a series of violent acrobatics which might make him feel better. His right hand itched to haul back on the stick, to send the old Umpty's nose snorting up into the sky, to turn the bus inside out.

His thoughts went to Janeth, which was not such a leap, since they had not strayed far from her since the evening before. That Stinchfield person! He frowned, and grumbled to himself.

A slight, almost inaudible knocking, which sounded upon his ears through the roar of the motor, struck into his senses. His eyes sought the temperature indicator, the needle of which had moved into its warning area of red, and he eased off on the throttle. The needle which showed oil pressure was at zero.

Swiftly his gaze went over the countryside to regain his bearings. Sound Brook lay miles behind them; beneath and to the right lay an expanse of open field. He closed the throttle and swung the plane into a spiral.

Bettina, frightened by the plane's sudden nosing over, was gripping the edge of the cockpit with both hands.

"Have to land!" he yelled. "Don't be afraid! We're all right!" Her eyes were still wide and startled. "We'll land right in the middle of that field." He pointed.

The Umpty-five circled quietly, losing altitude, sifting towards earth. An old familiar exhilaration was in his blood, and he gave himself over entirely to that exceedingly fine judgment of speed and distance which a forced landing requires. The oblong field swept beneath them, then the plane reared about in a steep bank, retracing its course in a hair-pin turn, settled, leveled off, and hung suspended for a moment before its wheels and tail skid touched the ground.

"Fearfully sorry to spoil your ride," said Seadog, "but the oil's off. Have to fix it." He helped her from the plane. "It'll take a few minutes," he explained. "Wouldn't you like to go and sit in the shade?" He nodded towards the edge of the field.

"No, I'll sit here on the ground and watch," answered Bettina. "I wasn't a bit frightened. I don't know just why, but I have so much confidence in you. I think you're a wonderful pilot!"

"That's very jolly of you," Seadog responded, fishing under the seat for a wrench and pliers. Silently he drew out the wires which secured the hood and exposed the engine.

Minutes passed while he worked and while Bettina babbled up at him. Her conversation circled around the embarrassing and perfectly terrible scene the night before at the dance, when Dick Stinchfield had bounced up the stairs and come face to face with Janeth. Seadog fluttered with thoughts upon the art of piloting and the science of forced landings. Bettina was not to be shunted off. She thought Dick Stinchfield was perfectly horrid, even if that walrus of a father of his did have half the money in the world. Just because his father had brains enough to make a lot of money was no proof that Dick wouldn't starve to death if he had to earn his own living. Was it?

"Hardly" agreed Seadog.

"He's said perfectly nasty things about Janeth," continued Bettina, encouraged. "He said ——"

Seadog's wrench clattered to the ground. "Be a dear old soul, and pass that up to me, will you?"

"He said the other day that Janeth would marry him in a second if he gave her another chance!"

The wrench, clamped about a nut, slipped, and he scraped the skin from his knuckles, burnt the fingers of his other hand upon the cylinders trying to regain his balance.

"I don't think she would, do you?" asked Bettina, giving him a wide-eyed, appealing stare.

"I'm sure I don't know," he said. "You might ask her when we get back."

"Oh-h!" breathed Bettina. "I wouldn't dare!"

Seadog hopped from the plane, went around to the other side, mounted the engine section, hid his face and cursed bitterly. Having arrived at the conclusion that his earlier reflections upon silly women were mere vaporings of an idiot, he returned to the oiling system. At last he removed the pump, put it upon the ground and took it apart, cleaned it with gasoline, blew through tubes—with the result that his face, hands and clothes were well smeared with grease—and put it together again.

Bettina had the art of engine lubrication explained to her: rotary engines, radial engines, stationary engines, motorboat engines, steam engines, pressure systems, splash systems, gravity systems.

The first shading of dusk was filtering in, and Seadog was just about to branch off into the subject of ignition, when the pump was ready to be bolted back in place. He secured the hood once more, stowed the tools, and faced Bettina Howland.

"Did you actually hear this Stinchfield person say that?" he demanded. "Say that Janeth would marry him if he gave her a chance?"

His grease-smudged face seemed like some stern, harshly cut mask from which two eyes glared balefully.

"Um-m!" Bettina nodded vigorously. "He said it one day to Edith Birch and me. You can ask Edith. Wasn't it horrid of him? I don't think he's a bit nice. The men don't like him, either. They won't even play golf with him. He whiffs the ball, and then gets mad and breaks his club. He plays by himself every morning—about nine o'clock, before anyone else is on the course."

The Honorable Bill Seadog stared at her for a moment, then turned to start the engine.

Back at South Field again, he punctiliously escorted her to her car, accepted the profuse gurglings of thanks, and sent her on her way homeward. Allan met him as he walked slowly toward the cottage.

"Oil feed went to the dogs south of Midhunt," he explained. "Needed cleaning. Rotten dirty! All right now."

"Betts entertained you while you worked, I suppose," suggested Allan.

Seadog's only response was a woeful shaking of the head. "Where's Janeth?" he asked.

"Isn't feeling well. Headache. Says she doesn't want dinner. Seadog, I'm worried about the kid! I think I'll try and get her out of this place. I wish I knew what to do about it. If you get a hunch, let me know. Hate to see her unhappy.

Seadog nodded solemnly. "By the way, old man, I'd like to take the plane tomorrow morning—nine o'clock."

Allan left the cottage immediately after breakfast, and Seadog loitered about the living room and veranda, glancing at the clock, waiting for Janeth. She had taken breakfast in her room. At last he appealed to Dotty Shively.

"Is Miss Brent up?" he asked

"No," responded Dotty, "and she's a crosspatch this morning!"

He went to her door and rapped.

"I say, old dear," he called, "hit the deck! I want you to come flying with me. Fearfully important! Will you?"

She demurred, not sufficiently to be taken as a refusal, and then consented. A few minutes later she emerged from her room, dressed in breeches, white waist and woolly white sweater, with a bandanna tied about her dark hair. In her eyes still glowered all that Dotty described as crosspatch, but she gave him a smile, an almost defiantly pretty smile, and they started down South Field.

"This is the morning when you learn to land a plane," announced Seadog, giving her a sidelong glance to see how she took it.

"Really?" she demanded eagerly. "Will you teach me?"

"Within an hour I'm going to send you up alone," he responded.

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Janeth. "Do you think I can?"

"Of course you can! Easiest thing in the world. But first you're going to take a ride with me. You take the pilot's seat." He rigged the double control, so that he could drive the plane from the passenger's cockpit, and cranked upon the propeller until the engine started.

As he climbed into the cockpit he paused and remarked thoughtfully, "I say, you have a motto in this country—some sort of peak or explode. Do you know what I mean?"

She was puzzled for a moment, then laughed, "Pike's Peak or bust!"

"That's it! That's our motto! Let her rip!"

The Umpty-five took to the air in a jump.

Lingering at the edge of the golf course, two thousand feet up, Seadog studied the ground intently. A small figure, followed by a mere dot of a caddie, between the fourth and fifth holes, seemed to fascinate him. At last he closed the throttle and started down in a noiseless glide.

Janeth turned and glanced back at him questioningly.

"Take the controls," he ordered. "I'll have my hand on 'em too."

She looked ahead, discovered the small figure, which had become Dick Stinchfield, and gasped. Once again she turned to Seadog, whose face was set in a twisted vindictive smile.

"Keep your eye on the ball!" he warned.

A moment later, directly behind Stinchfield, he opened the throttle wide, and the engine roared like a brace of machine guns. Stinchfield jumped, his arms went up in horror and he flopped to the ground. The caddie scuttled away, leaving a trail of golf clubs.

The plane snapped about in a tight curve and headed back upon Stinchfield, who was on his feet again. He started to run with this gigantic, demoniacal insect in thunderous pursuit. Then he flopped again, and arose as the machine passed over him. The wind blast sat him down with a thump, as though the earth had been jerked beneath him. Both arms went up in a frantic, futile gesture of wrath.

Janeth turned to Seadog, aghast, lips parted, wide eyes shining. Then she faced forward once more, and he felt her hand upon the control stick. He allowed his own hand to jerk the plane around, then to rest upon the control lightly, letting her direct their course.

Stinchfield was running in nightmarish frenzy toward the clubhouse, glancing back fearfully. He stumbled and slid upon the ground. Again Seadog turned the plane and surrendered the controls to the girl.

Continued on Page 153

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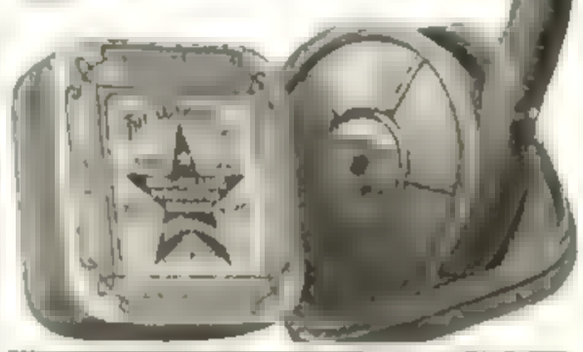

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Continued from Page 151)

She bore down upon Stinchfield relentlessly. This was her party.

On the first tee two men stood dumfounded and alarmed. One of them recognizing Stinchfield, began suddenly to dance about, folding grotesquely at the waist, straightening and folding once more, as laughter came to have all the pains of colic. Then the other draped himself weakly over the sand box. Servants streamed through the club doors and halted, an admiring gallery.

Stinchfield was now making for the protection of the nearest trees, sliding towards them when he wasn't running. And when at last he leaned, winded and horror-stricken, against a trunk, Seadog hauled the plane about, flew past him, peering over the edge to give him a full view of his face. And in response to Stinchfield's shaking fist he gave a tantalizing, mocking hand wave.

It was from Chief of Police Mike Bowman, calling in his official capacity, that Allan heard the story. Mike had tried to be severe, but human nature was triumphing and his face was stretched in a twitching grin as he described, lingering happily over the details, Bill Seadog's offense against the peace of Sound Brook.

The distant whine of an airplane engine touched their ears, and they arose.

"Come on, Mike," said Allan. "We'll go down and pinch him. When you want to pinch me, telephone and I'll come to the station." The plane swept into the field.

"What d'you mean by that?" demanded Mike Bowman.

"I'm going to knock Stinchfield into a pulp!"

"Don't dirty your hands on the hog," advised Mike. "Use your feet. That's all he's worth. Lord, I wish I could 'a' seen the show! The greatest thing ever pulled off in this burg, an' I miss it! They say that Stinchfield slid on his face for home plate every ten feet. Honest, Allan, he was the maddest white man—bar none! I ever seen when he came into the station house."

The long figure of Bill Seadog leaped to the ground; then the plane started forward again, took to the air.

"Hey, what the devil!" began Allan. "Who's flying that bus?"

He went forward at a trot, with Mike following. Seadog waved to them to stay off the field, and advanced toward them slowly, eyes following the plane.

"Janeth!" he yelled, pointing up.

"Janeth!" exclaimed Allan.

An expression which combined worry and anger flashed over his face, and he started to run. Already the plane had completed its short circuit of the field and was heading down for a landing. Instinctively he stopped and stood rooted, fearful lest the sight of a person moving beneath her might distract Janeth's attention from the delicate task of bringing the plane to earth. Seadog had squatted upon the ground, as alert and keenly alive to the movements of the machine as though he himself were at the controls.

In the plane Janeth recovered from that breathless moment of nosing over, wondered frantically for an instant if she had the old Umpty in its proper gliding angle. In those few seconds, while the ground swept up before her eyes, a hundred emotions—ranging from downright fear to the full elation of triumph—streaked through her. Pike's Peak or bust! She was alone in the air! Pilot or master of this craft; to land it or to wreck it!

Perhaps the spirit of old Hananiah Brent, who had turned the bow of his little ship towards the wilderness of America in 1630, saw and understood the determined set of that small jaw, felt the strength of will in that small and sunburnt hand which clasped the control stick. The spirit of old Hananiah was marching on.

The blur of green became a swift flood of grass, and she pulled back upon the stick, bringing the Umpty-five into level flight down the length of the field. The end of flight comes in a wavering loss of speed, a delicate balancing of momentum and gravity which terminates at a critical instant; then the plane relinquishes flight, gives itself blindly into the keeping of the pilot.

With the entire world limited to that strip of earth before her eyes, Janeth waited, poised, while her nerves extended themselves through the control stick to the very wing tips, sensing, feeling. The instant came, and the Umpty sank downwards, wheels and tail skid touching the ground together.

She turned and saw Bill Seadog spring up, a pantomimic figure of elation which came leaping toward her, in burlesque of a dancer interpreting Joy. Behind him came Allan, interpreting Homicide, with a determined and flat-footed Law hot in pursuit. She shut off the engine.

"Beautiful!" yelled Seadog. "Like an ace! I knew you had it in you!"

"What goes on here?" demanded Allan. "Who ——"

"You're under arrest!" panted Mike Bowman, presenting his warrant. It stilled even Allan's protests.

Seadog, like a reed in a storm, swayed toward Mike and his paper.

"Stinchfield," announced the chief of police, struggling for breath he usually allowed the younger members of the force to chase culprits—"says you—committed-public nuisance." He gathered his strength for a final outburst of words. "Swears he's going to charge attempted assault. Shake hands."

Seadog allowed his hand to be grasped and his arm pumped. A smile slowly triumphed over bewilderment, an almost beatific smile. His eyes lighted

"Public nuisance!" he repeated 'I say, won't his grace be tickled pink!"

At the business session of the Brent Aviation Company, a noisy and obstreperous majority, consisting of Janeth and Seadog, howled down the protests of the minority, Allan. Seadog, hitherto merely spiritual adviser of the company, was elected board of directors, while Janeth was warmly complimented upon her administration as president, treasurer and general manager. She was reëlected with only one dissenting voice. The same voice dissented when it was moved, seconded and passed that the board of directors be thanked warmly by the company for teaching Miss Brent to land a plane. He was thanked warmly.

When the minority's voice could not be silenced by rebukes, warnings and admonishments, the president and board of directors burst into song and beat upon the dinner table.

In the kitchen Dotty Shively sat glowering and scornful. It had not been like this in the old days! In the dining room at Brent House there had been no such goings on! The doorbell rang, and she wondered if the police had come for a second time that day, to put an end to the racket.

Instead of waiting for Dotty, whose humor was sufficiently wicked without having life further embittered by doorbells, Janeth popped up from the table and answered it herself.

Seadog, released by the justice of peace on his own recognizance for appearance the next afternoon, watched her and turned to Allan.

"Not so bad, eh?" he demanded. "She's happy now, you see. After all, old egg, you can't expect a girl like Janeth to sit at home and do nothing. She's too much of a person!"

"But, Seadog," protested Allan, "if she wrecked, and hurt herself! And now she'll want to fly all the time! She'll be up eight hours a day!"

"Let her! Why, the girl ——"

Janeth entered and closed the door behind her.

"A reporter from the Bulletin," she said in a low voice. "I told him you had nothing to say, but he insisted. He says he has a very important question to ask you."

There was a thoughtful silence; the Seadog nodded. "I'd better see him. Will you ask him to come in here?"

The reporter entered.

"Mr. Towar," he said, "we have been informed on good authority that you are really Lord Towar, the brother of the Duke of Tallbout. Is that correct?"

Seadog's eyes moved quickly to Janeth's, to Allan's, then back to the reporter. He made a barely perceptible bow.

"Yes, that is true."

"Have you any statement to make about the action brought by Stinchfield?"

"None." His head shook gravely.

"Thank you. Good night." The reporter looked pleased with this day's labor.

"Good night."

As the outer door closed behind him Allan exclaimed, "Now how in the devil did that get out? I haven't told a soul. Have you, Jan?"

"Not a word. You didn't tell Betts Howland, did you, Seadog?"

"No. As a matter of fact I told her my brother lived in a little vine-covered shanty and bet on horse races."

There was another moment of profound silence, then Allan's face changed electrically, and he pointed to the kitchen. "Dotty!" he whispered triumphantly. "Tell her to come in here!"

Like a martyr who is determined to teach the lions a severe lesson, Dotty entered and stood glaring at the wall over Allan's head.

"Have you told anyone that Mr. Towar is the brother of the Duke of Tallbout?" he demanded.

Dotty took a deep breath, as though it might be her last. "I certainly did!" she replied, eyes glinting angrily. "I went up to our house and told that Stinchfield butler exactly what I thought of him! And he won't forget it for many a day, I'll warn you!" Her head tossed in fine wrath.

"Oh, Dotty!" exclaimed Janeth reproachfully.

"Oh, Allah!" echoed her brother. "Out of my sight, Dotty! Out of my sight!"

As though she were guardian of all that remained of Brent dignity, she stalked from the room. But, once over the threshold, she gave the door a vindictive slam that shook the cottage walls.

Their worst fears were confirmed the next morning when Janeth spread a copy of a New York paper on the table before them. The story was on the front page. That meant it was in the London papers too.

Bettina Howland telephoned frantically for the third time that morning, and for the third time Dotty told her that they were out. At noon the attorney telephoned to announce that Stinchfield had withdrawn his complaint. A few minutes later a messenger boy leaned his bicycle against the hedge and propped himself against the bell.

It was a cablegram.

"Love and kisses from his grace, undoubtedly," remarked Seadog as he tore the envelope. His expression tightened as he read, and he muttered, "The beggar!" Then: "He has cheek, you know. Listen to this. 'Two weeks after you land, America pronounces you public nuisance. Respect for America unbounded. Find at steamship office passage and money for immediate return on Dunaria, sailing Wednesday. Must insist upon your returning, and at once. Tallbout.'"

"But you're not going?" demanded Allan.

Seadog's nod was glum and regretful. "He'll cut off my money if I don't. I'll go home and annoy him for a week or so—until I get enough money to buy a new plane for the company. We have to have at least one more, you know."

Janeth's blue eyes caught his, and he searched her face, found there an expression of regret which, in some curious way, hurt him and comforted him at the same time.

"I'll—I'll be back," he said earnestly. "Just as soon as I can get here!"

Allan had gone to check the baggage; Janeth and Seadog stood upon the platform beside the train, ingulfed in a great silence. She gave a little sigh, glanced up and found him studying her as though it might help him to find words. He flushed slightly and smiled.

"Board! Board!" yelled the conductor.

Seadog raised his eyes and addressed the conductor sorrowfully. "Not bored, old man. Just a trifle unhappy." Then he flushed and said to Janeth, disgustedly, "Silly thing to do—make puns. Vacant mind, and all that rot."

Allan was hurrying toward them, baggage checks in his hand.

"You're a jolly sort of girl, Janeth," he continued, now desperately. "I—I can't begin to tell you how much I like you!"

"Times ten!" muttered Janeth. Her black lashes dropped suddenly, screening the glint in her eyes.

"I wish you'd tell me what that means!"

"Maybe—sometime." She gave him a tantalizing smile.

"When I come back?" he demanded.

"Perhaps."

Allan was pressing the checks into his hand. Already the train was inching along the track. Seadog swooped down, brushed his lips against Janeth's cheek, gave her hands a quick clasp. Then, with a "By-by, old dears," he ran and leaped for the steps.

Allan, watching Janeth's face as the train burrowed into the green woods and disappeared, breathed a sudden and inaudible "Ah!" of enlightenment.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr Parker The next will appear in an early issue

Be Careful

Lest your breath offend

In every close contact be sure of sweet breath. Many a cause may make it offensive. And a foul breath kills every charm.

Combat it, whether the cause is the mouth or stomach. You want a pure breath—a breath like spring.

A May Breath tablet instantly overcomes bad breath. It combats the odor of cigars or cigarettes. It acts to deodorize when the mouth or stomach is at fault.

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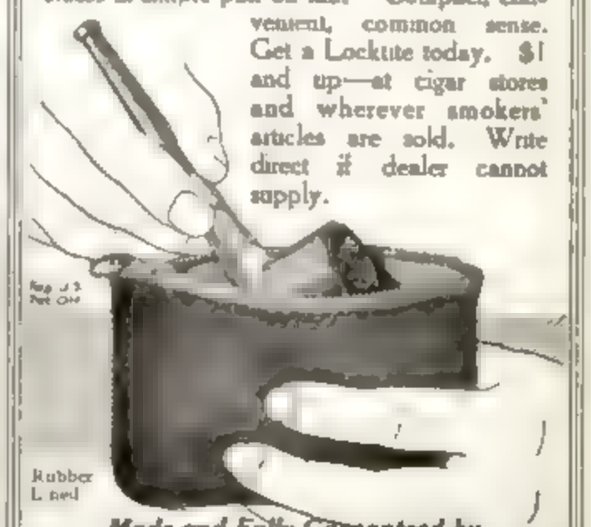

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PIRATES

(Continued from Page 9)

From the end of the pier an anguished voice belonging to his Britannic majesty's official was raised in a hail to the schooner:

"Apprehend those men!"

A member of that schooner's crew sat on the porch of a building in Nassau that enjoys the title of Bootleggers' Hall and chuckled in retrospect.

"And for the longest while," he said, "we couldn't understand a single word that geechee hollered. He danced up and down out there in the sun and whenever he'd stop and hoiler we'd ask him what was the matter and make out we couldn't hear what he was sayin'. Meanwhile this here motorboat was paddlin' along out to sea like a darn old duck. All the geechees on the wharf was moanin' and cryin' and we was yellin' 'What say?' to that officer every time he jumped up and down and bellered at us.

"Bime-by he got someone to row him out to the schooner and he says he represents the king, and those fellers in the motorboat was robbers and pirates and a lot of other things real ignominious for anyone to be, and he says he demands in the name of this here king that we get up anchor and go and capture them.

"Well, they was pretty far out by the time we managed to get the anchor up, and they was farther by the time we found out we couldn't start the engine; and by the time we got up sail, they was gone entirely. Of course no one can start an engine with the switch throwed off, but he didn't know that. Honest, it was a treat to see them fellers clean out that town. They were good!"

L'Ollonois, Morgan and Blackbeard may have looked with kindlier, more admiring eyes upon this motorboat, chugging home from piracy. Three men had raided a town with a population at least thirty times their strength, had robbed it of $4000 and departed unscathed. Fortune alone kept their exploit from being gaudier. The day before, customs receipts and other funds in West End had been shipped back to Nassau. If the piratical trio had staged their raid twenty-four hours earlier their booty would have amounted to more than $100,000.

His Last Trip

The reminiscent bootlegger poured out the rest of his two-shilling bottle of mediocre beer, chased the eleventh pickaninny who had wished to shine his shoes off the porch and returned triumphant to his seat.

"This is my last trip here," he said as he set down his glass. "We're running it from Bermuda from now on. The game is dead here. The best of it is over."

In Nassau, the best or the worst—depending on whether one values prosperity or peace more highly—of the bootleggers' régime is over. The uproarious spendthrift days of the last two years are no more. The center of the rum-running trade has shifted and divided. Bermuda and St.-Pierre, Miquelon, now contest for supremacy, with Nassau a poor and failing third.

Most of the American bootleggers of note have left the Bahamas, which is good for the nerves, but bad for the bank accounts of the natives.

The warehouses are still full of liquor, but the harbor of Nassau is crowded with black-sided, stocky-masted schooners, riding high and empty, their crews discharged and cargoes lacking.

The ramshackle hotel that a year ago housed so continuous and raucous a brand of revelry that near-by householders and the congregation of a neighboring church protested bitterly to the authorities, now shelters only a handful of rum runners, too stubborn to admit that the glory has departed from Nassau and follow its example.

Dull Days

The rival liquor rings with connections in New York have folded up their wallets, assembled their imported gunmen and sailed away.

The archdukes of bootleggerdom, with their bellicose retainers, their feuds and alliances, combats and celebrations, are only a gaudy legend.

For nights on end the barroom of Bootleggers' Hall houses no fight worthy of outside intervention. The profusely ornamented police of the colony go about their duties with no fear of being chased down a street to make a bootleggers' holiday. There hasn't been a shooting for months. Once more Nassau is on the verge of a period of virtuous convalescence.

There are almost as many reasons offered for this decline as there are craft, vainly waiting for cargo, in the harbor. Nassau, one native points out, is farther from Rum Row than Bermuda and hence cannot compete on even terms with that island. The prohibition-enforcement service, another insists, has been paying an undue and prejudiced attention to the liquor traffic of the Bahamas and has managed to cripple it. All Nassau joins in deploring the high duty upon imported alcoholic beverages imposed by the Bahaman Government, which, they say, has stilled the trade. New York bootleggers, on the other hand, allege that it was the Nassauvian habit of cutting, diluting and adulterating their liquor before shipment—thus infringing upon the precious prerogative of New York bootleggers themselves—that has sent rum runners elsewhere for cargoes.

It is probable that the attention paid by the Federal authorities to Nassau's particular branch of the trade and the coöperation these have received from a particularly able and patriotic American consul have been chiefly responsible for the return of peace and penury to the capital of the Bahamas.

As a consequence of the slump, foreign, chiefly American, capital has been withdrawn and the Conchs, or Conkey Joes, the native Bahamans, have most of the business—what there is of it—in their own hands at present. These people comply with all the laws of their native land—outside of a little perjury now and then concerning the destinations of their ships—the color and the glamour, the violence and the crimes attendant upon rum running and its more sinister companion enterprises, have left Nassau, though they may still be found upon the Spanish Main.

A year ago most of the bootlegging concerns on the island were dominated by actual or renegade Americans, turbulent, short-tempered folk, maintaining private forces of thugs. These forces were necessary, if never entirely adequate.

Liquor ring warred against liquor ring. The rum-running barons deceived and plundered one another when opportunity offered, and the henchmen of each party lied to and stole from their own and others' employers with a fine impartiality.

The double cross and the double-double cross flourished in Nassau with a true tropic luxuriance. No one trusted anyone else in the trade unless it were absolutely necessary. In the vast majority of cases this lack of confidence was not misplaced.

One schooner slid her hatches over liquor worth $100,000 at Rum Row prices and sailed north, bound, according to her clearance papers, for Halifax. Before she sailed, her owner had cabled his agent in New York, confirming plans made by letter. Her captain, without the knowledge of his employer, also sent a dispatch to his own agent.

The Double Cross

The schooner sold her cargo off New York Harbor. She might have sailed for home an hour after the last package of bottles was put overside; but, though her hold was empty, she lingered on the rum line that night. Toward midnight a tug bore in upon her out of the darkness, snuggled up to her rail and discharged a half dozen gunmen upon her deck. The sleepy crew surrendered after a feeble struggle, and when the gunmen departed, the captain and the proceeds of the trip went with them. There are certain bereaved persons in Nassau who still approach his name over a convoluted verbal highway of blasphemy.

There was another ship which figured in a variation of the simple, or rectangular, double cross. She was purchased by a steamship owner who saw legitimate profit in employing her as a cargo and passenger carrier between Miami and Nassau.

She was so established, and under her owner's supervision made her trips regularly and respectably. When he went north on business he left her in the hands of an agent of imagination and enterprise and no conscience whatever.

This agent removed the ship from the Miami-Nassau run. The load of liquor placed aboard her sank her low in the water and left scant room for fuel or stores. A supercargo, with confidential instructions from the agent, was added to her crew and her captain received orders to take her north to Rum Row.

By the time the motorboat shoppers along the Row had relieved the vessel of her cargo, her bunkers and her storeroom were both bare. The supercargo listened to the complaints of her captain with a comforting smile and announced that he was going ashore to arrange for the refueling and revictualing of the ship. He went; and following instructions, forgot entirely the cold and hungry plight of his late shipmates.

Instead he hurried South to the agent with the cash proceeds of the trip.

The Bogus Telegram

The ship waited off Montauk for his return, while her boilers and her crew grew colder and colder and the latter began to starve. Finally a revenue cutter picked her up, a battered and splintered craft, manned by a haggard and blasphemous set of men who were trying to cut away enough of her woodwork to furnish fuel to get up steam. The agent and his supercargo presumably lived happy ever afterward.

Still another variant of the double cross is the case of a vessel owned by one of Nassau's most successful rum runners, who had profited through the misfortunes of others and had set his captain and his supercargo to watching each other. This system of checks and balances worked satisfactorily until last December, when the ship returned to Nassau after having sold a Christmas cargo off the twelve-mile limit. Her owner boarded her, his face beaming with Yuletide good will, hailed the captain joyously and demanded to see the supercargo, planning, no doubt, the bestowal of a substantial bonus upon each.

"Why he left us off Atlantic City!" the captain replied, and if his surprise was feigned, he is an excellent actor. "He was going to meet you in Miami, according to instructions."

"Whose instructions?" the owner demanded shrilly.

"Yours," responded the shipmaster, and dug into his wallet for proof thereof.

He exhumed a telegram purporting to be from Miami, addressed to himself and signed with the owner's name. This missive directed him to turn over all funds to the supercargo, who would carry them South by rail. (Continued on Page 159)

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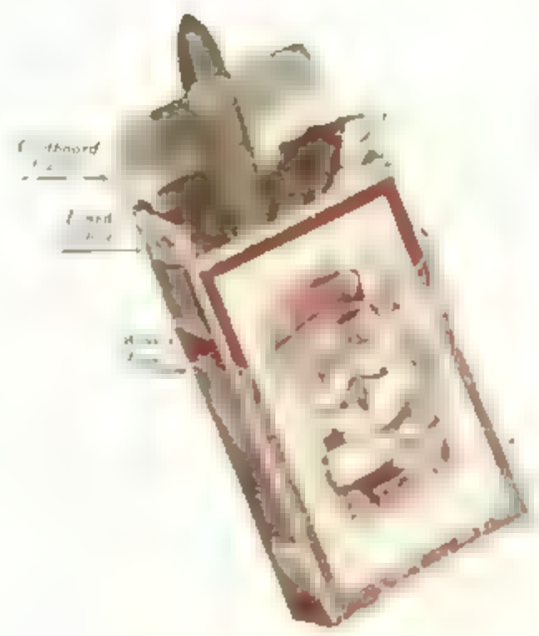

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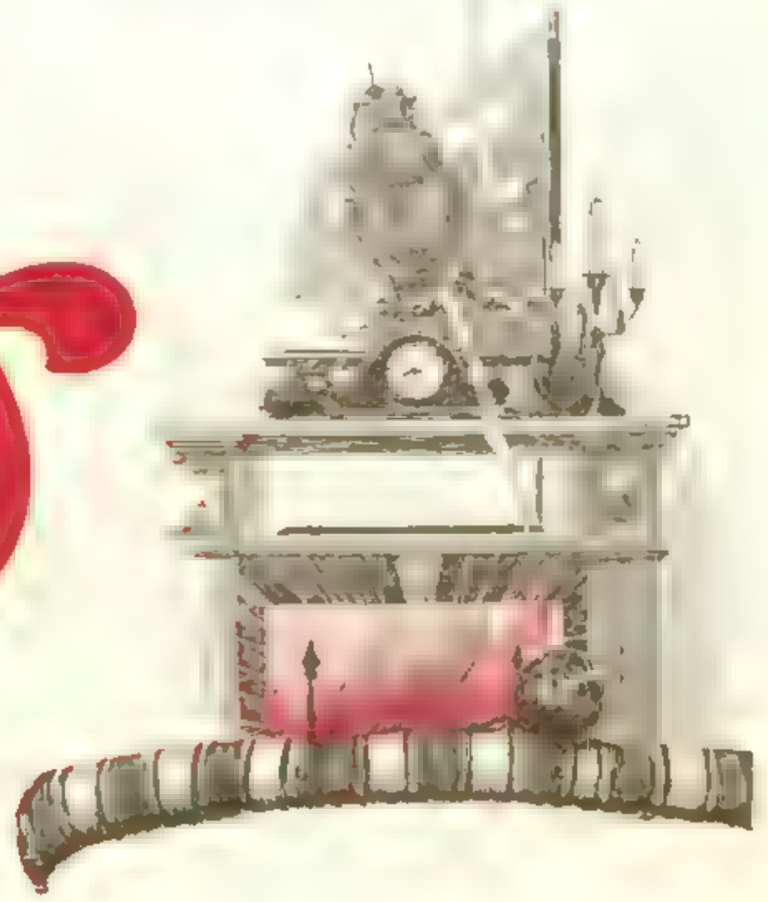

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"He explained to me once that he wants to make real friends of his customers and that is the reason he carries Acme Quality. You can bank on what he says and you can bank on the goods he sells. If you want real goods and real service, here is the place to come."

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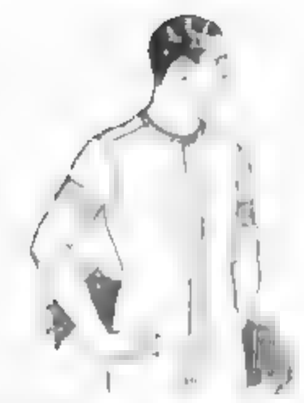

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There are more measurements in a suit of Allen A spring-needle underwear than there are in a custom tailored suit of clothing. For underwear, to really fit well, must attain a "body" fit, while clothing needs only a "structural" fit.

This standard is, frankly, not our creation. It came out of years of endeavor to meet the high standard set by the men who wear Allen A. For they are men who demand for their own innate satisfaction, underclothing which is as fine in every detail as the garb they wear for outward appearance.

This means a garment which fits so perfectly that it becomes "unconscious" underwear. And once it fits, it always fits. It never bulges or gapes in the knee, seat, or elbow, after use.

There is a definite *mechanical* reason for this. Unlike other underwear, Allen A is knit on spring-needle machines. The web is finer. There is actually *one mile* more yarn in each such garment. It will stretch, but the mechanics of its construction compel it to spring back to shape.

That is why exacting men are so loyal to it.

Call on an Allen A merchant. Have him take your measurement—not just a chest measurement. But a complete Allen A measurement. Thereafter you can always get a perfect fit on the telephone. For our numbers are exact from year to year and the merchant will keep your record.

If you do not know the Allen A merchant in your city, write us. We will send his address. For Allen A is the only complete line of spring-needle underwear available.

Allen A

UNDERWEAR
FOR MEN AND BOYS ONLY

HOSIERY
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Allen A

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 154)

"I never sent any telegram to anybody!" the owner cried in a voice of bereavement.

"Well," the captain replied, spitting solemnly overside, "the supercargo went ashore and brought this back and I gave him the money. I thought it was all straight."

There was excuse for the remarks and actions of the owner during the next few minutes. The loss of $123,000 that cannot possibly be recovered by legal means is a justification for almost anything. Whether the supercargo engineered this particular double cross by himself, or was aided and expedited therein by members of the crew, will probably remain forever another of the mysteries of the trade. The rum-running owner cannot appear in American courts as a plaintiff for fear of being held there as a defendant. Retribution will not overtake the supercargo unless he is as reckless as was the captain of a certain big schooner and returns to Nassau.

The schooner was a big swarthy three-master that cleared from Nassau for Halifax and was picked up inside American waters off a New England port. The usual legal and international complications followed and eventually resolved themselves into a proposal by the Government to release the ship if her owners would place a $50,000 bond guaranteeing her return to her home port and her discharge of her cargo there.

So it was arranged, and after a conference with the owners, the captain boarded his schooner and sailed her deliberately out to sea in the general direction of Nassau. Then, when night fell, he turned her about, started his auxiliary engine, crept in to a beach only a mile or so from the port he had just left and discharged his entire cargo. Then the vessel spread her dingy wings once more and took the sea road for Nassau in earnest.

Nippy Work

With her hold containing no liquor cargo, she was a $50,000 liability upon her owners, but they, being men of imagination, had provided against this. They had ordered her master to lie off Nassau, take on another cargo of liquor during the night and in the morning enter the harbor and discharge the liquor under the eyes of the authorities. Thus, so the scheme ran, justice would be satisfied, the $50,000 bond would be returned to the owners and the cargo carried north and sold would yield its usual profit.

In conformity with this plan, the schooner late one afternoon came wallowing, empty and buoyant, down from the north and anchored off Salt Cay, one of the outer islands of the harbor and at that time a loading station for the rum runners.

The cay's long line of feathery palms marched black across the sunset as the master was rowed ashore. Their outline had been melted into the gathering dusk, and the white lighthouse at the harbor mouth was burning like a giant candle, when he put off again, having arranged for a load of liquor to be put aboard during the night. A little later a lighter bumped against the schooner's side, and then through the dark hours men raced with the circling stars to get the extremely temporary cargo aboard before dawn.

It may have been environment, stars competing with the distant lighthouse in brilliance, gentle water sounds and the warm alluring airs of the Spanish Main, that blue, iniquitous stretch of sea, which influenced the captain as he paced the deck that night, watching a fortune in liquor, gunny-sack packages of six bottles each, come over the side and vanish into the hold. It may have been long-cherished innate depravity which made him revise his owners' plan. At any rate, by the time day began to kindle behind Sand Cay, off to the east, with its single, overbalancing tuft of palms, the master of the schooner had evolved a particularly convoluted and profitable version of the double cross.

By daylight the last motorboat was puttering away to shore; hatch covers had been replaced over a full load of liquor, and across the low backbone of Hog Island the fire-opal waters of the harbor winked and blinked an invitation. The schooner got up her anchor and spread her sails. Before the day was over she could discharge her cargo and word from the authorities, cabled north, would return her $50,000 bond to her owners.

The bow of the schooner swung about, not toward the harbor light, gleaming golden in the early sun, but to the north once more. It was downright sinful to waste all this good liquor on a legal technicality, her master had decided. He took his craft to Rum Row, sold every bottle she carried and vanished, leaving as evidence of his departure only the stricken moans of the vessel's owners, forfeiters of a $50,000 bond and purchasers of a cargo of whisky that the captain had sold for his own profit.

With enough money to keep him comfortably for life, and safely as well as long as he remained in the United States, the master of the schooner endured exile for six months and then returned to Nassau, willing to let bygones be bygones.

There justice overtook him; not the law that the red-white-and-blue police of the colony enforce, but a retribution infinitely more direct, swift and painful—gang punishment.

The gang maintained by this particular ring had learned that he was ashore, but it was a little thug with a wizened face and the disposition of a hooded cobra who recognized him.

Frederick Street was dark and deserted as the repatriated captain strode along, until the thug darted out of the garden of Bootleggers' Hall and smote him from behind, screaming his name and associated epithets in his high voice. The blackjack brought the master of the schooner to his knees. The thug's kick sent him sprawling on his face, and before he could rise other members of the gang had swarmed over him.

The captain had no chance, but realization of this roused no chivalrous hesitation. The double cross had to be paid for, and there in the white dust of Frederick Street the captain paid, under the trampling feet of the gang.

By the time enough of the police arrived to dare to intervene the bill had been settled. The constables lifted the unconscious body from the spreading black blot in the road and bore it to the hospital, a creature only vaguely human in outline. Six months later the captain limped out of the institution and away from Nassau. It is doubtful if anyone would have recognized him if he had remained.

The Thug's Mistake

Shortly after this, so the Nassau legend runs, the light of revelation came to the thug and he reformed, eschewing liquor and its enterprises forever, and leaving the island for the more placid and pastoral precincts of East Side New York.

A certain member of the liquor ring had offended against the nebulous but bitter laws of his clan and had been marked for punishment, which meant a brutally thorough beating up.

The thug, who hated the offender, had been selected, at his own request, to carry out the sentence.

He had many hatreds in his acrid soul, and one affection—a fellow gangster and his treasured and only friend. It was this friend who was to lure the offender into a certain barroom selected as the punishment chamber. The thug was to do the rest.

With all a bridegroom's overpunctuality, the thug arrived at the rendezvous, and while waiting strove to accelerate the lagging minutes with brandy, neat and tidy.

Eventually his neighbor at the bar nudged him, spilling the thug's tenth or eleventh drink, and muttered out of a corner of his mouth, "There's your friend."

The thug saw two men standing near the door and crept toward them a little unsteadily, his eyes squinting through an alcoholic haze, his fingers fumbling for his blackjack. He struck venomously. The man crumpled over on his face and his companion, with a single startled glance about, fled. Snarling at this craven behavior of his friend, the thug kicked his victim savagely in the ribs, half turning the body over. His friend's pale face looked up at the thug. Dizzy with drink, the thug had punished the wrong man.

Later, when the friend of his heart had sufficiently recovered from brain concussion and splintered ribs to receive visitors, the thug was the first. He wept.

"I didn't mean to do it," he sniveled. "Honest, I didn't. It was this liquor. I'm offa it from now on. I'm goin' home. A man in my business ain't got no right to drink."

A Hint to Leave

The former bootleg lords of Nassau constituted a little autonomy, as self-sufficient and resentful of interference as a nest of hornets, in the heart of his Britannic majesty's colony. On one or two occasions it is believed that the punishments they imposed went as far as assassination, but no one complained if they did, and the authorities were content to let well enough alone.

Exile was a milder retribution, reserved for the overcurious rather than the actually sinful. A certain reporter for a New York paper once strove to interview Big Red. Big Red's opinions on cosmic problems as expressed on that occasion were as follows:

"Listen! They's a boat for Miami at noon tomorrow. Get it!"

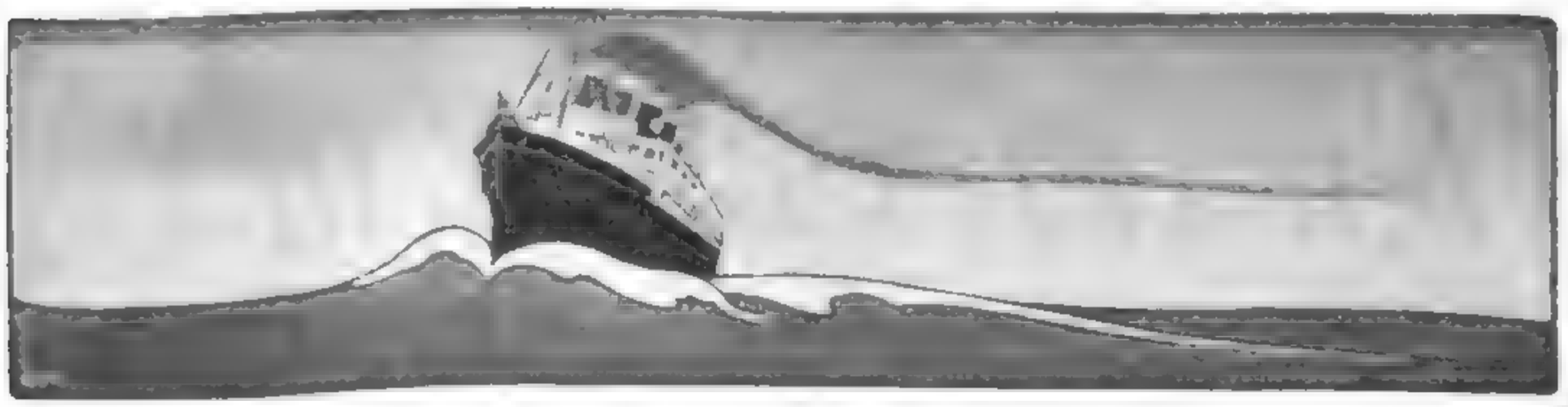
Another staff correspondent's nose for news led him into such difficulties that he fled for refuge to the American consul and remained in his home until a ship sailed for the mainland. A prohibition agent from the United States was recognized and beaten into insensability and then shipped back to Miami, a battered and lacerated caricature of himself. A secret-service man was mobbed by the gang police and would have been killed had not one of the bootleg barons intervened, taken the operative to his own room and kept him there until the next ship sailed.

Innumerable crimes of violence ashore and afloat have ended with their commission. There was no aftermath in print or in court and only faint echoes of them have crept into legend.

Were it not for a Dutchman, whose name is spelled in at least a dozen different ways, the buccaneers would have left as slight a mark in history or romance. Esquemeling, to use one version, sailed and fought under Harry Morgan. Later he collected the deeds of his chief and those of other luminaries of the Main in a volume that is the source of most later tales of West Indian piracy.

To date, no Esquemeling has appeared among the bootleggers who go about their dark or lurid ways unheralded and unsung, and the more so, the better. Legends attach themselves to this man or that, but these are as evanescent as the songs the black stevedores of Nassau compose to celebrate the craft that enter the harbor. Only rarely can these legends be followed up to any authentic source, but they lead occasionally to deeds Esquemeling would have included in his book.

(Continued on Page 161)



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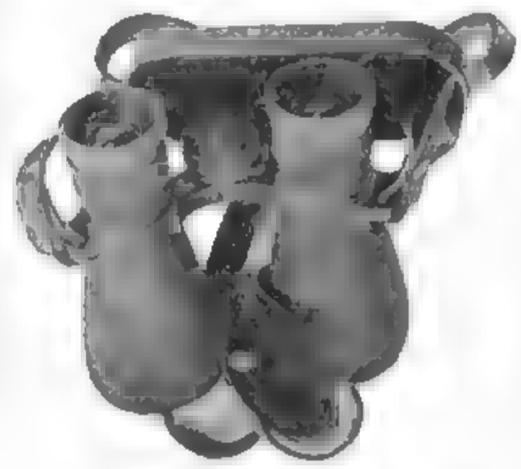

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Time for a fresh pair?

(Continued from Page 159)

There is the case of one skipper who loaded a steamer with liquor, sailed boldly into Jacksonville, and after explaining matters to the customs officers had opportunity to sell his entire stock before going home again. Three hundred years ago he would have singed off what beard the King of Spain had retained when Drake got through.

Off Jacksonville, his craft lies wallowing in the trough of the waves, signaling hysterically for a tow. A tug takes her in and customs officers swarm aboard.

"What cargo?"

"Liquor."

"Where bound?"

"Halifax."

"You're inside the three-mile limit," the official says ominously. "You know very well ——"

"I know nothing of the kind," the skipper interrupts. "I'm master of a British vessel, bound with a cargo of liquor to a British port. I've cracked a propeller-shaft bearing. I'm compelled to put in for repairs."

The official opens his mouth, continued suspicion on his face, but the skipper heads him off.

"I know what you're going to say," he interrupts waspishly; "and you know and I know it's a lie. Here are my papers. You can't touch this cargo. If you do, I'll hold you personally responsible. Furthermore, so that there can be no reflection on me afterward, I want this liquor put under government seal while repairs are being made. I'm not going to have anyone calling me a bootlegger, now or later. That plain?"

To the customs officials it was plain and fair. Seals were affixed to the hatches and men were put to work to replace the bearing, which was indubitably broken. Three days thereafter the skipper cleared from Jacksonville, his Government seals still intact upon his hatches, and so impressed were officials with his violent probity of conduct that they failed to remark how high his steamer rode.

There had been one door to the hold that the virtuous Simons had not shown to the seal-affixing officials, and through this, each of the three nights his ship lay in port, liquor was passed to the bootleggers of Florida until there was no more to pass.

The Foe of Drug Smugglers

The legend makers of the Bahamas have particularly cherished the memory of Bill McCoy, who, as this is written, is held in New York on a series of indictments for alleged offenses against the prohibition law of the United States. Already the name of the last of the bootleg barons trails, in the far-scattered Bahamas, clouds of legendary glory.

Bill McCoy, the square shooter, whose promise was something more than mere vibration of the atmosphere; McCoy, the daring and the humorous; McCoy, the keen skipper of the swift schooner Tomoka, with a gun on her forward deck and a crew kept under man-of-war discipline; McCoy, who risked his own life to save a secret-service man—Bill McCoy, native American and successively merchant-marine officer, boat builder and bootlegger, is by way of becoming a Nassauvian solar myth.

It was McCoy who, when first arraigned in the United States Court and held in $15,000 bail, handed his bondsman $15,000 from a satchel containing $68,000 cash and then gayly jumped his bond. It was McCoy, legend says further, who when the Tomoka lay well outside American waters, delighted in hailing prowling prohibition craft through a megaphone and dwelling upon the personal, mental and moral peculiarities of their crews, until the Federal men were apoplectic with wrath and all Rum Row within earshot helpless with laughter.

It was McCoy—and this is not legend, but fact—who called upon the United States consul at Nassau and repeated to him, word for word, a confidential dispatch the consul had sent to the State Department concerning the activities of McCoy himself.

Rum runner and bail jumper McCoy undoubtedly is, but though his schooner carried innumerable cargoes of liquor to Rum Row, against the peace and statutes of the United States, the darker and fouler phases of the smuggling trade between this nation and the Indies found him an enemy as remorseless as any revenue officer.

McCoy ran rum in spite of the consul at Nassau and the prohibition-enforcement service. If others smuggled drugs and Chinese, it was in spite of the efforts of the consul and the United States, augmented by those of Bill McCoy.

Toward smugglers of narcotics or yellow men, McCoy was as merciless and rabid as the most vehement prohibition-enforcement agent was toward him. His reports to the consul at Nassau concerning these peculiarly vicious phases of law violation have been of no small value.

The trade in drugs and Chinese is the least public phase of the unsanctioned traffic that ples across the Main. The rum runner can obtain haven and comfort and supplies in British waters. The drug and Chinese carriers are condemned by both nations. Yet cocaine and morphine and the rest of that unholy association are flowing into America in large quantities from the Indies. They are literally borne along on the insweeping tide of liquor. The bootlegger perfected the mechanism of smuggling and the drug purveyor is profiting by that same perfection.

At present Havana is the chief port for the illicit exportation of drugs. There, if you know certain telephone numbers and addresses, you can purchase almost unlimited quantities of narcotics at the following prices, f. o. b., Havana:

	Per Gram
Cube morphine	$ .90
Cocaine	.80
Heroin	1.00
Granulated morphine	.60

Not only is this trade infinitely more sinister than the running in of even the worst liquor but it is also much more difficult to smash. Drugs worth a fortune when sold in America may be carried ashore in a moderate-sized suitcase. A man can land with no luggage whatever and take from his pockets enough narcotics, at underworld prices, to keep him in luxury for two years.

No way has yet been devised for stopping the evil. As long as thousands of quarts of liquor are smuggled into a single port in one night, thousands of grams of the immensely more profitable morphine, cocaine and heroin can be brought in undetected. And where a schooner can put ashore hundreds of cases of liquor, another craft can land a dozen or so Chinese with equal secrecy.

Up from Havana the yellow men come, packed in schooner holds and paying anywhere from $500 to $1000 for passage.

Little is actually known of this traffic. Most information concerning it is based upon theory and rumor. Publicity is the last thing it desires. Only by accident now and then the curtain is pulled aside and reveals a glimpse of some bizarre tableau in a drama, acted for the most part in absolute secrecy, as when the fog lifted from the Narrows of New York Harbor and the schooner Mary Beatrice was revealed, reeling aimlessly in the swells.

The Mary Beatrice was a swift well-built craft of twenty tons, launched at Harbor Island in the Bahama group, carrying cargo for her builder, picking up desultory freight for his widow and coming at last under the command of her builder's son, William Albury, who degraded her into a carrier of Chinese from Havana to New York.

A Hidden Drama

Late in May of last year the Mary Beatrice slipped by night from Havana Harbor and went north through the whistling trade wind. On her deck were William Albury, Lambert, his brother, and William Johnson, all white. There were also a negro deckhand, Black Mose, and another darky, Willibert Saunders, who cooked for her crew and the twenty Chinese below decks.

The curtain falls and remains down until ten days or two weeks later, when the Mary Beatrice arrives on Rum Row and anchors. William Johnson enters a skiff and rows ashore.

Once more the curtain falls, to lift again, many hours later, when Bill McCoy, on his Tomoka, is hailed by a man rowing wearily about in a skiff who demands of him the whereabouts of the Mary Beatrice. Where she has lain, between the schooners Tomoka and Furzehem, gray waves run across Rum Row. McCoy invites the searcher aboard, feeds him and then begins to ask questions. These the man Johnson is unwilling to answer. He knows McCoy's reputation. He realizes that if Bill learns about the cargo of the Mary Beatrice he himself may be turned over to the revenue authorities.

Johnson rows from the Tomoka to the Furzehem, which is just making sail for the run to Nassau, boards her and departs from the Row, leaving McCoy's questions unanswered for the most part, but his suspicions aroused.

Then comes the last of these revealed fragments of a hidden drama. In the choppy seas of the Narrows, the Mary Beatrice, once the trimmest little craft out of Harbor Island, staggers and lurches about drunkenly. Her cordage is slack. A loose sail bellies and flaps across her deck. Her unattended wheel twirls this way and that as the currents twist her rudder. Eventually men from a cutter hail her and then board. William Albury, Lambert Albury, Black Mose, Willibert Saunders—there is no trace of them. Of her cargo of twenty Chinese, fifteen of them crouch in her cabin, starving, bloodstained, bearing bullet and knife wounds, deaf to questions.

One must fill in the gaps for himself, taking, if ingenuity fails, this or that of the assorted stories of what happened, told by the surviving yellow men to an interpreter. These agree only in one detail: After the battle, the bodies of the Alburys, Mose, Saunders and five Chinese were thrown overside.

Four hundred years ago the rovers of the Spanish Main evolved the profound maxim that dead men tell no tales. It is an axiom that still holds today on the blue waters of the Indies or the gray-green tides of New York Harbor. It is the reason bits of mighty stories that the wind brings in from the Main to the islands of the south are never wholly revealed.

A man lives in the Bahamas and still sails the schooner on which he once started north from Havana with thirty-eight Chinese below deck. A revenue cutter came over the horizon as he was about to set them ashore on the Florida coast and he stood out to sea once more.

Without Trace

A keen wind was blowing offshore and he ran before it, the cutter reeling and smoking along in pursuit. Dusk and the pursuer crept up on the schooner together. The wind had freshened and the blue waves of the Gulf Stream had changed to great gray rollers, when toward the end of the chase the schooner went over on a tack that canted up her rail and hid her deck from the view of the oncoming cutter. Then, after a space, she shortened sail and waited the approach of the pursuer.

"You've got Chinese aboard!" the boarding officer accused, peering into an open hatch.

"No," said the captain woodenly, staring at the deck that the leaping waves had scoured clean.

"That's a lie! I've got a nose!"

"We carried a batch of Chinks for plantation work from Havana down to Neuvitas. That's what you smell. We have no Chinese aboard now. Look for yourself."

He spoke the truth. Of the thirty-eight, not one remained. Dead men and the waters of the Main keep counsel. It was not an entirely profitless trip. Half the Chinaman's passage money is always paid in advance.

The reticence of the ocean and of the dead men thrown therein are responsible for the rumors, hints and bits of tales that are washed like flotsam back and forth along the length of Bay Street in Nassau.

A schooner puts out from the turquoise-and-jade harbor to the sapphire-and-amethyst sea beyond the lighthouse. After an interval, long or short, she returns and only the six or eight men aboard her know what occurred during that interval. The more vivid and lawless their exploit has been, the less willing are they to talk when they return.

So it must have been during the reign of Teach and his wild followers and in the days of the blockade runners. Crimes committed most successfully have no aftermath of publicity whatever.

"Piracy on the Spanish Main'" a Nassauvian who had grown wealthy since the United States went dry snorted. "Newspaper bunk! We don't like newspaper men here. They give the islands a bad name because they want sensation instead of facts. They don't look for the truth. They sit around and dream pirate yarns."

And while he continued to mourn, from an obviously full heart, over the innocuousness of the rum-running trade and the inherent exaggerations of the whole tribe of writing folk, a steamer, recently out of

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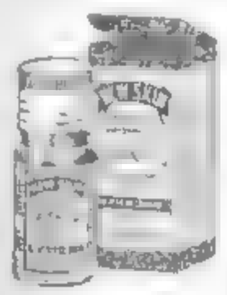

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The Kind of Clothes KAHN MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES Gentlemen Wear

Nassau for Halifax, was lurching back past the harbor light, her cargo still aboard and three of those who had departed on her missing. She looked exhausted and a little disheveled, did the steamer, like a stout respectable dowager who has been caught in a pool-room raid. She crept feebly to her anchorage and the roar of the chains through her hawse holes came over the waters like a sigh of relief.

The Louise F had returned, disillusioned and nerve shattered from her first essay at rum carrying. Scorning more reputable and less remunerative cargoes, she had taken aboard 39,000 cases of liquor and started out across the Spanish Main, where pirates are newspaper myths.

Before she sailed there had been a squabble which had ended with the discharge of the chief engineer and the hiring of another man to take his place. The assistant engineer, brother of the man discharged, had been retained in his original capacity. Thus both of the brethren had grievances and ambitions for profitable revenge, and, taking a third man into confidence, laid plans for piracy. The assistant stowed his brother and the other conspirator on the ship before she sailed. She had dropped the islands well behind her and was frothing along north through the Gulf Stream before anyone but the assistant engineer knew of their presence. They were introduced to other members of the crew in the following fashion:

The assistant engineer hammered on the door of the new chief's cabin and announced that the auxiliary engines were acting strangely. The engineer entered the engine room and then abandoned haste for rigidity before two men, each of whom held a revolver. He was tied, gagged and carried back to his own room, while the assistant engineer went on deck and informed the navigating officer that something was the matter with the chief.

Again the plan worked smoothly and the navigating officer was held up, bound, gagged and laid beside the chief engineer.

In the next half hour the captain, Mate Chisholm and Supercargo Turtle were likewise lured below and captured. Then the piratical three appeared on deck, announced to the negro sailors that the ship would now change her course and head for Florida, and cut short any tendency to debate the matter by punctuating their remarks with motions of their pistols.

A Tale of Calamity

To while away the tedium of the run, the trio brought up some liquor from the hold; and becoming convivial, offered to remove the gag from the mouth of any man who wanted a drink. But the five captives, in refusal, shook their heads sadly, that being the only gesture they could possibly contrive.

The steamer dropped her anchor off South Pablo Beach, Florida; and, directed by the revolver muzzles of the pirates, the crew began breaking out the cargo and loading a yawl with the burlap-cased packages. With three negroes to act as stevedores, two of the pirates took the boat through the mild surf to the shore, superintended its transportation up the beach to a hollow in the dunes and returned to the schooner for another load—minus one negro who in some fashion appeared to have evaporated.

Actually, he had done no such thing. He had had an opportunity to run and he had taken it, and was devoting his energies to nothing else in the world. If he had not collided, during his flight, with a native of South Pablo, the probability is that he would still be completely absorbed in that occupation. As it was, when he was halted, he babbled a tale of outrage and calamity that sent the white man to a telephone and a revenue cutter from Jacksonville out to sea full speed.

The pirates, still merrily unloading liquor, saw the approach of the cutter in time to tumble into the boat, row ashore and vanish. The revenue men boarded the steamer, released the captives and then cross-examined them suspiciously, evidently proceeding on the theory that rum runners, rich in wiles, were trying out a new one on Uncle Sam's long-suffering prohibition officers.

Weeks intervened before the last bit of skepticism had vanished and the final yard of red tape had been unrolled. Then the ship was permitted to return with her cargo to Nassau and she pointed her weary and disillusioned bow homeward.

When last seen by the narrator, she was tied up at a wharf, taking to herself a load of prosaic but undeniably legal lumber.

Evidences of piracy on the Main exist elsewhere than in reporters' imaginations. They crop up in casual conversations with Bahamans. They can be found by the dozen in the records, past and present, of the American consulate, which month by month dispatches to its Government tales of violence on the bright and devious seas that smile with such specious innocence about the clutter of large and small bits of rock that constitute the Bahama group.

In these records one may read the unhappy stories of many ships, and, turning back through the files for a century, can find information like the following, written August 31, 1822:

> Accounts have this day been received of a number of additional robberies committed by pirates in the Old Straits. A British sloop sailed from Nassau, in company with a Spanish Felucca for Neuvitas and was boarded near his port of Destination by boats from an armed schooner. The Felucca was not molested, but the owners of the goods on board the sloop were obliged to ransom the same for three thousand dollars. The Pirates stated that they could not in future interfere with the Spanish vessels, but that they were determined to take every foreign vessel.

If the years have not abolished piracy from the Main, they have at least wiped away such patriotic considerations as the pirates of the Old Straits evidently cherished.

In contrast to the succinct consular report on its age-browned foolscap, the islands are filled today with strange and unsatisfactory stories, possessing thrilling beginnings and no endings, tales that have their conclusion only in surmise.

The Tragedy of the Storm

The Richards and Roberts was a new, fine Harbor Island schooner. She had a crew of eight men, all white, and two years ago left her home port with a load of lumber for Havana. She discharged her cargo and one calm summer afternoon stood out past Morro Castle and melted away into the blue water of the Main, metaphorically and, apparently, actually. Since then the women of Harbor Island have waited for their men to return. Search was made when the craft was reported overdue. No trace of her ever was found. Her crew had all been seamen from childhood. She was taut and seaworthy. As far as the authorities were ever able to determine, no storm had crossed her path. She had simply gone out to sea and vanished.

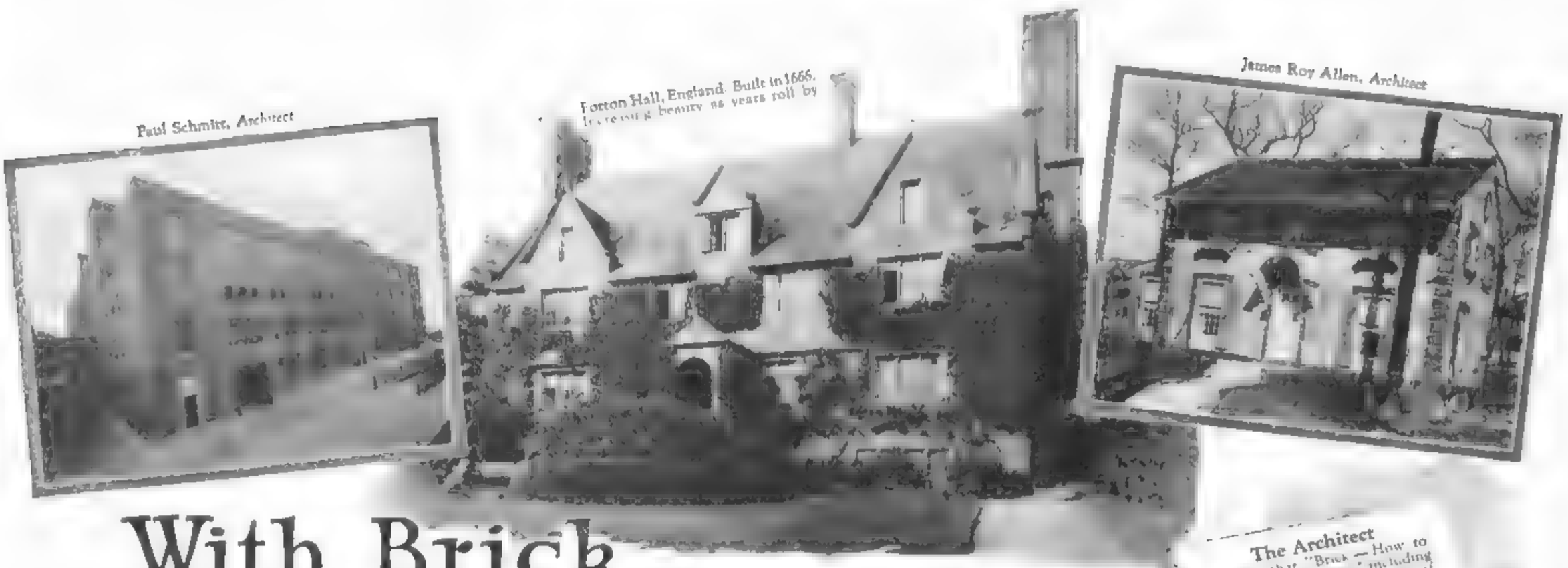
There, as far as official records are concerned, the matter ends; but Harbor Islanders do not believe it was some unreported and violent upheaval of Nature that overcame their fine new schooner and took their eight young man. Pirates, they insist, captured her and slew her crew.

One night, so the tale runs, lights of another ship bore down upon a Bahama Island schooner, running away from the Florida coast before a thunderstorm. A flare of lightning revealed the oncoming craft for the fraction of a second. She was a schooner also, barepoled and smashing the ebony waves into foam with the drive of her auxiliary engine. Then there was darkness and the roll of thunder and the noise of wind and rain coming swiftly across water. The green and red lights ahead grew nearer and brighter and the green one vanished as the ship drove past.

Once more the lightning flared, displaying her sharp and strong as a steel engraving. Two men on the Bahama schooner's deck cried aloud, but their voices were lost in another clap of thunder. Rain closed in between the craft and the wind that bore it blew them apart. To this day the men who shouted swear that the bare-poled schooner was the lost Richards and Roberts. They should know. Both of them had watched her building.

That is the story Harbor Island believes. It is confirmed by other men from the settlement who tell of seeing the schooner go sailing past an out island at sunset and vanish in the dusk.

It is a fact that the Richards and Roberts vanished inexplicably. As for the rest, the Harbor Islanders who told her story to the chronicler of the above were fishermen. And on matters of veracity, all the world knows fishermen were the most unreliable of mortals until the bootleggers came along and wrested supremacy in mendacity away from them.



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The Ideal Wall The Ideal Wall saves brick, mortar, labor It is built with standard brick available everywhere It gives a hollow ventilated wall without reducing strength or fireproofness.

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2153 Cleveland Discount Building :: Cleveland, Ohio

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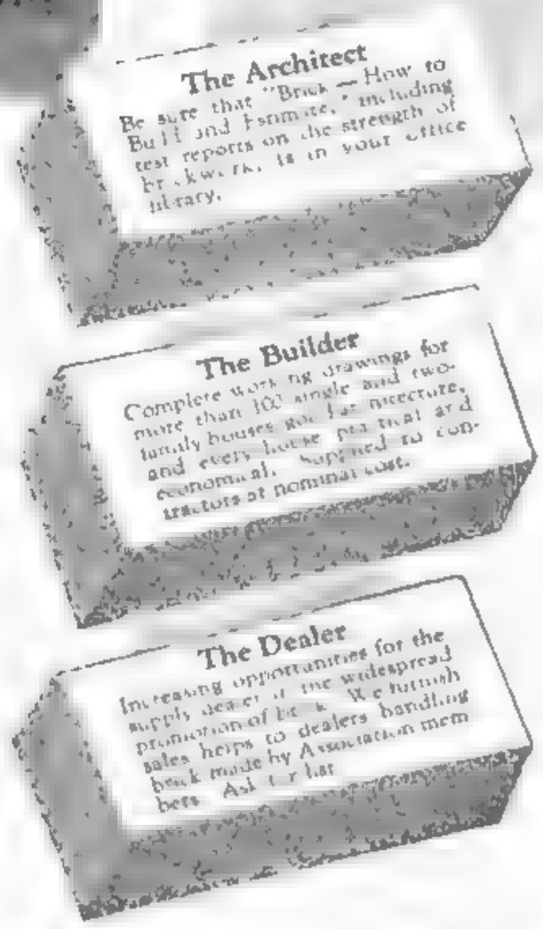
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Be sure that "Brick — How to Build and Estimate," including test reports on the strength of brickwork, is in your office library.
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Complete working drawings for more than 100 single and two-family houses, not flat-structure, and every house pattern and economical. Supplied to contractors at nominal cost.
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Increasing opportunities for the supply dealer in the widespread promotion of brick. We furnish sales helps to dealers handling brick made by Association members. Ask for list

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The five-passenger Haynes 60 Sedan—the closed car of distinguished service.

What the motor car owner has the right to expect for his money

BUYING a car is a business matter. The average man wants to know what he is getting for his money and what the car will give him for his money.

He knows the price range of cars is wide. He knows that somewhere in the line there must be a car and a price that represents real par value. Finding that car at that price means that he will get what he has the right to expect—a 100 per cent value car.

Decisions are based on impressions which can be verified. Here is what that car should prove to him.

First Impression. At first sight it must show itself to be a complete car. Everything about it must express gracefulness and attractiveness. It must look good—have the kind of looks that will last a long time. The smallest detail, such as a door handle, must show that it is part of the complete design.

Second Impression. It must be an inviting car—easy to get into. The door will be wide; there will be leg and foot room. The shape of the seat, the depth of the upholstery will make him comfortable. In the driver's seat he will find pedals reaching for his feet, gear shift lever where his hand falls on it, starting, lighting and other controls so ready to his fingers that their use will be almost unconscious.

Third Impression. He presses the starter button. The motor purrs. His foot on the accelerator gives the engine just enough gas. He slips into first and moves off. Into second, then third, and he is away. The engine has a silky action that tells him it is ready for his moods. Steering is easy—as naturally as walking. He slows down to a crawl; he lets it out on a clear stretch of road, and the engine leaps into action eagerly. And all the while he is so comfortable he doesn't realize it; so are the folks in the rear seat.

Fourth Impression. He comes to a stop, gets out and lifts the hood. He studies the engine and other mechanical parts. He finds that everything has been worked out and built by an organization which has pioneered in the business and which has put all its experience into the car.

Fifth Impression. He and his passengers get out of the car as easily as they got in. The car looks even better to them all. They know it has a reputation which insures not only long life and good service but a high resale price should they ever wish to dispose of it.

Impressions such as the above can only be given by a car which really represents "par value," and that car is The Haynes.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Kokomo, Indiana

It pays—to own a

HAYNES

America's first car

PLATINUM HANDCUFFS

Continued from Page 36

after midnight. Croyle helped her tenderly into the car. In deference to Anne's charged mood they drove home almost [illegible]. The storm was over, the wind dead. Stars glittered in thick-strewn companies like snow crystals on a dark velvet robe. They drew up to the sentinel white posts by the end of the brick walk. The little house, outlined by snow and starshine, showed no light. It brooded in solitude.

"I'm coming in," announced Croyle, gently but masterfully, his hand on the door of the car. "There are some things I must say, Anne."

Anne smiled in the darkness.

"Really, it's more comfortable here. We haven't any fire. They wouldn't leave any coal without ——"

"No coal – no fire?" His voice expressed concern almost to the point of horror. "Anne! Why didn't you let me know? I'll send some up tomorrow."

"I think Web has attended to it, Carl."

"Think?" The word and inflection subtly but effectively condemned Web. "You know I'll do it, Anne. How could he neglect you ——" He checked himself to start afresh. "This transfer has hurried a crisis a little. I've seen it coming. I've longed for it ——"

He leaned over her; he took her gloved hands in both his bare ones.

"Wait, Carl," she interrupted. "Turn on the light, please."

"I can talk in the dark," he replied half lightly, half annoyedly.

"But I want to see you while you talk."

He pressed the button unwillingly. The incandescent in the roof of the car glowed. It revealed Anne, arms folded, looking straight ahead into the waste of white. He made a gesture toward her, quickly repressed, and went on:

"You know what I mean, Anne. Between you and your husband." She did not move or speak. "He's never appreciated you, never realized the wonder and glory of you. He's the luckiest man alive, and he's tossing his luck away. Anne, this chapter of your life is closed. You two have drifted apart, and it's final. How many thousands of couples have done the same thing! You've seen lots of them yourself. And mighty few of them, almost none, have ever come together again. It isn't in the cards. People don't look at it as seriously and as severely as they used to do. There's been a change. Maybe it's the times, or the effects of the war—oh, a dozen different things. But, anyway, divorces are multiplying and no one cares. How many of your friends have been divorced!"

She shuddered a little inwardly as she acknowledged it was true. Young married people talked jestingly but persistently of what they would do when they were divorced. There seemed to be a virus in the air or in this generation's blood that made family quarrels malignant and deadly. Croyle saw the points go home, though the girl beside him still sat remote, apparently indifferent.

He leaned forward again and took her hands. Passion shook his voice. Deadly earnestness stamped itself in his eyes and in his long face.

"Let him go, Anne. Don't humble yourself to bring him back, because he wouldn't stay, and you couldn't stay. The drift has already started. He's gone on. Maybe there isn't anyone else for him yet. But there will be. Why don't you go on—let yourself go—take up life where it will be joyous and friendly, with someone who'll be kind and considerate? I—I love you, Anne. I've loved you since the first time I ever saw you. I appreciate you. I can give you the things he couldn't. No more worry about money. You shall have your own car. California or Florida winters—anything. You won't have to ask. I'll study you. I'll know. You'll have it without the asking."

At first Anne struggled when his hands closed on hers. Then she sat quietly and heard him through. The silence lengthened; breathlessly he waited for her words. He dared to hope for a favorable decision. His hands tightened convulsively on her fingers.

"I was just thinking," she said absently, at last. "It's an old one of these cynical farce-comedies, isn't it? The suave and polished superior, the man of big affairs; the blundering, hot-headed young husband with a —a downright genius for putting his foot in it; the beautiful young heroine who looks good—or isn't it bad?—to the superior. The plot to send the husband away——Tell me, Carl, do you think I'm pretty enough to qualify as the heroine?"

She turned toward him with apparent seriousness, though there were the beginnings of a smile about the sweet red lips. He dropped her hands and sat erect, flushing deeply under the shafts of her ridicule. The lady's man is flattered by retreat, confusion, fear, doubt; but he hates to be laughed at.

That alone is intolerable. That alone turns the edge of his weapons.

"That's all right, Anne; that's all right," he mumbled. "Laugh if you want to. But I meant it. What are you going to do when he leaves?" He saw the smile fade and, encouraged, pressed on. "You haven't any money, any resources."

"I could work, you know."

"Could you? Places aren't easy to get. You'd have to live in a hall bedroom and eat in beaneries."

"I could live in my own house."

"Oh, no, you couldn't!" he returned triumphantly. And then more considerately: "It's mortgaged, you know; the bank would foreclose; you'd lose every cent you have in it." He pleaded again: "Please, Anne, just say you'll consider me. I swear you'll never regret it. You can stay here then. I'll take up the mortgage. Things can go on just the same. We'll find someone to stay with you, some elderly woman——"

"And you'll have a country home and all the" she hesitated in her cool, faintly amused speech—"shall we say all the advantages of a country home, at half price? That would be—well, nice for you, of course. But people would talk ——"

"Anne!" The man's hoarse voice stopped her. "You don't mean that. You're just pretending to misunderstand me. You know how I love you. Just the instant the divorce is granted we'll be married. That's what I'm waiting for. I'm dreaming of it ——"

He stopped, shaken by his own words; and then went on, fiercely, supplicatingly. "Please, Anne ——"

She raised her hand as if to fend him off. "I'm tired," she said a little wildly, her composure gone. "I can't think—I don't want to think. It's all come so suddenly. Men! Riding roughshod! Just worrying about themselves, wanting, and stubborn ——"

She burst suddenly into tears, hiding her face in her hands, her rounded body shaking under the blows of her sobs. Thrilled, triumphant, Croyle laid his arm about her shoulders. And again did bewildered disappointment mock him, for she shook off the arm so fiercely that he started back in fear of a blow. She fumbled at the door, pushed it open and fled up the red-brick walk, sobbing bitterly. He made a move to follow her; got out of the car and took a few steps. Then he stopped. His weak mouth sagged half open. Even in the darkness he caught it hastily together again. He gnawed at his lips in indecision and started again up the path.

The door of the little house slammed shut behind her. He wheeled then, eager, angry, repulsed, but not defeated. He returned to the car, started it roughly, as though it were a horse he longed to beat, and dashed off to town.

Web's struggle with the elements matched the storm raging in his brain. The snow pelted him and dragged at his footsteps. The wind buffeted him with rough palm, twisted his overcoat about his knees and strove to tear the bag from him. Head down, breathing open-mouthed, he labored through the drifts. He reached the interurban line at last and waited in the shelter of an open shed for one of the great snow-mantled green cars thundering in from upstate. A limited slugged by, his signals disregarded. But a local came soon after and took him aboard. It landed him near the University Club. He registered in the vaulted marble lobby. They assigned him a room and he sat in it for hours, his head in his hands, thinking, thinking.

Long after the door of the little house closed on the weeping Anne he sat in the deep chair. He thought of his wife; not bitterly, but sorrowfully, as though she were dead and he mourned her. Decisions wheeled and tumbled in his gloomy sky like swallows. Now and again they settled

A Tonic for Your Wardrobe

A NEW Young's Hat is a Spring tonic for your entire wardrobe. It imparts smartness as nothing else can. This is because Young has a way of adding something to his hats that lends an air of distinction to them and to the men who wear them.

The country-wide popularity of Young's Hats is due principally to this *added* quality; *they make you look your best.*

Let your Spring hat be a Young's. You'll find that it is the most stylish and becoming hat you ever owned—and that it *retains* its good looks in spite of wear and weather.

Young's at $5.00 is the standard of hat value the country over. Other qualities at other prices. The Young hat-box illustrated above portrays "The Sky-Line of the Nation," consisting of representative buildings of America's great style centers. It symbolizes the nation-wide popularity of Young's Hats among the best dressed men from coast to coast. Buy your Spring hat where you see this box displayed.

THE YOUNG HAT CO., 200 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
FACTORY: NORWALK, CONN.

Young's Hats
NONE BETTER MADE

FELT HATS *Wear Young's Hats for correct and becoming style THE YEAR ROUND* STRAW HATS

ALBERT I
King of Belgium

When, in the early nineties, the young Count of Flanders, now King of the Belgians, visited this country, the people of Philadelphia entertained him at the old Bellevue. Even in a day when large and luxurious hotels were springing up, the little 40 room inn was considered as most representative of the hospitality and courtesy of Philadelphia and the nation.

IN point of size, luxury, and conveniences the Bellevue-Stratford and its tiny predecessor have but little in common. But the unsurpassed cuisine, the careful, attentive service, the genuine hospitality, that made the old Bellevue famous the world over remains intact—an heritage from the restful past to the bustling present.

The
BELLEVUE-STRATFORD
BROAD & WALNUT STREETS *Philadelphia*

JAMES P. A. O'CONOR, Managing Director

To serve surpassingly well—the ideal of The Bellevue-Stratford—is also that of the other hotels under the management of the

BOOMER-DU PONT PROPERTIES CORPORATION

The WALDORF-ASTORIA
NEW YORK

The NEW WILLARD
WASHINGTON

momentarily, only to take wing in alarm at a new gesture of his mind.

He went to bed late, worn out mentally and physically, the decisions still fluttering. He slept poorly, rose earlier than usual and ate a tasteless breakfast in the club dining room. A page found him as he left his table.

"Telephone, Mr. Drew," the boy murmured, and conducted him to the rank of mahogany booths under the mezzanine.

"Are you there, Mr. Drew—are you there?" came a voice as Web put the receiver to his ear; the voice of Francis, steward at the Urban Shore Club, Francis the competent, the distant, the slightly scornful. A voice so changed that he hardly recognized it, changed by an agitation that shook from it every vestige of the usual control.

"Yes, yes, Francis," he assured hastily. "What is it?"

"For God's sake, sir, will you come out right away? Something terrible has happened!"

He snatched overcoat and hat and stepped out into the pale, crisp sunshine. At the door man's signal a taxicab squattered up the snowy driveway like a fat brown hen.

"Urban Shore Country Club, as fast as you can!" he directed, and thrust himself into it. The taxi went off urgently, rocking sidewise on its springs.

In perhaps two hours the vehicle returned to town, slipping neatly through the thickening traffic to the gate of Platinum Products. Web got out and without a word to the driver walked up the steps and into the office building. His face held no shred of color. His lips were compressed, his eyes dull. He took off his hat absently as he entered his own office. His forehead was wet. He threw his overcoat on a chair. After a single knock he opened Croyle's door and entered.

President Denison sat at the desk reserved for him, smoking his morning cigar, his ash tray, the full-rigged ship of glass, convenient to his left hand. Croyle, at his superior's right elbow, listened deferentially, his lean, hard body inclined forward, angled arms across the arms of his chair.

Their faces revealed that Web had interrupted a conversation about himself.

"Morning, Drew. Just discussing your transfer. Mr. Croyle tells me you want to leave Motor City."

"I had thought of it," Web acknowledged, sitting down rigidly in the chair Croyle indicated, so that he found himself facing them across the desk. "But there are some questions I'd like to ask before I decide."

Denison, leaning back comfortably, nodded.

"About our other plants?"

"About the policy of your organization."

They considered him attentively. Denison answered the challenge in his voice.

"I supposed our policy was pretty well understood. What is it you wanted to know?"

"I want you to tell me whether some conclusions I've reached are right or wrong; that is, conclusions and what I believe are facts I've based them on."

"Yes; I'll tell you."

"All right. You know, of course, Mr. Denison, that you pay your white-collar men, your executives, from a third to a half less than any other corporation in the country?"

"Hold on, Drew," interrupted Croyle; "if you're not satisfied ——"

Denison, cigar between upraised fingers, stopped him with a gesture.

"Let him alone, Croyle." Then to Web, "Admitting for the sake of argument that I do know it, what then?"

"And your expenses for doing business, the allowances you make us for entertainment, are much higher than in other corporations, aren't they?"

"Supposing I say they are from 50 to 150 per cent higher. What of it?"

"Wait! You let your yard foremen and laborers and skilled mechanics in the mills buy stock, don't you?"

"Yes; that's our policy."

"But you don't let executives buy any, do you?"

"No."

"Mr. Denison, do you own Urban Shore National Bank?"

"A majority of the stock."

"And you let executives borrow money from your bank on very easy terms to buy homes, don't you?"

"The bank's always protected. But we encourage our staff to own their homes here, yes; at the other plants as well, of course."

"Platinum Glass Corporation and subsidiaries have a pension system, haven't they?"

The president nodded emphatically.

"One of the most liberal in the country."

"You furnish us with automobiles and maintain them. Mr. Croyle's telling me to join the country club and the University Club, that the company would pay the initiation fees and dues was authorized by you, wasn't it?"

Denison's fat body lolled at ease, but he looked at Web out of blue eyes keenly alert. He seemed to enjoy the cross-examination.

"All authorized, Drew; all authorized."

"Now when one of us gets in a serious jam, needs money in a hurry, your general managers advance it, don't they?"

"It's generally understood, I think, that we stand by our own people." Pride tinged the older man's calm tone.

"And it isn't taken out of our next pay check, either; it's more or less forgotten, isn't it?"

"Just a minute, Drew; you can't sidestep any obligations to this company," put in Croyle with cold decisiveness. But Denison, faintly smiling, overruled him. The gruff and dictatorial manner usually assumed by the corporation head toward employes gradually gave way during the dialogue. He regarded Web with a certain appreciation, a quizzical respect.

"Aw, come off, Croyle; we do forget it so long as a man remains with us. I've told him I'll answer his questions. He deserves answers; he's thought farther and straighter than most of my employes." His eyes shifted again to Web. "What else?"

Web pushed his chair back and rose.

"I've checked up the facts," he said quietly. "Now I'll give you the conclusions. Mr. Denison, when you promote a man to an executive position, when you lift him from the ranks, you set out to rot him of his character. You make him a sponger and a spendthrift and a sneak. You make him live beyond his means. You force on him a taste for luxuries that he can't afford. You put him into the society of people who are well off, or rich, and put money into his hands so that he may hold up his end with them. You tempt him and you corrupt him."

"Here, here!" Croyle rose, pale-faced and determined. "You can't insult Mr. Denison while I'm ——"

"Sit down and shut up, Croyle," broke in Denison, harsh voiced. "Go ahead, Drew."

The cigar blackened between his fingers. He pulled himself upright in his chair. His jaws outlined themselves firmly above the wattled fat.

"You encourage him to run into debt, to buy an expensive house he can't pay for, to splurge in a high-priced automobile. You won't let him buy stock in your concern; he might sell it at a profit. And you pay him—you pay him almost as much as one of the guineas who wheel broken bottles out in the yard.

"Platinum Glass!" he jeered, a sob behind the jeer. "Platinum! I can remember when it was Silver Glass Corporation, but Platinum is better—much better. Platinum is so much more expensive, you know. You've made it damned expensive to us; so expensive we can't get away from you. We're chained to it—chained, handcuffed.

"That's it—handcuffed. A man can't cut loose and fight the world with his hands fastened. And believe me they're fastened after he's worked for you a while with pretty handcuffs, costly handcuffs. Easy money put them on. But they're there—platinum handcuffs!"

A gulping sigh clogged his throat. He turned away.

"Platinum handcuffs. Pretty good." Ripley Denison nodded his acknowledgment as might a boxer to the blow which shakes him to his heels. "Platinum handcuffs; apt, like most catchwords, and just as false." His brows drew together. He spoke gravely:

"You've been pretty rough, young man, and unfair. You've warped your facts, so you reach rotten conclusions. You've drawn my policy, but you've drawn it out of all proportion, like an ill-natured cartoon. I've tested that policy and I know—I know, mind you—that it's a good one. I stick to it because ——"

Web turned swiftly.

(Continued on Page 169)

The Era of Whiter Teeth

It has come to careful people the world over
Millions of some 50 nations now fight film

HAVE you noted in your circles how glistening teeth have multiplied in late years?

It is so in nearly every circle in nearly every country. And it means a new dental era.

A new method of teeth cleaning has come into vogue largely by dental advice. Not merely to beautify the teeth, but to keep them cleaner, safer. You should learn now, if you don't know, what it means to you and yours.

Clean teeth mean this

More than brushing is required to clean your teeth.

You feel on your teeth a viscous film. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Unless removed it soon discolors, then forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

It must be combated

Dental authorities long ago realized that this film must be combated. Not occasionally in the dental chair, but daily in the home.

After much research two methods were discovered. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Careful tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Dentists everywhere see the results and advise it. Now the use has spread to nearly every corner of the earth. The teeth in your own circle show how widely it is used.

Other facts discovered

Research also proved that certain peoples are notably immune to tooth troubles. They are peoples who eat much acid fruit. Pepsodent also embodies this principle of mild acidity.

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Thus every use of Pepsodent gives multiplied power to these great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.

The benefits are now enjoyed by millions. Many of your friends are among them. And they will tell you, we believe, that never again will they go without them.

Start the young folks

To the coming generation, Pepsodent means new protection against troubles which you suffered. It means the best protection in a tooth paste yet discovered. Dentists advise that children use it from the time the first tooth appears.

When you see the Pepsodent results, remember what they mean to children. Their teeth are easily attacked. Teach them to use this new-day method to combat attacks.

PROTECT THE ENAMEL

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit

PAT OFF

Pepsodent

REG U S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research. Leading dentists the world over now advise it.

This test will tell Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear. The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out the coupon so you don't forget.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 841, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail [illegible] tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

B.O.S.C.H

ELECTRIC

Windshield Wiper

PRICE $9.50

THE Bosch answer to the dangers of wet weather driving! An automatic windshield wiper that is operated by electricity obtained from the battery. It provides clear vision in stormy weather, relieves tense nerves, prevents eye-strain, and requires no thought on the part of the driver—it's automatic. It costs nothing to run, using less than 1¼ amperes of battery current—a negligible quantity.

It's quiet—no train of gears to hum or rattle—no pumping noises—no clicks or clatter. It's powerful—plows off snow, slush and rain when other devices falter and stop. The speed of its "sweep" is constant—not affected by the engine or car speeds.

The Bosch Windshield Wiper is an absolute necessity—a simple, rugged, dependable unit of the highest quality. It is neat and attractive, can be easily installed and requires no attention.

Sold and installed by over 2000 Bosch Representatives, and by thousands of other reliable dealers on the Bosch Guarantee of money back in 30 days if you're not perfectly satisfied.

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works: SPRINGFIELD, MASS. Branches: NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Continued from Page 166

"Oh, I know why you stick to it! It's good business. You don't lose the men you train. They don't quit when someone else shakes a larger salary under their noses. Their debts hold them—their debts and their nice, comfortable, first-class clubs; and the easy money for entertaining; and the soft trips all over the world; and the thought of that pension. They know the higher salary doesn't really mean anything to them; they've wasted money so long they can't stop wasting it; they'd just be in debt and in hell—no matter how much they get. So why change when it's so pleasant here, in lots of ways, and your eyes are educated so you can spot a creditor three blocks away and you can turn down a side street before he sees you?"

"Now that you've discovered all this," retorted the older man, with a sort of weary dryness, "I suppose you'd change things tomorrow if you were in my place."

Web wiped his clammy forehead.

"Yes, I would. I'd give my staff a white man's chance to be happy. I'd raise the pay of every one of them to a decent figure. I'd let them buy stock in the company make an inducement to buy stock by putting up fifty cents for each dollar they saved, the way some big companies do. I'd make them live on their pay. They wouldn't join clubs at my expense, I can tell you. And if I caught them padding expense accounts or spending a nickel more than they should in entertaining, I'd fire them."

"Suppose I told you I've tried all that and it won't work."

"But it will work! It does — "

Denison struck the desk before him with his fist.

"It won't work! It may in other lines, but it doesn't in mine." His arrogant eyes flashed. "You young fellows make me smile. You know so much that isn't so. I started in this game full of nice sweet theories too. When I got on my feet after the first few years I had a bonus system. I paid good salaries. I let my office men buy stock. Never again! They sold out. They quit on me. They laid down on the job. As soon as they got a few thousand dollars ahead they were useless. Mostly they went to competitors after I'd trained them and made them good for something.

"Do you know how much it costs to hire a laborer? You don't; you haven't had to lie awake nights worrying over it the way I have. Well, I'll tell you—two hundred and fifty dollars minimum. These statistical experts figured it all out for me.

"Do you know how much it took to educate you for your job? Five thousand dollars! Do you know what a general manager costs me before he's worth his salt? Fifty thousand and up!

"I'll tell you why I adopted this system you're so steamed up over, Drew. I made a general manager for my plate mills—grabbed him out of high school and pushed him through; taught him pretty nearly everything I knew about this little parlor game of glassmaking. He was a wonder, that boy.

"But when he learned all he could he sold his block of stock and went to manufacturing as my competitor. The organization was built around him; he took most of my best men with him when he left. It cost me a hundred thousand to rebuild the team he wrecked, and my loss in business to him the next three years was more than a million dollars.

"That cured me, that and a dozen other cases as typical, though not quite so serious. I swore right then I'd stop educating men for my competitors. Instead, I'd put together a system that'd tie them to me and my corporation—yes, handcuff them, if you want to call it that—until they retired. I'd insure their old age with a good pension. I'd stand for almost anything in order to hold them." Pride shone again in his eyes; again he thumped the desk with his fist. "And I've put it over, I tell you, I've put it over! You ask these factory-efficiency cranks; they know. My turnover among executives is the smallest in the country—60, 70 per cent lower than the next corporation in my class. When a man gets away from Platinum Glass Corporation, ninety-nine times out of a hundred there's just one reason for it—he's no good. We're glad to see him go.

"I make twenty-seven and a half per cent of all the glass manufactured in the country. Last year it was twenty-three; the year before, nineteen and a fraction. We're chalking up new records every month. Production costs are low; even in the wild war days they never went very high. I've had the satisfaction of seeing some of the companies that coaxed my men away fall by the wayside.

"I've even gobbled up two or three of them myself. That's the kind of efficiency my system produces.

"It isn't a bad system for you fellows either, no matter what you say." There was a queer note of defiance in his voice that commingled with it something that was almost pleading. "You're young, Drew, and you yelp about things you'll laugh at ten years from now. Of course you have your troubles. But you'd have them if you didn't work for me. Chances are they'd be a good deal worse. You get along pretty well."

Croyle nodded judicially. At no time during the conversation did Web acknowledge the general manager's presence by so much as a glance. His eyes were fixed on Denison's face.

"How about John Daimler?" he asked.

Denison relighted his cigar before replying.

"John Daimler is an unfortunate accident that might happen in any corporation," he replied coldly.

"He's in a sanitarium, body and brain gone — "

"We're taking care of him there."

"You put him there. He cracked because he worried for years over the shape his affairs were in hopelessly in debt, creditors nagging and threatening him."

For a moment it looked like an explosion. Ripley Denison's hands gripped the arms of his chair and a tide of anger flooded his face. But he controlled himself.

"Surely that's not my fault. I paid him twenty thousand dollars a year — "

"After you'd educated him to spend thirty thousand," Web broke in. "I saw his daughter the other day waiting on table in a cheap restaurant. How'd you like it if your daughter had to do that?"

"Damn it, Drew, we won't discuss my family!"

"We'll have to take your family into consideration, sir, because we have to take ours into consideration when we work for you."

"I made Mrs. Daimler and her children a liberal allowance, which she refuses to accept."

"If she thought your system a good one for them she wouldn't refuse it, would she?"

"See here, Drew, I don't care to discuss my business with you any further. I've treated you fairly. I've answered all your questions. If you want a transfer we'll talk about that."

"I was coming to my case, Mr. Denison." Web stood with his hand on the back of his chair. "I want you to understand it. When you do ——

"It's only a few months since you promoted me, and I haven't had a minute's peace since it happened. You gave me a title and a little raise. You gave me a position to maintain which is costing twice as much as the raise came to. I can't live on the salary. It's simply impossible, and of course you don't want us to. You've admitted that. You don't have to worry about filling my place so long as I'm handcuffed.

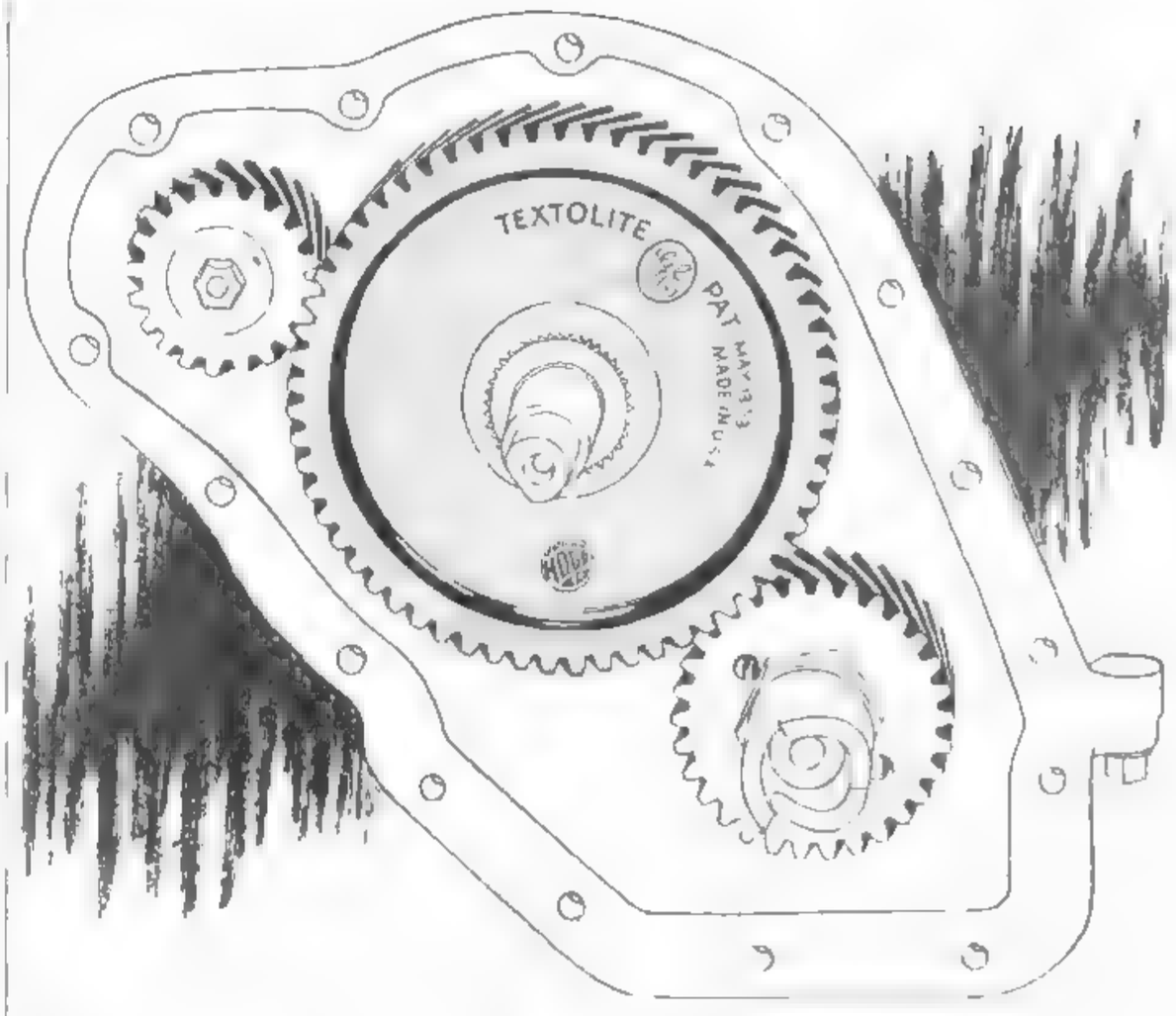
"But this system falls off the tight rope once in a while, Mr. Denison, so far as your employes are concerned. I went home the other night in a blizzard and found the house freezing cold. There wasn't any fire because there wasn't anything to put in the furnace. I'd ordered coal; the man wouldn't deliver it because—because he couldn't trust me.

"He drove away with the load when my wife couldn't pay. That's what you and your system have done to me," he concluded bitterly.

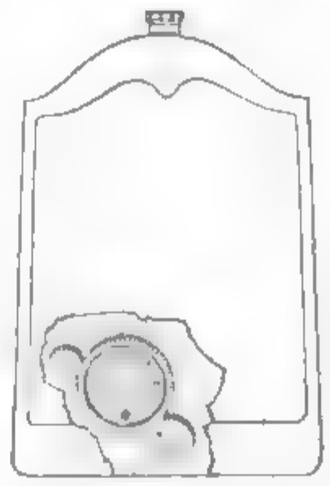
Denison turned sharply to Croyle. The general manager did not speak, but his look and his shrug said eloquently, "How could I? I didn't know."

"Well, of course, if you haven't sense enough to come for help where you know the help is waiting, you can't blame me," rejoined Denison, obviously patient. "Croyle would have given you the money ——"

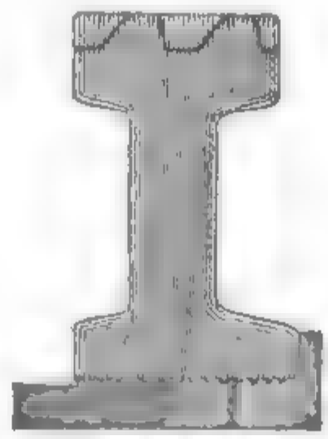
"Don't you see?" Web broke in, his voice rising uncontrollably. "It isn't the price of a load of coal. I've always paid my debts and looked everyone in the eye. I can't any more. In seven months you have robbed me of my self-respect. But I'm going to get it back." He advanced until he stood against the outer edge of the desk. He regained composure and spoke quietly



Here is the Vital Spot in Your Engine



The timing gear train is located in front of the engine just back of the radiator, as shown in the drawing. The greater percentage of engine noise and wear can be traced here when all timing gears are metal



Cross section of a Textolite camshaft gear showing exclusive construction. The flexible web, composed of fabric layers bonded together with a thermal gum—pressed hydraulically into shape and cured—it is not mutilated and weakened by machining. The comparatively thin web of a Textolite gear allows flexibility of rim and quick recovery from shocks and takes up the lash and whip—the destructive vibration of the engine.

Most engine noise starts in the timing gear train. This is also the spot where wear begins.

You can quickly and permanently stop this engine noise and wear at little expense—simply have your service man install a Textolite silent timing gear.

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The Textolite non-metallic gear, as you can see by the above illustration, runs between the two metal gears in the timing gear train. This eliminates the metal-to-metal clashing and, through flexibility, cushions and absorbs crankshaft whip—a destructive strain on the engine.

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again. "I'm starting now—today—to try. You've told me what I wasn't quite sure of. But now I know. So I'm quitting Platinum. I wouldn't work for you another hour if you paid me five times as much as I'm getting. I'll dig in a sewer, carry a hod, do anything so long as I'm off your pay roll and free. You can fit my platinum handcuffs onto somebody else; I'm through with them. I'm through with your system. Thank God, I'm getting out with my life."

A smile of mean triumph came to Croyle's farce. Denison's smile was intended to be mildly contemptuous.

"Well, of course, if you want to quit, that's your lookout," he said. "We'll try to get along. But you needn't be a fool about it. This isn't melodrama. Platinum isn't taking any lives."

"Isn't it?" Web asked, and paused. Something in his tone caused them to give him instant and strained attention. They saw his eyes slowly fill and his chin quiver. "I'm—I'm not so sure. Joe Sheridan shot himself at the country club last night."

Ripley Denison caught his breath noisily in a sort of bestial grunt. He started, briefly but violently. His hand struck the ash tray. The gallant little glass ship, to him a symbol of bitter struggle and splendid success, tinkled in a thousand pieces on the floor.

"Here's what—what he left," gulped Web.

He laid a sheet of paper in front of Denison. Vainly the president, going from apoplectic purple to deadly paleness, attempted to read it. He could not focus his gaze. He squinted feebly, uncertainly, as he fumbled with his glasses. He looked up appealingly. The younger man took pity on him.

"'No use, Web,'" he read. "'You can't buy fifteen-dollar gin on forty-five hundred a year.'"

The taxicab bore Web through the snow-covered streets and past the stretches of open white country to the little house. He went up the red-brick path mechanically and let himself in. A bulky man in baggy clothes confronted him, a man who dispensed with his overcoat but kept his derby hat on his head and wore shiny, clumsy rubbers. Evidently he stood guard in the hall.

"Say, you can't come in here," warned the stranger. "I got one to watch; that's enough. You'll have to go on out."

At the blazing wrath in Web's eyes the man recoiled involuntarily and made a motion toward his hip pocket. With his left hand he pushed aside his coat and tapped the large metal star on his vest.

"You—you better not interfere with the law," he warned, blustering to cover his timidity. "I'm constable of this here township."

"What do I care who you are?" returned Web. "What are you doing in my house?"

"'Tain't your house," returned the other smugly. "The bank's begun foreclosure proceedin's on it. And they've took up the chattel mortgage on your goods. They're goin' to sell 'em. That's the reason I'm here; to see that nobody gets away with nuthin'."

"Well, I have some papers and personal things to get."

Web brushed by the grumbling constable and went upstairs. He returned soon with a little rustling bundle in his hand and entered the living room.

Anne stood by the davenport, her back to the cheerful grate fire. She was pale and her lips drooped. He noted that her round slender wrist trembled as she steadied herself with a hand on the back of the davenport. The room was comfortable.

"The coal came?" he asked, after standing a moment in silence.

"Yes; this morning and the wood."

"You heard about ——" He stopped

"Joe? Yes; they telephoned here for you. When did it happen?"

"Last night, in the locker room. They didn't find him until this morning. I've looked after things and wired Hallie."

He advanced and laid an oblong of pale-green paper in her hand.

"That's to keep you until I can earn some more," he explained. "You can stay on here for quite a little while—all winter. Foreclosure proceedings take months, and a good deal of this furniture isn't covered by the chattel mortgage. Here's a copy; they can't take anything away that isn't shown in this paper. Your clothes, everything belonging to you, are safe. But you should be here."

He paused. She said nothing, only stared at him with great fixed eyes like a sleepwalker's. Her hand did not close on the papers. They lay on it, rustling a very little with her trembling and her uneven breathing.

"About the—divorce," he began again. "We—I—there needn't be any scandal or trouble. I'll give it to you. You can charge me with desertion. That's the easiest way out of it, of course. Money matters—they won't need to enter into it either. I'll see that you're taken care of."

He turned away as if it were ended between them, took a step or two, and faced her again.

"I'm sorry, Anne," he said simply. "A dozen times last night I thought I'd come back here and tell you I'd stay on with Platinum, because your heart was set on living here, and on the things my job brought us. Why, this morning I quite made up my mind I'd do it. But when they told me, and I saw poor old Joe ——

"Well, I couldn't; that's all. I can't go on working for a corporation that takes away your freedom and puts handcuffs on you; that takes away your soul and gives you an expense account. So ——" The sentence trailed away.

"What—will—you—do?" There were pauses between the murmured words.

"Hunt up Bill Stevens and ask for a job. I told you he's going into contracting for himself. He needs a partner. If he's found one, or doesn't think I'm any good, I'll go to work with his guineas. I'll send you his telephone number, so if you need me —— Good-by, Anne."

He turned again and went out the door. He passed in the hall the constable, who eyed him suspiciously. He put his feet to the drifted walk.

"Web!"

He stopped short, unbelieving joy in his face. Anne, blinded by her tears, stumbled down the steps, groped for him until she found him.

"Web," she sobbed, "I'm going with you."

Hand in hand they went down the walk to the taxi.

THE END.

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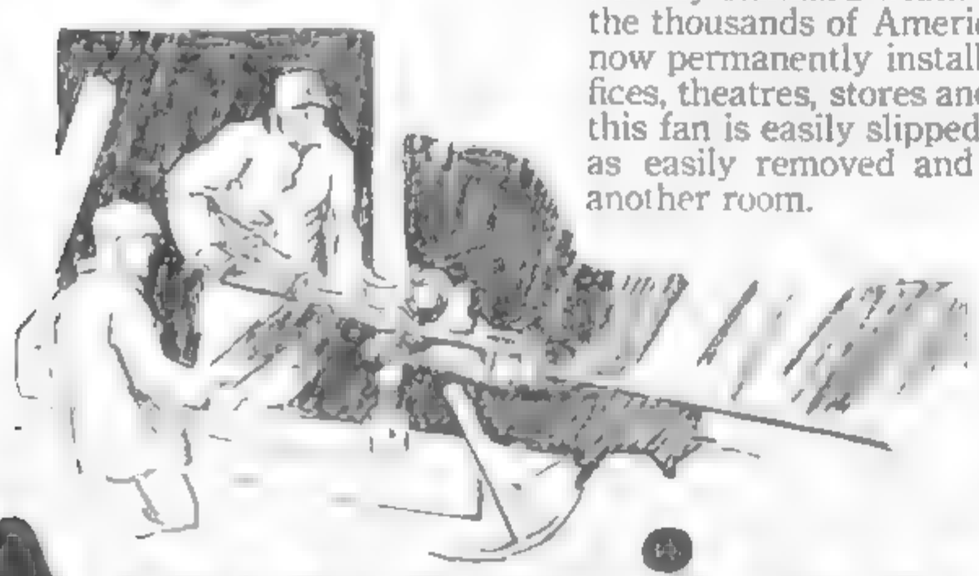
Without fresh air, the men who dig the coal that warms our homes and the metals we use in countless ways could not live an hour. Providing an unfailing supply of air for men who labor underground is a problem the Ventilating Engineer has solved, and mining is but one of hundreds of industries where American Blower Equipment plays an important part in daily [illegible]

A scientifically constructed ventilating fan for the home—light, compact, noiseless, completely dependable—and *portable!*

A new electric appliance, with blades of aluminum, nickeled fittings and finish in black and grey enamel, that harmonizes with beautiful interiors—yet is equally ready for service in the kitchen, the laundry, or wherever fresh air needs arise

The American Blower Home Ventilating Fan is built with an adjustable frame that fits any standard width window. Unlike the thousands of American Blower units now permanently installed in homes, offices, theatres, stores and other locations, this fan is easily slipped into position, or as easily removed and put to work in another room.



The fan attaches to any convenient lamp socket, using no more current than an ordinary 50 watt lamp. The motor is reversible at will, so that stale air, smoke, cooking fumes and other atmospheric impurities are whisked from indoors, or a flood of fresh, pure air can be drawn in from outside.

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BUMS

(Continued from Page 19)

them. You seen all the pennies some of them put out last night. You didn't see me put out any pennies, though, because I'm original. You would be original too. The way you talk and the way you keep yourself clean, people would take you for a nice young fellow in hard luck, like the stew did when he give you the ace last night. If you could cry it might be great, but it ain't everybody can cry like what I can."

Without preparation Pug went into character. He turned his protuberant eyes upon me, hauled down his mouth, constricted his throat so that his voice trembled, and handed me a telegram reading:

Abilene, Kans., Joe White, General Delivery, New York. Baby dead, scarlet fever. Doctor says mamma dying. No food. God sake, daddy, come home. CLARA.

As I looked up from the message, tears were squirting from Pug's eyes.

"I'm not a bum, mister," he was saying in a voice that spoke all the tragedy of all the ages; "I'm a railroad shopman. They closed down the shops at home for the summer and I had to hustle to earn some money. I heard there was work in the East, so I came here three weeks ago. I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning, but I don't care about myself. I've got to get home and take charge of things."

With a couple of faint gulps like the rumbles of fading thunder after a shower, Pug stabilized his emotions again.

"It would be great if you could cry," he regretted.

In a corner, stacked against the piano, was a thicket of crutches. This was the garage and the arsenal of the men who worked on stilts. The drug stores in the vicinity of Blank's sold crutches at sixty or seventy-five cents a pair, and from their trade in these aids to locomotion it might have been assumed that the entire East Side had been run over by the trains. A pair of crutches didn't last long. The stilt workers were always getting drunk and losing them and not infrequently there would be a whole-hearted brawl in Blank's, in which the boys would lay about them with their principal means of support until every crutch in the place was splintered.

I started my store under the sign of the rubber collar. As The Dude I made twelve dollars the first day. My shrinking manner, genuine at first and bespeaking a struggle between decent pride and stark necessity, was my show window. I stopped only men, and I chose my men carefully.

A New Use for Soap

Pug and I and a garrulous old sinner called The Senator had the best stores. We held ourselves above the obvious devices of hokum. The Senator's specialty was mute dolor. He would trudge along the edge of the footway, very slowly, but always moving, with his hat in his hand, his eyes turned toward heaven and his venerable hair stringing in the wind. He never spoke, but the money clattered into his hat just the same. However he was a hopeless drunkard, and when he had made a few dollars he would bog down in the nearest saloon and let his store go to ruin.

He also lost a great deal of money by waiting on trade in an unsteady condition, for people, whatever their opinions regarding liquor, will not give money to a man who is already drunk.

I might, however, mark a change that has come over the public in the last few years. Nowadays in New York, if you come up shaky but sober to a man of sympathetic appearance and tell him "I've just got to have a drink!" you have a strong chance of getting a half dollar. If he has a mind to buy you a drink at all he knows that the least price for the worst to be had is from thirty-five to fifty cents.

I did not mean to be haughty when I spoke of hokum, for it fell just short of inspired art in some cases around Blank's. We had a fellow there who recognized Pug as his model and maestro. Being unable to command tears, he first thought of onion in a handkerchief. That failed because people could smell the onion. But necessity has mothered some sly progeny. Betrayed by the onion, this man experimented with irritants until he settled upon soap. Just the tiniest pin point of soap on his lower eyelids would work around the lining of both upper and lower lids in a short time, producing tears and an excellent inflammation. We called him The Undertaker. As was usually the case, this was related to the nature of his store

The Undertaker always worked in the evening, when the sports and slummers were out. He carried a subscription list headed Fund to Bury Poor Old Goofey, or Poor Old Poppa Johnny, or The Poor Old Dude. Before leaving Blank's for his route he would start it off with "William Blank, $10; Hank, $5; Jim, $5," and similar imaginary contributions to inspire confidence and set a high example.

The territory was wide, including, as it did, the whole lower East Side and the saloons of the Broadway amusement district, and The Undertaker must have buried us all in the course of a few years. Naturally, it sometimes happened that he would approach some familiar character for money to bury a bum who had passed by only a moment before. But a man had to risk some embarrassment, and the returns made it worth while.

Now that was hokum, of course, but I considered it excellent hokum. It was hokum also to strap up one arm and go out with an empty sleeve, but how many men can bind an arm so that it will not show, and how many can endure to have an arm bound that way all afternoon? I have helped to make cripples of boys in the morning in Blank's back room, and in the evening have seen them shooting pool as well as the best on The Bowery.

Methods That Bring the Coin

Footsy was almost a genius too. He would stake himself to several rolls of hospital gauze and squatting on the floor would wrap both feet in it until they were as big as footballs. A few layers before the outer wrapping he soused the bandage with a red liquid that he made himself from water and carmine pills. Footsy had been a barnstorming fighter at some earlier day and the pills had served him in some very realistic frauds in that profession. He was what they called a tanker, or one who would take a dive in the vat by agreement with the gamblers. As he was a pretty good fighter and didn't like to take them on the chin any more than he had to, Footsy got up this scheme of chewing a carmine pill, which made most convincing gore and caused him to look as though he was being cut in strips when he was only being tapped on the face. After wiping his lips with the backs of his gloves a few times he would have his face literally painted with the stuff, and the crowds never blamed him for going down and out.

Poured on the lower layers of bandage, this liquid would seep through to the outer folds, giving just the proper tinge of faint red. It always amused me to see him stalk through the barroom as far as the door and there settle into a most painful gait, hobbling without crutches, a good deal like a tomcat with tarred feet traversing a fur rug.

Poppa Johnny worked on stilts. He had been a professional foot racer, but his gang had been broken up after some swindles in the Middle West, and when his feet would earn him no more money Poppa Johnny went on crutches. One night Bill Blank was about town with a young heavyweight fighter who afterward became champion of the world. Blank's principal concern at the time was to build up the boy's popularity. As the lad had a bit of cold sense he was in a fair way to become about as popular as a turnkey, popularity being in those days a commodity that was sold over the bar. Was he tight? He creaked.

However, on the evening I speak of, Dan and his fighter were strolling from place to place along Sixth Avenue near Herald Square, when along came Poppa Johnny on his stilts. He was hideously warped, having mastered the knack of throwing some of his joints; and his face, which was an ideal tragedy mask, anyway, was drawn in lines of dreadful pain. He threw Blank a wink and came up to them

"The Kid give him a pound," Blank told us that night down at the place. "The Kid says to me, 'Bill,' he says, 'look at this poor guy, he's in terrible shape'; and he give Poppa Johnny a five-spot. And I say to the Kid, 'Why don't you bet him five more you can beat him runnin' up to Thirty-sixth Street and back? I think he's a stall, myself,' I say to the Kid. So I hold the

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At good drug stores everywhere. A whale of a tube for 50 cents. Made solely by The Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.

dough and Poppa Johnny slams down his armful of wood, and you can gimme a kick in the pants if he don't beat my champion from here to the Battery."

I don't suppose there is any defeat in history more thorough and demoralizing than the rout of the weepers in the lobby of the Madison Square Garden by John Alexander Dowie, who had come on from Zion City, Illinois, to preach his faith. We had heard that Mr. Dowie was receiving thousands of dollars every night in the collection plates, and had a vague picture of him staggering to his hotel with all that weight of cash on his person. Pug, I think it was, organized the expedition. At any rate I was a private in an army of about forty apparently wretched victims of famine and physical infirmity who called on the "Messiah" at the Garden. We waylaid him in the lobby after his services, and Pug was the spearhead of the attack. He was weeping a nice free flow as we waited there, and when that white square rigger of Mr. Dowie's finally showed, coming down the aisle, the trickle became a freshet of woe.

"Here comes Santa Claus," Pug warned us through the shower just before Mr. Dowie came within earshot. "Rally round the Christmas tree."

Then came the impact.

"Oh, Mr. Dowie ——" Pug started off. His voice was breaking nicely. It was the master effort of an artist. "I haven't eaten a bite of food for four days. I'm a starving man. I'm so weak and faint I can't hardly stand up. In the name of charity, Mr. Dowie, will you help these starving men?"

We looked our most deserving. Some of us were whimpering. The boys on the stilts were stomping around the evangelist. Hands, gnarled with synthetic rheumatism, were thrust appealingly through the circle. It looked like the crash magnificent.

A Touching Spectacle

Mr. Dowie stood there looking us over for a full minute. I began to have my doubts. There was a suggestion of chill in his calm eye. Suddenly he began to chug.

"What, my man!" he exclaimed. "You mean to tell me you haven't eaten anything for four days?"

"Not a crumb!" gurgled the now ecstatic Pug. "And all these poor men here are starving too."

There was another long pause.

"My man—my good man—I'm proud of you. I'm proud of you all. This is the most encouraging thing I have seen in New York. To think that here, of all places, I should find men willing to suffer for the Lord! Keep it up, my men. Try to go forty days. Fast and pray. There is strength in prayer. You don't know how much good it has done me to see you. Good night."

My own racket prospered so well that I renounced work forever, and I don't believe I regret it. I always made my headquarters at Blank's and spent most of my money there, but I had a room of my own within a week and have lived a comfortable if not an inspiring life. In my younger days, of course, I drank far more than was good for me, and it was not long before I matriculated at the Zoo, as we alumni of the alcoholic ward refer to the lair of the seven-toed dik-dak and other fearsome fancies infesting the dreams of a man with the rattles. But I believe I should have drunk no less whatever else my occupation had been. My age finds me as poor as a postman, but so are many men who have worked hard always, and the chances are that I should have been so, regardless of how I spent my active years.

When I began to take on weight I went in for rheumatism. Not for me, however, the gnarled fingers affected by Poppa Johnny. I was a straight man even in this, and the public took my affliction on faith. An expression of pain, bravely endured, and a hand pressed against my hip as though to assuage the twinges of a torturing joint, served my purpose. For the winter trade I carried a line of shivers. My teeth would rattle like a flivver doing thirty through a railroad yard, and Blank once said I could twitch a tattooed butterfly off my shoulder blades.

I became also a privileged and, within limitations, a trusted character around Blank's. It was esteemed an honor and likewise a business opportunity to be invited to help Blank count the receipts on the morning after a large evening. He would select four or five of us to enter the little office and tackle the bushel of half dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies. We would sort the coins and make them into rolls which would then be deposited in cigar boxes for conveyance to the Subtreasury in Wall Street. There would sometimes be as many as half a dozen boxes filled with rolls of pennies alone.

A Decaying Business

Blank properly suspected us, and protected himself at all times. He participated in the counting, of course, and watched us as closely as possible. But if a man brought out a handkerchief and made a pass at his face with it, you could write your own ticket that there was a quarter or half dollar concealed in its folds when it went back to his pocket.

After the counting, therefore, Blank would stand us up, one by one, and pan us out for all the change in our clothes. It was a claim worth working, at that, for we generally assayed anywhere from fifty cents to three dollars each which had spilled from the table and landed in the cuffs of our trousers or other obscure places. Then the house would stake us to drinks all around.

Now the bum business is on the bum. There are a few licensed beggars around town, men with genuine infirmities which incapacitate them for work, to whom peddlers' permits are issued sparingly. There may be a few bums too; but in the general sense the profession is lost. For my part, I reserve the right to do as I please, but I don't think I shall ever go back to my store, and I'm not certain that I should succeed. As I look back I realize now that the 'varsity spirit of the boys around Blank's was half the charm of the game. The boys just drifted away, it seems. I know of a few who were sent to prison for more or less serious indiscretions, and of a few others who left town to keep out of jail. The Undertaker died in peace and we raised a burial fund by circulating a subscription list. But there were several hundred of us then, and I couldn't begin to say what has happened to them all. Only, I have faith that wherever Pug is today he is still weeping; that Footsy is still turning those red pills to gold through the alchemy of pity.

And I am the last of the old bums—a bum, at heart, to the last.

The Famous Lone Cypress on Midway Point, Near Monterey, California

Beauty begins where the light comes in!

Make your windows beautiful

WITH WINDOW SHADES OF DURABLE BRENLIN

Scratch a piece of ordinary window shade material lightly. Tiny particles of chalk or clay "filling" fall out BRENLIN has no filling. It outwears several ordinary shades

Every foot of Brenlin is carefully finished and colored by hand for beauty of appearance, long wear, and smooth operation

THE place to begin an interior scheme, say many decorators, is at the windows —where the light comes in!

How true that is! For aren't windows the brightest, the most conspicuous features of any room? They draw your attention the moment you enter. They give the *motif*, the dominant note with which everything must be in harmony.

That's why you have chosen your draperies and curtains with such great care. And yet, after a little while, how often windows disappoint!

For all too soon there comes an air of shabbiness, and the whole effect is spoiled. The beauty you achieved is gone. Gone with the freshness of your window shades!

Lasting beauty for a few cents more

Yet it's so easy to have window shades of lasting beauty! For a few cents more than ordinary shades cost, you can get Brenlin. Unlike ordinary shade cloth, Brenlin has no brittle filling of chalk or clay to break and fall out, causing unsightly cracks and pinholes that show in glaring relief against the outdoor light.

Strong and flexible, Brenlin has weight and body enough in itself to give opaqueness and to hang straight and graceful. It resists the constant strain of rolling and unrolling, the jerking and snapping of the wind. Rain will not discolor it as it discolors shades of inferior quality. And its beautiful hues, applied by hand, resist fading in the sun.

Brenlin wears two or three times as long as the ordinary shade. It may be had in soft, rich colors to harmonize with every interior scheme. Brenlin Duplex, with a different color on each side, will blend with both interior and exterior.

Be sure it's Brenlin

The name Brenlin is embossed or perforated on the edge of every Brenlin shade. If you don't know where to get Brenlin, write us.

And write today for booklet, "How to Shade and Decorate your Windows." Sent free with samples of Brenlin in different colors. Address Cincinnati.

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"The oldest window shade house in America"

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HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

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He Looked Ahead

He knew that every year adds its quota to the number of the fatherless. He saw what might befall if Fate should call his name.

Big-hearted, he protected his dear ones generously with life insurance.

Wise-headed, he selected the monthly income plan.

So his widow can mother her children all through their helpless years. She can plan her family budget without guesswork. A Prudential check of known amount comes to her regularly every month.

A steadily decreasing expense rate reaching its lowest point thus far in the history of the Prudential at the close of 1923 will result during 1924 in the largest returns ever made to its policyholders.

The sixteen million Prudential partners invite you to join their ever-widening circle

The Prudential Insurance Company of America

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* *Home Office*, NEWARK, N. J.

YOUR MONEY

Continued from Page 7

indication of the tendency of business in America, and does it not indicate that with a lower tax rate the surplus may be even greater and thus the people may get the benefit of further tax reductions?"

"Well, I wish I could bring myself to believe that we actually had a surplus this year of $323,000,000, as Mr. Mellon states. In the testimony given before the House Ways and Means Committee it was brought out that there were $400,000,000 collected last year on disputed taxes of previous years and that $100,000,000 worth of war material was sold. Now that was extraordinary for one year. We do not have that every year. Comparing the normal receipts and expenditures, the country had a deficit of $50,000,000, but we are not going to doubt Mr. Mellon's statements on this; we are certainly not going to be put in the position of fighting tax reduction. We are going to take the Secretary of the Treasury at his word when he says we have a surplus."

Representative Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee and Author of the First Income Tax Law in 1913, Who Sat In on the Conferences Drafting the Democratic Tax Plan

Two Objects

"When Mr. Mellon wrote his letter to Chairman Green of the Ways and Means Committee, just before Congress convened, he had two objects in mind: one was to defeat the bonus and the other was to reduce the high surtax rates. I will say this: He has already won 50 per cent of his fight. He has beaten the bonus. In this effort I have been in full accord, as I have always been opposed to the bonus. I doubt whether there are enough votes in both Houses to override a presidential veto. I don't think Mr. Mellon will win the surtax fight, however."

"It has been suggested," I said, "that the President might veto the tax bill if it does not conform to Mr. Mellon's fundamental proposals."

"I don't think that is so. If I could wish for my party's interests against my country's interests, if I could wish for party strategy, I would wish that he would not sign the bill; but for my country's sake I hope and believe he will sign it. I tell you he cannot keep from signing it when Congress sends the bill to him. Even if we send him the Democratic program without a change in a single figure and if that were the only bill before him, the President would not dare to veto it. Why do I say that? Because the Democratic plan reduces taxes. The President could not veto a bill that reduces taxes. How could Mr. Coolidge say to 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 taxpayers that he would not sign a bill for a reduction of their taxes because it gives greater reduction to those of smaller incomes than to those of larger incomes? He could not do that. Some tax reduction is better than none."

"You feel that the Democratic members of the Senate will back your plan?"

"Yes. In framing the Democratic plan we consulted as much as possible with our colleagues in the Senate. There was no concerted action, you understand, but we took into account the view point of the Senate, and you have already seen statements of several senators to the effect that they plan to support the same schedules as are provided in the plan proposed by the House Democrats."

Senator F. M. Simmons, of North Carolina, Ranking Democrat on the Senate Finance Committee Which Considers the Tax Bill in the Senate

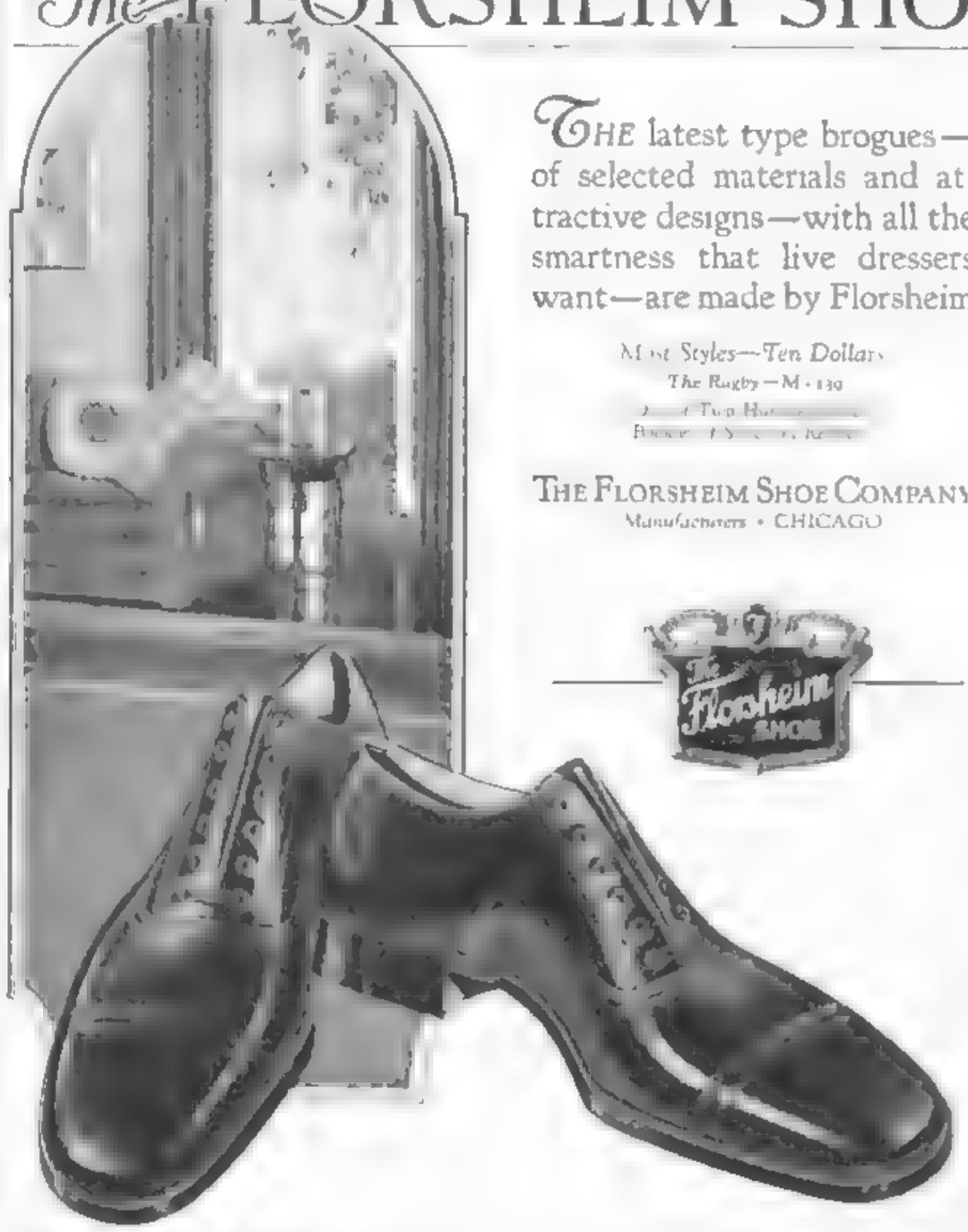
The Credit

"Our plan is not a makeshift. It is constructed with an idea to produce the needed revenue for the Government, and with the splendid administrative features that are in the bill now we will be able to get even more taxes out of some of the same sources that have in past years been furnishing the Government with only a part of the revenue which the Treasury should get.

"The Republicans having a majority in the House and in the Senate, and a President in the White House, will, of course, claim credit for the law whenever they get it through. My idea of tax revision was to have the leaders of the Democratic and the Republican parties agree on a program. I really believe that a majority of the steering committee of the House would have done this, but neither the President nor the Secretary of the Treasury would let them do it. So we have supported the provisions of the Mellon bill which we thought were worth while, and opposed the others.

"The Democratic plan fixes the normal income-tax exemptions at $2000 for single persons, instead of the present $1000, as Mr. Mellon proposes. All married persons or heads of families would get an exemption of $3000, instead of the present $2500,

The FLORSHEIM SHOE



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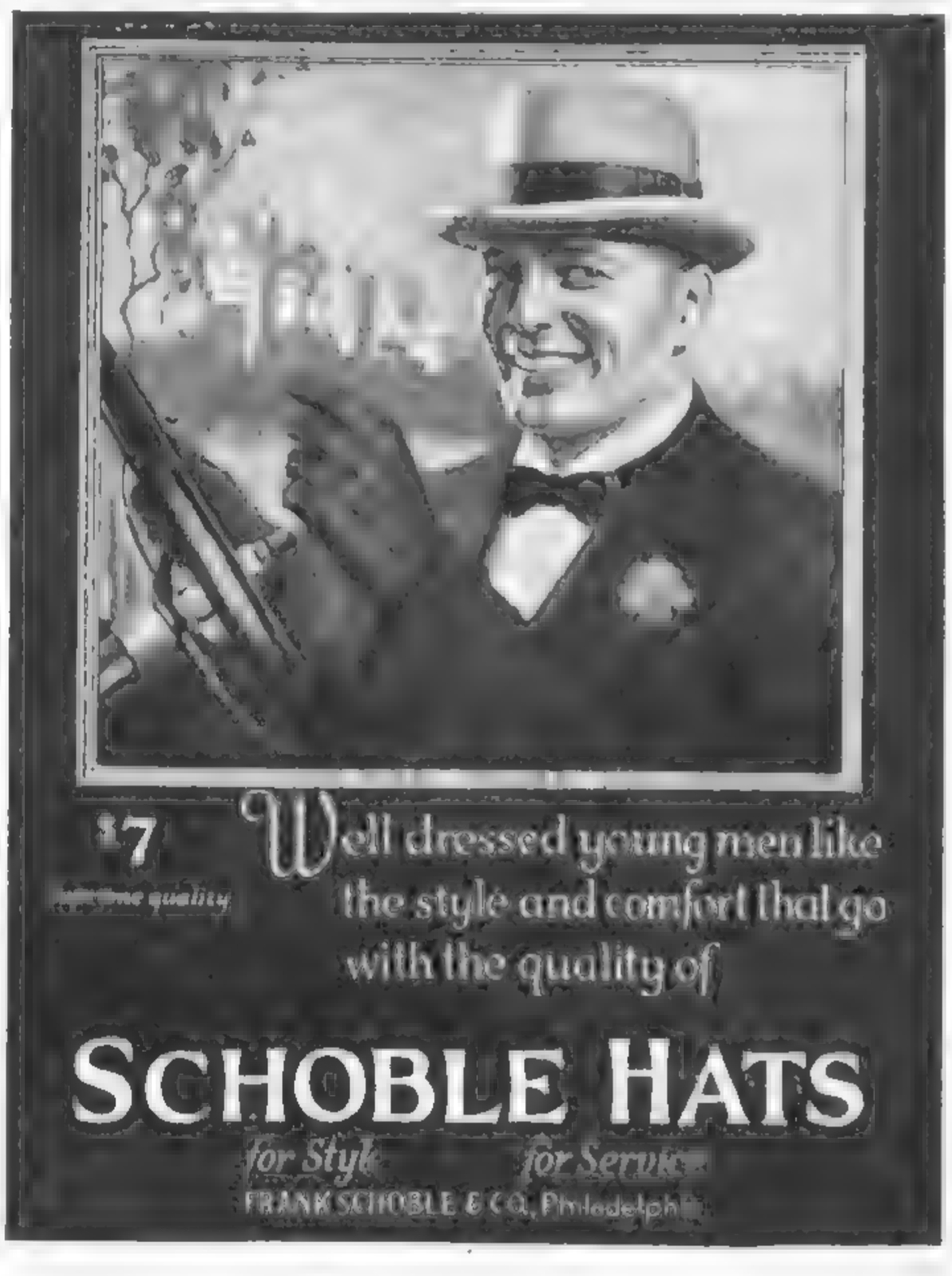

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for Style for Service

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"Take Your Tom Wye With You"

A Tom Wye Jacket slips easily into your grip, takes up little room, and—you're prepared for any jump of the thermometer—up or down. Tom Wye is a utility garment for any man who wants comfort and style in a knit jacket. Two and four pocket models in a wide range of colorings. Look for the Tom Wye Label. Made by

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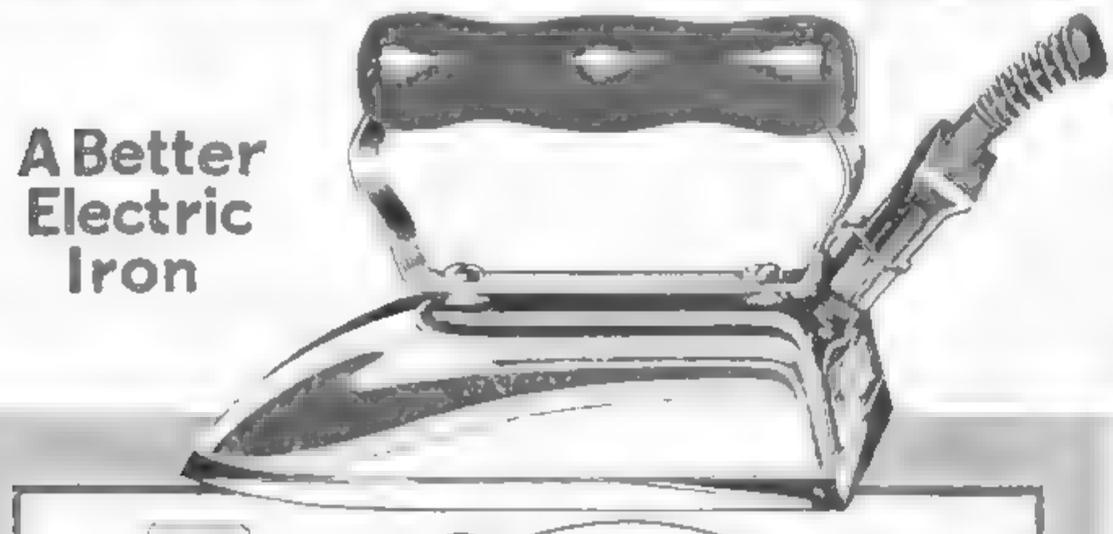

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Separate heat proof compartment for cord. You can put iron away at once while hot.

Case keeps it clean and dry. Free from dust and dirt.

Women who do laundry work for a living prefer the Sunbeam. They know.

It does the nicest ironing. It does the ironing quicker and easier. It stays out of the repair shop.

It is *truly* the best iron ever made and it is practically everlasting.

If not sold by your dealer we will send it from here in steel case. Send no money. Simply pay the postman $8.50 on arrival.

Made and Guaranteed by

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY

5542 Roosevelt Road, Chicago

34 Years Making Quality Products

which Mr. Mellon retains for incomes under $5000, and $2000 for incomes above $5000. Special deductions and allowances would remain undisturbed.

"Under the Democratic plan the normal income-tax returns are fixed at 2 per cent on amounts of $5000 or under, instead of 3 per cent for amounts under $4000, as Mr. Mellon proposes, and instead of 4 per cent, as under existing law. We would place the normal tax at 4 per cent on amounts from $5000 to $8000, instead of 6 per cent above $4000, as Mr. Mellon proposes, and instead of 8 per cent under the existing law; we would place a normal tax at 6 per cent on all amounts above $8000, instead of 8, as under existing law.

"One of the principal features of the Democratic plan is to extend the earned-income proposal of Mr. Mellon so that it would include farmers and merchants and tradesmen, and give them an opportunity to consider as earned income a reasonable compensation to farmers owning and personally operating their farms, and also personal compensation to merchants and other tradesmen who combine capital and personal services for the purpose of earning income."

"Wouldn't a farmer or a tradesman," I asked, "be permitted to pay himself a salary as a natural and legitimate charge for the operation of his business, and would not this charge be entitled to the classification of earned income?"

"It ought to be, certainly," replied Mr. Garner, "but if you will examine the language of the bill it speaks of 'wages, salaries and professional fees,' and an individual can't pay himself a salary out of his business, as a corporation can pay to an individual who owns its stock. I proposed an amendment in the Ways and Means Committee so that all doubt on this subject would be removed, but it was not adopted by the committee.

"The Democratic plan further provides that the tax rate on earned income shall be 33⅓ per cent below the normal and surtax rates prescribed for unearned income, instead of 25 per cent, as Mr. Mellon proposes.

"Our surtax rates commence with 1 per cent on incomes from $12,000 to $14,000, instead of $10,000 to $12,000, as Mr. Mellon proposes, and instead of $6000 to $8000, as under existing law. The Democratic surtax rates continue upward at the rate of 1 per cent increase for every $2000 up to $60,000. Then the rate is 1 per cent for every $1000 until $66,000 is reached, when it jumps to 1 per cent additional for every $2000 until a maximum of 44 per cent surtax rate is reached at $94,000 and above."

Two Theories of Taxation

"Under the Democratic plan approximately 390,000 persons with incomes under $1000 who are now required to make returns, but will pay no taxes on account of reductions and exemptions, will be relieved of the necessity of making out returns. There are in addition 794,000 persons with incomes from $1000 to $2000 who now are required to make returns but will pay no taxes, for the same reasons I have just stated. Under the Democratic substitute plan these persons will not have to go to the trouble of making returns. In addition to this, there are about 1,646,000 persons with incomes from $1000 to $2000, and 580,000 heads of families with incomes of $2000 to $3000, who would be entirely relieved of taxation under the Democratic plan, but who are taxed under the Mellon plan. This immense relief to millions of small farmers, tradesmen, mechanics and other laborers and small business men is an important feature of the Democratic plan.

"When we entered the war in 1917 the income-tax exemptions were $2000 and $4000 for single and married persons respectively. So we are not proposing anything extreme when we suggest that $2000 and $3000 rates should now be applied. Mr. Coolidge has talked about getting back to peacetime taxes. The step I have suggested is in the direction of peacetime taxes.

"The Democratic surtax rates are, of course, based on the doctrine of ability to pay, but they still are substantially below the present rates in most other countries. In Great Britain the surtax rates still approach 50 per cent, while the maximum rate in Canada today is around 65 per cent.

"Honest and equitable peacetime taxation is the goal of the Democratic Party. Resting on sound economics, we believe our plan gives full and equal justice to the taxpayers large and small, individual and corporate, and avoids the extreme views of any group.

"The issue is bound to be fought out some day between taxes levied on wealth—namely, the ability to pay—and on those whose necessities compel them to pay taxes. I refer now to taxes on the consumption of the necessities of life. We talk about keeping taxes out of politics, but we can't. We shall always be keenly divided in the two groups I have just mentioned."

"The second class of taxation you have mentioned is really a sales tax, isn't it?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Haven't we that now to some extent?"

"Yes, but we are repealing lots of those taxes. Personally I would like to see taxation divided equally between the two theories. I would like to have half of our revenue raised on the doctrine of ability to pay, and half on indirect taxes. That is a fair division. If I had my way, taxes would come out of five general sources of revenue—estate taxes, income taxes, customs receipts, tobacco and nonessentials, and post-office receipts. But we are not in power now; I am simply sketching what the future may bring in the way of taxation in this country."

Surtax Problems

"The trouble, we were told, with the 1921 bill, was that it wouldn't get the revenue. The late Senator Penrose said it would produce a deficit. We couldn't propose a new plan until we saw the figures in the budget. Nobody knew anything about it at the time, but now on the basis of the 1921 returns we know what can be done. There isn't a taxpayer living who isn't benefited to some extent by the tax rates which have been proposed under the Democratic plan. I cannot forget that there are 64 men still in the present Congress—Republican—who voted for a 50 per cent maximum surtax rate as against 32 per cent when the 1921 bill was passed. If the argument which is being advanced today in favor of a 25 per cent surtax rate is sound, then the men who voted for a 50 per cent surtax rate instead of 32 per cent in 1921 were wrong and must reverse themselves today. I doubt whether they can face their constituents with such a reversal. Many of the Republicans who voted for the 32 per cent surtax rates did not return to Congress. In that respect the American people confirmed our judgment. Even Representative Green, of Iowa, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, voted in 1921 for a 50 per cent surtax in preference to a 32 per cent. Twenty-nine United States senators, Republicans, 19 of whom are members of this Congress—and five of them are members of the Finance Committee of the present Senate—voted for a 50 per cent maximum surtax instead of a 32 per cent. That is the record of Congress on high surtax rates.

"I have had some tables of statistics prepared showing the total tax payable by married persons without dependents under the present law, under the Mellon plan, and under the Democratic plan. The whole thing is answered when you look at that table.

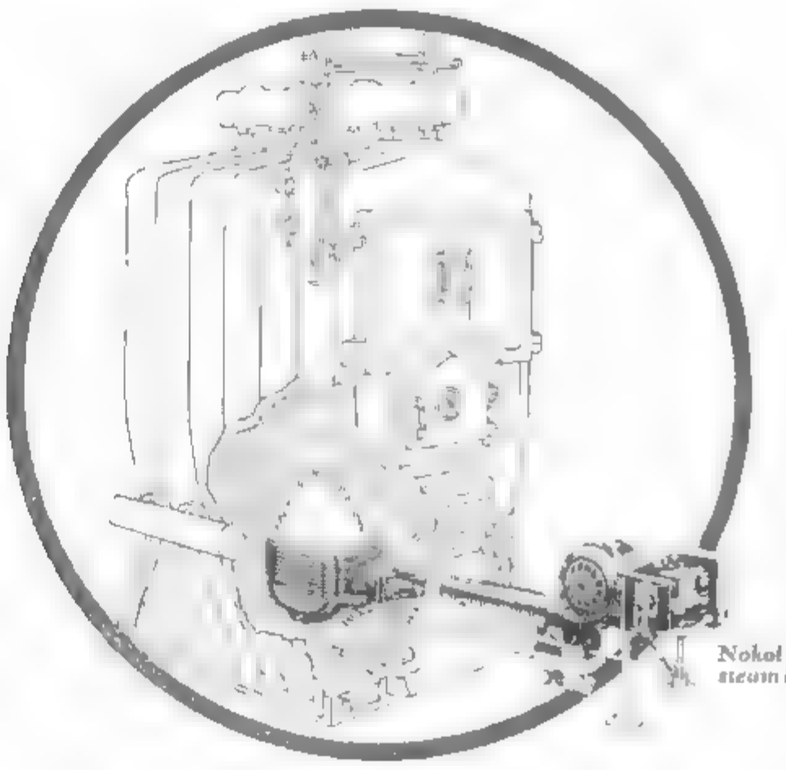
"Let us start at the very top. There were 21 persons in 1921 who made tax returns showing an income from $1,000,000 a year up to and including $5,000,000 a year. The persons with the $5,000,000 income would pay only $1,538,840 total tax under the Mellon plan, whereas under the present law the tax would amount to $2,870,640. Under the Democratic plan the total tax would be $2,476,430. You see the Democrats do give a reduction, but it is not so big for the millionaires as Mr. Mellon would have it.

"Take the case of the man with the $1,000,000 income. Under the present law he pays $550,640. Under the Democratic plan he would pay $476,430, while Mr. Mellon would have him pay only $298,840.

"There were 1817 persons in the class of incomes between $100,000 and $200,000. A man with an income of $100,000 would pay $30,140 under the present law, $26,430 under the Democratic plan, and only $19,840 under the Mellon plan.

"That gives you some idea of how the Mellon plan favors the persons with higher income. There isn't a whole lot of difference in the effect of the Mellon plan and the Democratic plan in incomes between $50,000 and $100,000. But in my table you will find that persons with incomes up to $50,000 pay less taxes under the Democratic

(Continued on Page 181)



Nokol installed in a steam heating plant

Nokol—the most economical heating service for homes

What Nokol Is

Nokol burns oil with a clean, sootless, odorless flame, in your present heating plant of any type—hot water, vapor, steam or hot air. The preliminary work of installation is done while you are still using coal, and the actual change is made in a few hours, with no interruption in your heating.

Entirely automatic, controlled by a thermostat, Nokol evenly maintains the temperature you require.

Nokol is also adapted to smaller apartment buildings, schools, churches, moving picture theatres, garages.

Nokol dealers are now established in the majority of the best communities in the United States and new dealers are being added as rapidly as the proper type of responsible business men apply and qualify for the franchise. We will send you literature on request.

Nokol is manufactured exclusively by the American Nokol Company, and Nokol Automatic Heating Service is available to the public only through the authorized dealers of the American Nokol Company.

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Nokol produces more heat from each unit of fuel than any other home-heating device—coal or oil. Therefore it is the most economical method of properly heating the home. Nokol saves its purchase price because its fuel cost is far less than that of any other oil heating system—whether the fuel burned is kerosene or any grade of oil—and less than the cost of hard coal. That's because of the efficiency of the Nokol combustion chamber. It saves in labor because it is controlled by a thermostat and is entirely automatic in operation, requiring practically no attention. It saves in wear and tear on draperies, furnishings, rugs and walls, because of the absence of soot, smoke, ashes and dirt. It saves in health and doctor's bills because it maintains an even temperature at all times without regard to fluctuations in outside temperature. Yet with all of its economies Nokol gives the most luxurious service of the modern household—comparable in its benefits to electric lighting and plumbing.

Nokol installed now will give you all the benefits of even temperature throughout the variable weather of spring and will rid your home forever of the dirt, drudgery and uncertainty of ordinary home heating. And remember there is only one Nokol Automatic Heating System, with 16,000 installations and five years of demonstrated success.

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Resonant wood insures tone quality

MANY years ago, in the early development of the talking machine art, it was found that by making the phonograph amplifying horn of wood, it was possible to eliminate blast and rattle and overcome nasal and other unnatural tones.

Today, MUSIC MASTER applies this basic principle of sound reproduction to the newer, larger and more fascinating field of radio.

The resonant wood amplifying bell of MUSIC MASTER neutralizes all mechanical effects, and produces a remarkable volume of clear, pure tone, free from muffling or distortion—a life-like recreation of the original.

Every radio enthusiast is striving constantly to improve the quality of his reception. MUSIC MASTER provides the means of doing so.

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Your radio dealer will demonstrate MUSIC MASTER; or, better still, will send one to your home—to test and prove with your own set.

Connect MUSIC MASTER in place of headphones. No batteries required. No adjustments.

14-inch Model, for the Home $30

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(Formerly General Radio Corporation)

Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus

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Dealers-Jobbers

Write for full description and prices of the MUSIC MASTER line of proven radio products. Regardless of what you are now handling, it will pay you to investigate MUSIC MASTER.

Music Master

RADIO REPRODUCER

(Continued from Page 178)

plan than they do under the Mellon plan, or under the present law, in every case. The figures tell the story."

"Do you think," I asked Mr. Garner, "that if we had had the loopholes in the present law plugged up, the high surtaxes would have produced any more revenue than the records show?"

"Unquestionably so," concluded the Democratic leader. "And I am willing to predict that when all the methods of evasion are stopped by proper enforcement of the law, there will be a different story to tell about the productivity of the rates of taxation. We were glad to support the administrative features of the bill in a nonpartisan spirit because they are good. The Treasury Department, through years of experience, has discovered important avenues of escape from taxation. I have been glad to help in the adoption of preventive measures. Our whole attitude has been one of constructive help, and it is in that spirit that we have offered our plan to the country."

Capital Losses

Examination of some of the things which Mr. Garner talks about, particularly with reference to the administrative sections of the pending bill, reveals some important changes, the full effect of which will probably take several months for taxpayers to digest.

Perhaps the most important feature recommended by Mr. Mellon and approved by the Democrats as well is that which relates to capital losses. The amount by which taxes are reduced on account of capital losses is now limited to 12½ per cent of the losses. For example, under existing law a man with an income of $100,000 or over who in addition achieved a capital gain of $50,000 through the sale of real estate or other assets would be required to pay a tax of only 12½ per cent of the capital gain, but if he sustained a capital loss he could take a reduction in taxes of approximately 58 per cent of the loss, depending upon what rate of surtax applied to his particular case. Under the Mellon plan a man with $100,000 income would pay approximately $20,000 in taxes on that sum, and if he had a capital gain of $50,000 in addition, he would pay a 12½ per cent tax on the $50,000. Similarly, if he had a capital loss of $50,000 he would be permitted to deduct only 12½ per cent of that loss from his taxes. This in itself, according to the experts, should mean an addition to the government revenues of approximately $30,000,000 a year.

Another important change has been made in limiting the deductions which are to be allowed for interest paid on the indebtedness of individuals outside of their regular business. Also there is a limit on the nonbusiness losses. In both cases the loss as well as the interest can be deducted only as their total exceeds the amount of income from tax-exempt securities. Under the present law it has not been necessary to report income from tax-free sources. Under the new law it will be necessary to report that income. If a man's ordinary gross income is approximately $100,000 and his income from tax-exempt securities is $40,000, and he sustains a loss of $50,000, he would have paid a tax at present on the difference between $100,000 and the $50,000 loss—namely, a tax on $50,000 only and he would not have had to report his $40,000 from tax-exempt sources. Under the proposed law the $40,000 income from tax-exempt sources would be subtracted from his nonbusiness loss of $50,000, and the $10,000 remaining would be subtracted from the $100,000, so that the tax paid would be on a total of $90,000. Under this scheme approximately $25,000,000 will probably be added to the government revenues.

One of the favorite devices in evading taxes has been to transfer capital assets from one corporation to another and distribute cash in connection with the reorganization subject only to the 12½ per cent tax, but under one section of the Mellon plan, which will in all probability be incorporated into law because it has already been given the approval of both parties in the House Ways and Means Committee, a distribution in connection with reorganization which has the effect of a taxable dividend will be treated as a taxable dividend. The amount of cash distributed as a dividend will be subject to the full rates. Under the existing law, if a corporation has a surplus of $50,000, the men who own the company can organize a new company, transfer all the assets to the new company, issue new stock and give themselves $50,000 in cash, and pay on the $50,000 only the 12½ per cent rate and not the full surtax rates. There is no way of telling how much will be saved when the new law goes into effect.

Many of the rulings of the commissioner of internal revenue, which have in the past simply been interpretations of existing law, have now been embodied in the bill pending in Congress, so that there may no longer be any doubt about the attitude of the Government toward various deductions and allowances. The whole system of income-tax administration is being gradually improved. It is interesting to note that the cost of collecting the income tax is relatively insignificant. The experts who have been testifying in Congress show that it costs less than 1 per cent to collect most of the income taxes from the individuals, whereas it costs about 10 per cent to collect minor taxes, known as nuisance taxes. All other taxes, particularly luxuries, cost about 1½ per cent to collect. The gathering of customs duties costs a great deal more than any of the others, but on the whole the amounts collected are large enough to warrant the expense.

It is too early, of course, to say what the final bill will look like, for tax reduction thus far is a contest between two schools of thought. There is a substantial agreement between them on what shall happen to taxes on moderate incomes, but there is a vital difference on the method of taxing persons of wealth. Mr. Mellon says the reduction of the higher surtaxes means the release of capital for productive enterprises and the diversion of funds from tax-exempt securities to taxable investments. Inasmuch as this is a presidential year, tax revision becomes a paramount issue, but irrespective of this it is already evident that both sides feel the tax cut being made this year will be the last one for several years to come. Some of the champions of the Mellon plan in Congress say frankly that it may not be possible to get another cut in surtax rates unless accompanied by a substantial reduction to the persons of moderate income. So they think that if the new bill goes as far toward relieving the persons of smaller incomes as it is possible to go, economically, for some time to come, then it would be politically impossible for any party to champion a reduction of surtax rates alone. The argument made by the supporters of the Mellon plan is that a substantial reduction in surtax rates should be made from the viewpoint of sound economics.

A Compromise Expected

The answer to this made by the Democrats is that the country has not been ruined under a high surtax, and that there will be time enough to cross the other bridge when it is conclusively proved that the obstacle to prosperity is a high surtax. Reduced to its essence, the Garner plan opposes the Mellon plan mostly on the high surtax rates.

The debates on the tax question are not well attended by the members of Congress. The leaders on both sides are doing the fighting. Few men in both houses of Congress are really familiar with the tax question, and as a rule each has his own idea as to what is economically sound and politically wise. Somewhere between the two clashing theories the minds of the legislators will meet in a compromise that will be in the end politically wise perhaps, economically not unsound altogether—but the best that can be obtained at this stage of popular understanding of the tax question.

Under a political system of government the people will, therefore, have to be thankful for such favors as are received at the hands of their chosen representatives. This is a campaign year and whatever good there is in the bill will probably be claimed by both the Republicans and the Democrats, and whatever bad there is in the measure will be blamed by one party on the other. Still the Pollyannas in both the Republican and the Democratic parties insist that with the wave of radicalism rampant in the world the taxpayer, especially he of the larger income, should be happy that he has not been taxed any higher under the new law, but that he actually gets a reduction over the last revenue act of 1921.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Lawrence on taxation, the first—an interview with Secretary Mellon—having appeared in the January fifth issue

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IN CASE OF ACCIDENT—

(Continued from Page 38)

furnish him with the necessary data—names of witnesses, relations, and so on; and will even afford him an opportunity to interview, if possible, the injured person. Formerly the ambulance chaser chased the ambulance. Today the situation is reversed. The runner usually is waiting at the hospital when the ambulance gets there, having been notified by the doctor in his employer's pay. The doctors do not receive a salary from the lawyers, but instead are paid a fixed amount for each case. There is a scale of prices, arranged according to the nature and severity of the injuries. This scale is approximately as follows: Twenty-five dollars for a simple fracture; fifty dollars for a compound fracture; seventy-five to a hundred dollars for a death case. There are special prices for exceptionally good cases, such as the loss of a leg or an arm. Injuries that will cripple a victim for life are more valuable to the negligence lawyer than death cases.

The negligence runner, as one might expect, is not above occasionally cheating the lawyer who employs him. For this reason the ambulance chasers prefer to make their payments personally to the doctor rather than intrust large sums of money to their runners. It frequently happens that a runner who is paid a salary by one lawyer will make a little extra graft by selling a particularly good case to a rival firm.

There is an obscure clerk in the police headquarters of one of our large cities who adds considerably to his income by furnishing information to negligence runners. Each day he typewrites a list of all the accident cases that have been reported, and strikes off about twenty carbon copies. These copies are furnished to the runners, who pay ten dollars a month for this service. For the small sum of five dollars a month extra the clerk furnishes telephonic information of particularly good cases, or cases of a particular sort in which his clients happen to be interested. Many runners specialize in certain kinds of cases or cases involving certain nationalities. To them this service is of great value.

There is a definite technic required to land an accident case. The first requisite is speed. The runner is not inappropriately named, for sometimes success is a matter of a few minutes. Often, while he is holding forth eloquently to the injured man or his stricken wife and children, the runner is interrupted by the arrival of a competitor, so it is necessary for him to work quickly. Sometimes a runner may be pleading with the father of an injured child in one room while a competing runner is trying to convince the mother in an adjoining room.

Selling Methods

Each runner carries in his large leather wallet a batch of newspaper clippings of cases won by his employer and of large verdicts recovered. "How much do you think these other lawyers can get for a broken arm?" he says. "Five hundred dollars, maybe. Here's a case just like yours where my boss got fifteen thousand dollars. Look!"

The disabled victim of the accident, his wife and six children gather interestedly around the table and examine the clippings that the runner waves at them. Sure enough: "Big Verdict in Accident Case. In Part 25 of the Supreme Court yesterday the jury brought in a verdict of fifteen thousand dollars against the X. Y. & Z. Transit Company. The plaintiff, Franklin Kelley, who broke his arm last May while trying to board one of the company's trains, was represented by Attorney Thucydides K. Smythe of 492 Park Row. This is said to be one of the largest verdicts ever rendered in this kind of case."

The prospective client and his family, who probably never heard of so much money in their lives, are visibly impressed. "Here are some more of my boss' cases," says the runner, producing more clippings. "Twenty thousand. Thirty thousand. Twenty-five thousand."

He draws a printed retainer blank from his pocket: "I agree to pay Thucydides K. Smythe for his services 50 per cent of any sum that may be recovered by me either in settlement or by way of judgment." The client signs on the dotted line.

These clippings are genuine enough, and to the uninitiated they indicate that Thucydides K. Smythe is a most able and distinguished attorney. The unsophisticated client does not suspect that these glowing newspaper accounts have been cleverly obtained solely for the purpose of providing the runner with selling arguments. As we said before, most ambulance chasers are ignorant, incompetent, and utterly unable to try a case. How some of them ever become members of the bar is a mystery. When a case appears on the court calendar for trial, after negotiations for a settlement have fallen through, they therefore are obliged to retain a skilled trial counsel to try the case for them. These trial lawyers are astute, able and reputable practitioners. The most successful of them have few clients of their own, but derive their large and profitable practice from other lawyers who retain them. There is one lawyer in New York City who specializes in the trial of negligence cases, who is said to be able to get twice as large a verdict from a jury as any other member of the bar. This lawyer's services are, of course, in great demand.

When a large verdict is rendered the attorney of record—the lawyer who started the case and retained the counsel sees to it that the fact receives proper publicity. He may stake some courthouse reporter or use some equally effective means. In any event, when the story appears the name of the ambulance chaser is featured prominently, and the name of the trial counsel—the man who did all the work and actually recovered the verdict—is frequently omitted. Often, too, the account of the injuries that formed the basis of the verdict is garbled. A fifteen-thousand-dollar verdict for an arm off may appear in the newspaper as damages for a broken arm. This enables the runner to prove, with convincing effect, his employer's ability to recover large damages for a trivial injury.

When Rivals Meet

There is a local newspaper with a limited circulation published in one of the outlying sections of New York City. This paper devotes more space to unimportant accidents than do the regular dailies, and will sometimes give a column to a story that received only bare mention in the other papers. This paper is a valuable asset to the runner. "You can see what an important case this was," he says as he exhibits a clipping a column long, from which the name of the paper has been removed to make it appear as though it had been clipped from one of the large New York dailies.

Besides the clippings and the blank retainers, the runner sometimes carries in his wallet photographs of large checks received by his employer in settlement of cases. These checks are saved for the final, clinching argument. There is something more cogent and appealing about the sight of a large check than all the newspaper clippings in the world. It takes a strong-minded person to resist the potency of the magic figures $25,000.

Occasionally, after a runner has departed with a signed retainer, a rival runner will arrive on the scene with equally convincing arguments and an equally imposing collection of clippings. Where the first runner exhibited only fifteen-thousand-dollar verdicts, this one flashes a collection of twenty thousands and twenty-five thousands. The unsophisticated victim wavers. This fellow sounds better than the other. Once more he signs on the dotted line. It is not unusual for insurance companies to be served a half-dozen times, by a half-dozen different lawyers in the same action.

There are some runners who are known as free lances. They do not work for any one lawyer, but peddle their cases around. As a rule they do not participate in the verdict, but sell their cases outright, the price depending upon the nature of the case.

In most states there is now a workmen's compensation act which disposes, without the intervention of lawyers and lawsuits, of many accident cases that formerly were a profitable source of income to the legal profession. Accidents from industrial causes, such as defective machinery, unsafe scaffolding and the like, are now adjusted by law, by a fixed scale of compensation. There are some unscrupulous lawyers who claim to be able to obtain greater compensation than the client unrepresented could obtain, but they derive little business from this source. The labor unions have educated the

(Continued on Page 184)

$77,924,100,338 is the value of Farm Property

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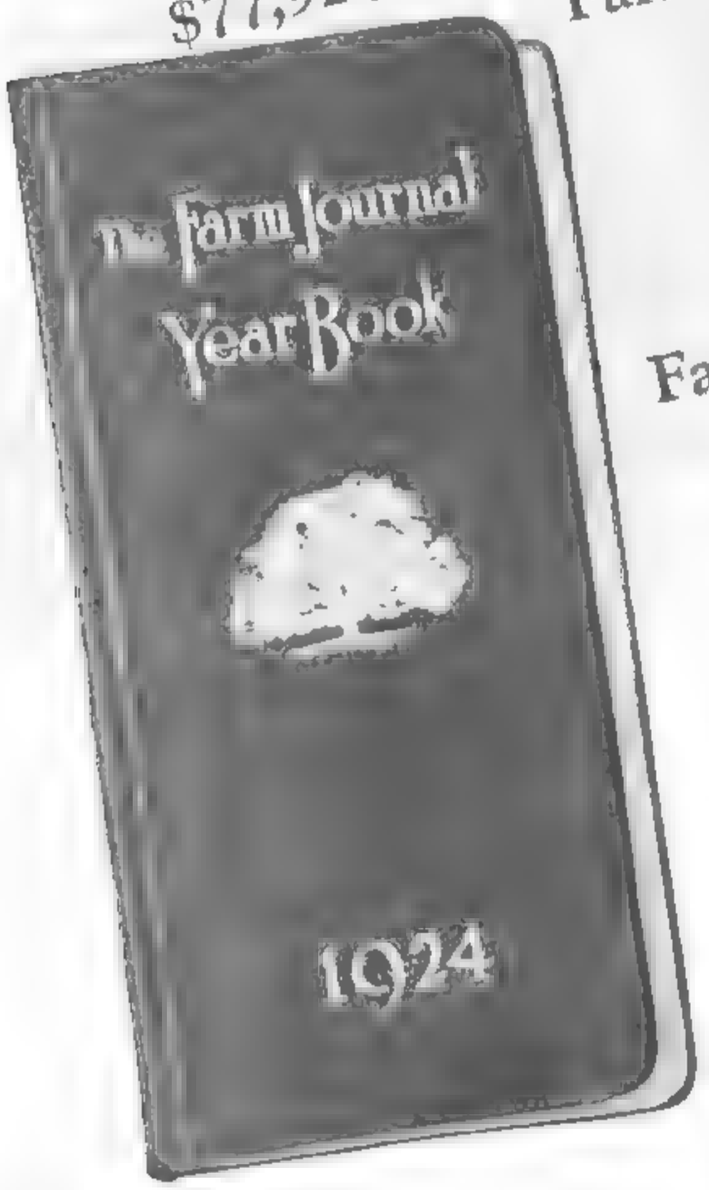

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How many families in the United States? How many houses? In towns? In country?

How many people in the United States have incomes over $1,000? Over $1,000,000?

How many farms have ten cows or more? Ten hogs or more?

How many towns are there of 500 to 1,000 population in each state?

What percentage of country houses have running water, telephones, or electric lights?

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When and where farm people buy
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(Continued from Page 182)

workmen to be cautious. The workmen's compensation acts have limited the field of the negligence lawyer's activities. His cases now consist mostly of automobile accidents, defective-sidewalk cases, defective-stairway cases, and railway and street-car accidents. The field being thus narrowed makes competition all the more keen, and this is responsible for the increase in the already large number of accident frauds.

It is difficult to say just how many fraudulent accident cases are brought every year. The companies that handle accident insurance spend large sums of money annually to detect swindles, and to bring the offenders to justice. Sometimes the swindle consists merely of exaggerating an actual injury, but often fake accident cases are manufactured out of whole cloth.

There is an interesting profession known as the profession of getting hurt. Its practitioners are people whom Nature has endowed with a fortunate physical disability or affliction which they have learned to capitalize. There was one man, for instance, who was blessed with the ability to dislocate his arm at will; surely not a noble or lofty talent, but one of which its owner was humbly appreciative. He used to fall off the platform of a moving car or tumble down a flight of stairs, and when he was picked up he would be suffering apparent agony from a dislocated arm. The railroad companies and the insurance companies would settle with him quickly and adequately, and in this way he collected many thousands of dollars. At last one of the companies became suspicious, and sent a doctor to examine him. The doctor found him with his arm in a plaster cast, which he proceeded to remove. As the arm came out of the cast, with a quick jerk he once again threw it out of joint, to the horror of the doctor, who believed that the dislocation had been caused by his carelessness. The next day the doctor was served in an action for malpractice, which he was glad to settle promptly for three hundred dollars.

Coal-Hole Cases

There are many doctors who are willing to give a medical certificate, certifying to almost any sort of injury, for from fifty cents to two dollars. These doctors will certify to an injury without even seeing the patient. It is obvious that they are a most valuable asset to the accident fakers and the crooked negligence lawyers. They are clever, some of them, and make excellent witnesses in court. Sometimes an alleged accident victim will have a callus, caused by some old fracture that has improperly mended. After the fake accident has taken place, some time usually elapses before the insurance company is notified. When the investigator for the company arrives at the home of the injured man the supposedly broken arm or leg has already been placed in a plaster cast by the crooked doctor. An X ray is taken by the insurance company, which discloses a dark spot indicating an actual fracture. When the cast is subsequently removed the doctors are unable to tell whether the callus which they then discover is old or new. One man collected damages fifteen times by this means, before he was discovered and sent to prison.

There are organized negligence rings that work quite successfully until they are found out and broken up. A dishonest lawyer may have one or more crooked doctors in his employ, and a staff of accident fakers. One lawyer, who was sent to the penitentiary a few years ago, had two hundred accident cases pending in the courts at the time of his arrest. He specialized in open coal-hole and defective-stairway cases. In these cases it is essential for the plaintiff to prove to the jury that the owner of the premises had notice, before the accident, of the defective condition that caused it. The thoroughness of this lawyer in preparing his cases was the cause of his downfall. He used to have photographs taken, showing the torn carpet on the stairs, the broken step or the open coal hole before the accident occurred. After the picture was taken he would send his man around to be injured. The prosecutor managed to get the photographer as a witness, whereupon the lawyer pleaded guilty.

There is now a voluntary organization, to which all the accident insurance companies belong, that has been responsible for the detection and punishment of many accident fakers in recent years. This organization is a sort of clearing house for negligence cases. It has an elaborate filing system which is indexed and cross-indexed, and contains a wealth of information concerning nearly every accident case that is brought against an insurance company. Whenever a claim is made this organization is consulted, to ascertain whether the claimant is a repeater that is, whether he had ever before claimed damages for an accident. An instance of the value of this organization occurred recently.

A woman, walking along the street one night after a heavy snowstorm, struck her head against the metal frame of an awning that was sagging rather low because of the snow that lay upon it. She brought suit against the owner of the awning. At the trial the doctor called by the plaintiff testified that she was suffering from a blood clot on the brain that might permanently impair her mind.

"She ought to have an operation within the next two weeks," said the doctor.

"Are you certain that this is a recent injury?" asked the defendant's lawyer on cross-examination.

"Absolutely certain," answered the doctor.

The lawyer reached into his bag and drew forth a volume of typewritten memoranda.

"Didn't you testify in a case brought by this plaintiff five years ago against the X Y Jones Company?"

The doctor turned pale.

"Yes," he whispered.

"And didn't you swear at that trial that the plaintiff had a blood clot on her brain and would have to have an operation within two weeks?"

A Professional Bleeder

That was the end of the case. The doctor never dreamed, of course, that the testimony he had given years ago in another court, in another state, would rise up here to accuse him.

The ways of the accident fakers are many and ingenious. Those who are not so generously equipped by Nature as the man who was able to dislocate his arm, and the still more remarkable individual who was able to simulate paralysis of the side—a baffling medical phenomenon, which netted him twenty-five thousand dollars in one case alone—are compelled to resort to strange and sometimes painful devices.

There was the woman, for instance, who used to carry a small capsule in her mouth. As she stepped off a street car she would stumble and fall, and the suitcase which she invariably carried in her hand would be jammed forcibly against her abdomen. As the sympathetic bystanders rushed forward to help her to her feet she would bite the capsule, and some red liquid, resembling blood and indicating a severe internal injury, would gush from her mouth. About an hour after she arrived at her hotel in the taxicab in which she had been tenderly placed the company's adjuster usually appeared on the scene.

A quick settlement would be made, and she was ready once more for her next catastrophe. Her portrait now adorns the Rogues' Gallery in the New York police headquarters.

Then there was the case of the negro preacher. His specialty was that class of cases known as unreported accidents—street-car accidents that are not reported to the company by the motorman or conductor. The preacher, whom we shall call Mr. Black for the sake of convenience, used to go to a great deal of trouble to recover very small damages. His preliminary preparation for the accident was to sandpaper thoroughly his shoulder until the skin was raw and abraded. Then he would stand on a street corner near the car tracks. As the car speeded by Mr. Black made a mental note of its number, and then as it receded in the distance he would throw himself on the ground and cry out that he had been struck. After he had been cared for at the hospital, and liniment had been applied to his injured shoulder, he would go home and put in a claim against the street-car company. Of course the accident had not been reported by the motorman or conductor, but the company, upon checking up its records, would find that the car bearing the number in the claim had actually passed the street where the alleged accident occurred, at the time stated by the claimant, which of course corroborated his story. Mr. Black's sensational attempt to escape from the penitentiary, where he had been sent after having had one accident too many, is still fresh in the memory of the police.

It is curious how much trouble and even pain some people will endure to earn a dishonest living. These men and women who inflict actual injuries upon themselves can never expect to recover substantial damages, because the injuries are seldom severe enough. One fellow used to stand on the back platform of street cars. This was before the days of pay-as-you-enter cars, and while the conductor was inside collecting fares he would unscrew the electric-light bulb overhead until it hung by a thread. As the car gave a lurch the bulb would fall to the ground with a loud report, and at that instant the faker would clap his hand over his eye. In his hand was cayenne pepper or some similar substance. By the time help arrived, attracted by his loud and genuine cries of pain, his eye would be badly inflamed and would show every sign of having been severely injured.

There is one other accident faker that deserves a passing mention—the glass eater. This fellow preys upon restaurants, and particularly department-store restaurants. He conceals a piece of glass in his mouth while he is eating, and deliberately cuts his tongue or his gum. The restaurant, afraid of the publicity that would result if it became known that glass had been found in their food, is glad to settle quickly. The glass eater is a cheap faker; he averages about twenty-five dollars for an accident.

Sooner or later these fakers are caught and punished. Sometimes the crooked negligence lawyer overreaches himself and through either cupidity or recklessness makes a false step that results in detection. There have been instances where one lawyer has had five or six actions pending in behalf of the same client for the same injury against different insurance companies. Sometimes suspicion is aroused by the appearance of the same doctor in a number of cases brought by the same lawyer.

The Dotted Line

The insurance company adjuster, like the runner, is fleet of foot and pretty much on the job. If he is lucky enough to arrive at the home of an accident victim before the case has been placed in the hands of a lawyer, his task is simple.

"Now you're going to have a lot of lawyers hanging around here," he says—"ambulance chasers. Don't fall for any of the bunk they hand you. Suppose you collect five hundred, or even a thousand dollars. It'll take you a year before your case is tried and then your lawyer will get half of what you recover. How much will be left for you?"

This is a strong argument. Every claimant, particularly in poor neighborhoods where accidents occur frequently, from the experiences of his neighbors knows that the adjuster is telling the truth.

"Now I'm willing to make a fair proposition to you. You can take it or leave it. And I want to tell you another thing: My company appeals every case, so if you bring suit you won't collect a cent for five years even if you win. Now here's three hundred and fifty dollars ——"

The adjuster with a grand gesture throws a bundle of greenbacks, three hundred and fifty crisp new one-dollar bills, down on the table. It looks like three hundred and fifty million. The claimant and his wife stare, wide eyed, at it.

"Now sign here," says the adjuster, producing a general release, "and all this money is yours."

He signs.

The adjuster is employed by the company to save them money to make the best possible bargain. His job is to get results, and he is not particular how he gets them. If he is able to persuade a claimant to sign away a claim worth ten to twenty thousand dollars for some paltry sum, he is rarely restrained by any moral scruples.

The adjusters carry blank vouchers with them, and are authorized by the companies they represent to settle cases up to a certain amount. Sometimes the adjuster is unable to induce the claimant to settle. In that event he tries to obtain a signed statement of facts. This statement is generally more honest and correct than the story subsequently told by the plaintiff in court, after he has been trained and coached by his lawyer, and the statement is excellent ammunition for the insurance company's lawyer upon cross-examination.

Among the many duties of the adjuster is the task of gathering together the witnesses of an accident, and to obtain statements from them. All witnesses are, as lawyers know, either consciously or unconsciously partisan. The same impulse that makes a man want to see the home team win makes him desire to see the side prevail in court in whose behalf he is testifying.

Astute insurance adjusters have been known to plant witnesses on a plaintiff an interesting process that savors strongly of a violation of the criminal law. The adjuster finds the witness first, and by a judicious application of legal tender obtains a statement that is severely damaging to the plaintiff's case. After this statement is signed and is reposing safely in the pocket of the adjuster, he sends the witness to the office of the plaintiff's lawyer. There the witness tells an entirely different story, prepared by the wily adjuster. The lawyer is delighted. This witness will win his case for him; he need not bother to make any further investigation.

When the case is brought to trial the lawyer, after some preliminary testimony, calls his star witness. Alas, what a shock is in store for him! It was all the plaintiff's fault, says the witness. He was walking in the middle of the street reading a book. The defendant was going about six miles an hour. He blew his horn, but the plaintiff paid no attention to it. The defendant did everything possible to avoid the accident.

"Didn't you sign this statement in my office?" shouts the bewildered lawyer, "and didn't you say there ——"

The judge interrupts him reproachfully.

"You called this man as your witness, counselor. Don't you know that under the rules of evidence you are not allowed to impeach your own witness?"

The case of course collapses before the lawyer begins to realize vaguely that something has happened to him.

Several years ago a stenographer was injured by a falling elevator in a large office building. She sustained what appeared to be grave and painful injuries. An action was started against the owners of the building and it was claimed that the young woman would be permanently crippled; that she had sustained a fracture of the coccyx, which made it impossible for her to sit down without suffering excruciating pain. In addition it was claimed that her nervous system had received a shock that prevented her from standing upright for more than a few seconds at a time. In other words, she was quite badly hurt.

The Fascinating College Man

The insurance company that insured the defendants assigned an investigator to the case a handsome, attractive young fellow. This investigator, pretending to be a Cornell student, became acquainted with the young woman, visited her several times, and even took her to the theater. As summer approached she told him that she had planned to spend her vacation at a certain summer resort, and the pseudo-Cornell student said that he would try to visit her there.

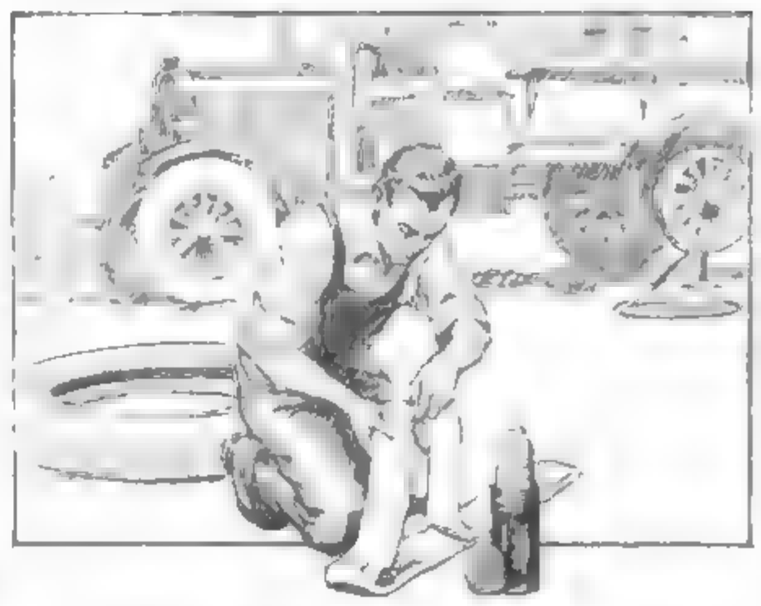
Several days after the stenographer arrived at her boarding house the investigator and a friend, also posing as a Cornell student, appeared. Parties, picnics and dances followed. The vacation, which was financed by the insurance company, was quite festive and joyous, and on all these happy occasions the jolly, carefree Cornell boys brought along their handy little cameras. The unsuspecting stenographer was photographed by them on horseback, a joyous grin on her face, swimming, dancing, climbing trees, and in one picture—the prize of the collection—standing on one foot on the top of a post, with the other foot projecting out à la Pavlowa at almost a right angle. The following autumn the young woman tottered painfully into court, leaning heavily on a cane. Her doctors testified to the severity of her injuries.

"Do you think she could ride horseback?" the doctor was asked.

"It would be acute torture for her to sit in a saddle," said the doctor.

The plaintiff took the stand and described her sufferings. At this point counsel for the insurance company produced the snapshots. Her lawyer was glad to withdraw the suit and to accept the small sum that the company had originally offered in settlement.

It is worth while for an insurance company to spend large sums of money in the preparation of a case, for often it may be the means of saving them still larger sums. Suspected accident fakers are sometimes trailed by detectives for weeks and months. Photographers are sent to shadow plaintiffs



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in the hope of snapping them during a momentary lapse from caution.

One plaintiff, supposedly confined to his home by a serious injury, was lured to a drug store opposite his home by a fake message from his lawyer. The investigators had learned, somehow, that this was the way his lawyer communicated with him. As he ran across the street five cameras snapped him. Suddenly he realized what was happening, and he made a mad dash at the nearest camera, intending to smash it. The remaining cameras caught him sprinting at full speed. His case was never brought to trial. In another recent case the insurance company managed to get moving pictures of a little boy, who claimed to be crippled, playing leapfrog.

There is a class of accidents which cause a great deal of annoyance to insurance companies. These are the cases known as guest cases. If the owner of an automobile invites someone to take a ride with him and an accident occurs due to the owner's negligence, the guest of course has a good cause of action against him. Now ordinarily a guest would be reluctant to sue his host; but when he knows that the damages will be paid, not by his friend, but by a rich insurance company, he has no such scruples. Thus there are many cases of a friend suing a friend, a brother suing a brother, and even a son suing his father. The opportunity for collusion is unlimited. The company dares not call the defendant as its witness; and it dares not refrain from calling him.

An actress had a bad smash-up one day while taking her old mother for a ride in her car. The car was heavily insured against accidents of this sort, so the mother commenced suit against her daughter.

The old lady was a pathetic figure as she came into court. She wore a rusty, threadbare black dress, and over her shoulders hung a shabby faded shawl. As she took her seat beside her counsel she presented a picture of piteous poverty. Then the daughter breezed in. She was expensively dressed in the latest fashion. She was adorned with sables, and diamonds glistened on her fingers. She glanced coldly at her poor shriveled mother, but gave her no sign of recognition.

"Look at this heartless, cold-blooded, unnatural daughter," exclaimed the plaintiff's lawyer as he summed up to the jury. "She is living in luxury; she has everything money can buy; and yet she refuses even to pay the doctor's bill for this poor old mother whom she has crippled!"

The mother's injuries were trivial—a broken finger, and a damaged collar bone—but the indignant jury brought in a verdict for twenty-eight thousand dollars against the daughter, which the insurance company eventually had to pay.

Accidents will happen, and accident cases will be brought. Much has already been done toward cleaning up an unwholesome situation by extending the scope of the workmen's compensation acts, and by other forms of industrial insurance, but there is still much to do. The accident fakers are criminals, and sooner or later they are caught and punished, but many of them could not operate profitably if it were not for the assistance and cooperation of crooked lawyers. No real reform will ever be achieved until the reputable members of the bar, those who have a feeling of pride and loyalty toward their profession, take more active steps toward purging the bar of its undesirable members. It is far too easy today to become a lawyer. And the ignorant, illiterate ambulance chaser, equipped with a diploma and a few printed business cards, is quite as great a menace to society as the burglar.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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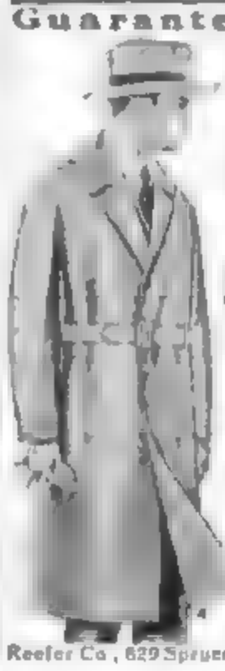

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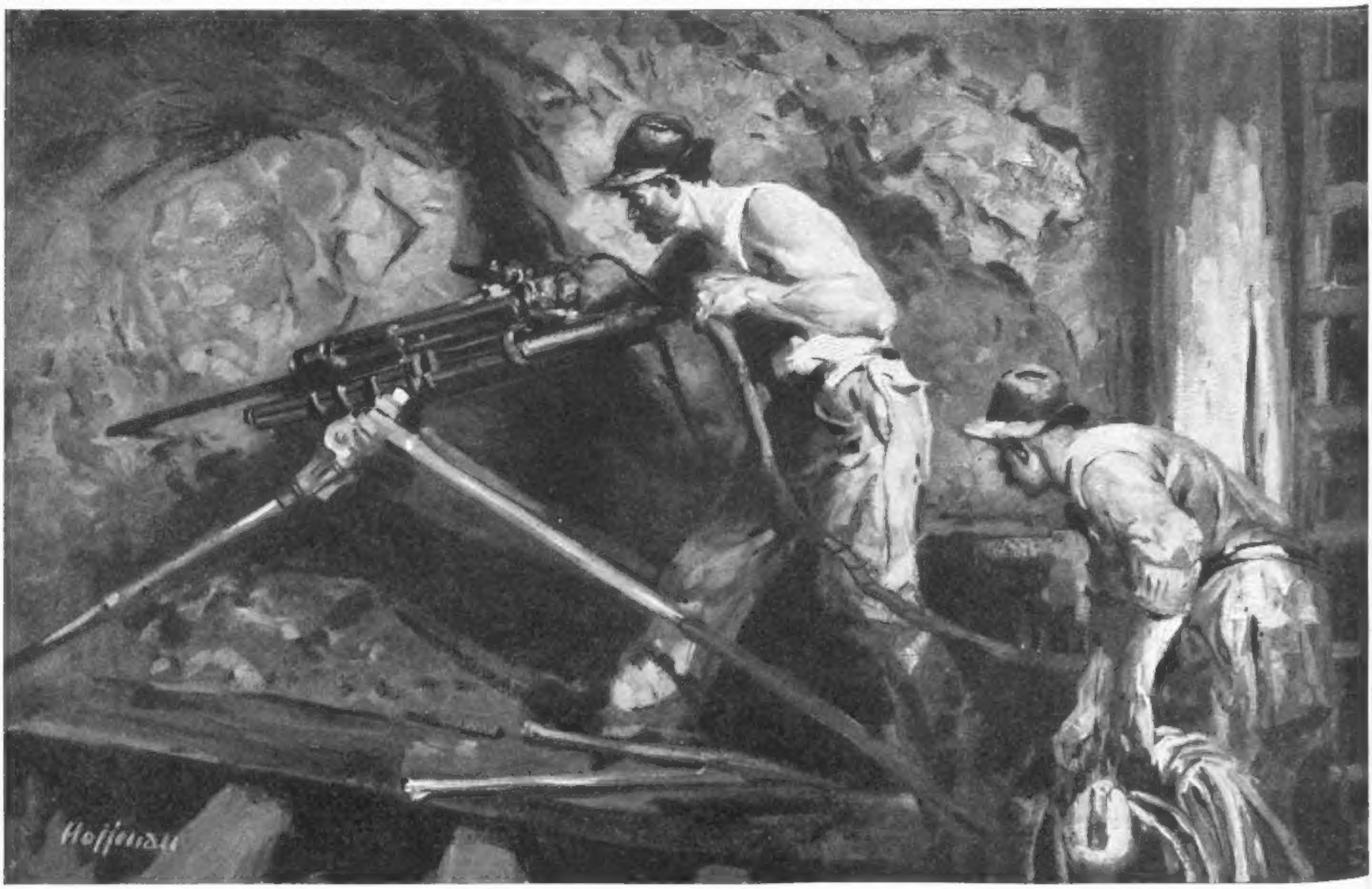

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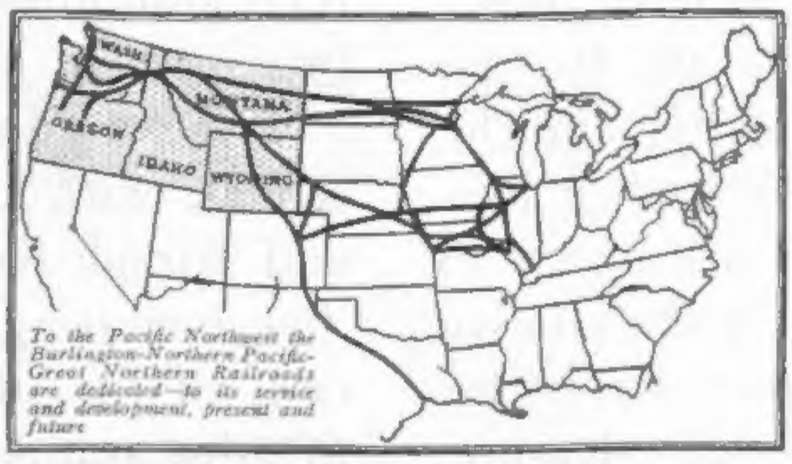
* * *

"But I am no miner; nor have I money to invest in mining operations. How does this," perhaps you ask, "interest *me?*"



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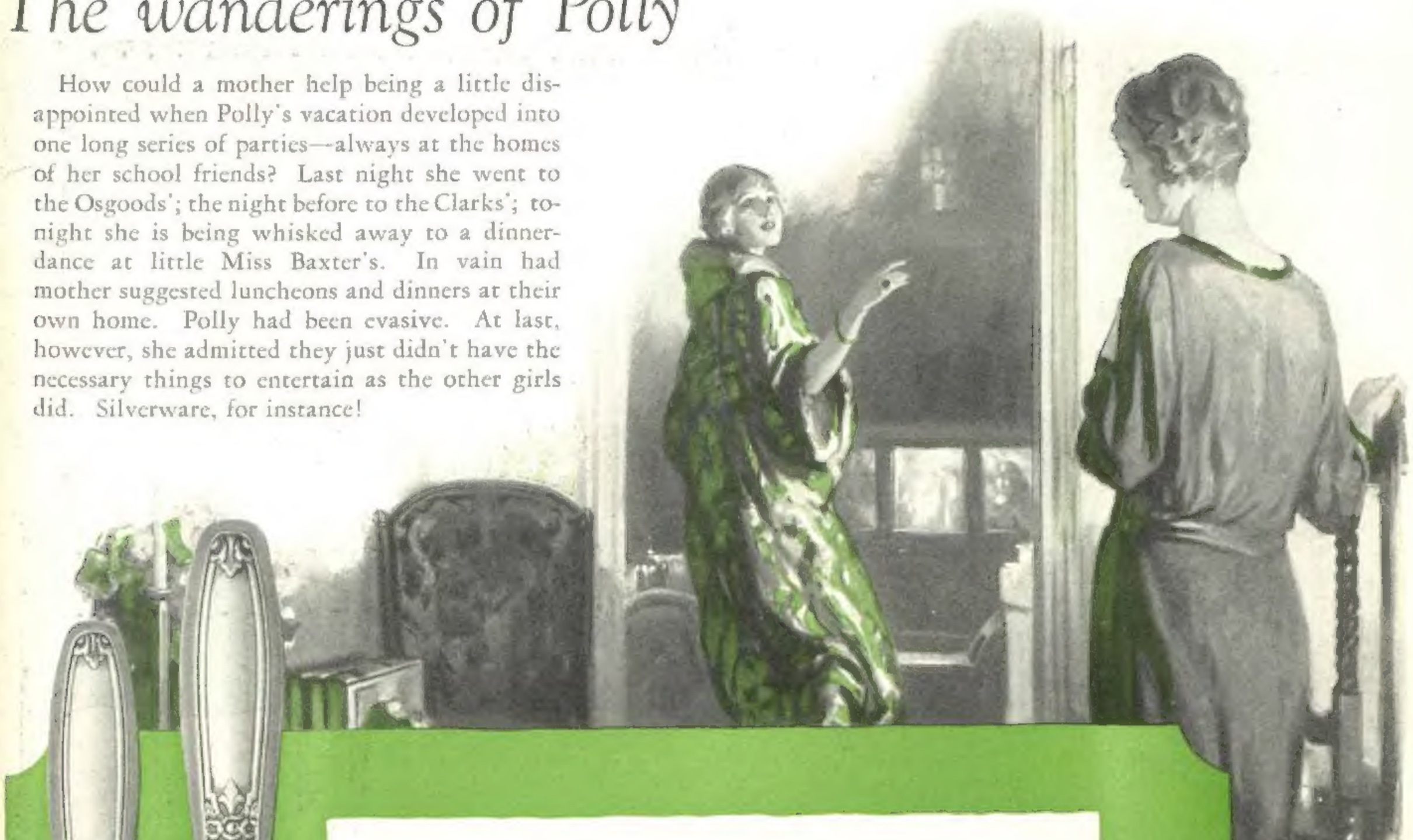

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